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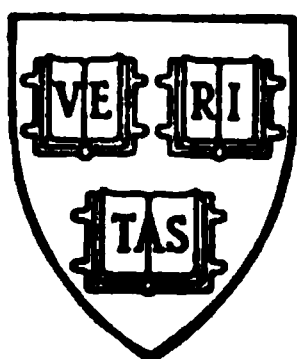
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THE NEW ENGLAND OFFERING.

APRIL, 1848.

INTRODUCTORY REMARKS.

IN presenting to our readers the first number of this magazine, we have but few words to offer. Its pretensions are but slight, and its principal claim upon the public is the fact that it emanates from the female manufacturing operatives of New England. Yet, if we believed it destitute of intrinsic merit, we would not obtrude this offering upon the shrine of literature. We feel that we can make our little periodical as pleasant and as useful as any of its size, and more interesting to that class for whose improvement and amusement we write and publish. We trust that all contributors will unite with us in preserving a calm, candid, charitable spirit in their compositions, and feel free to speak in this manner of what they please. We wish to make it eminently New England in its tone,—that its fiction shall not be based upon the English novel of the eighteenth century, nor its argument upon the French theories of the nineteenth. If we had more room, we would do more ourself to make it what we would like; but we can give no variety, if we give long articles. A series of *Dialogues on Labor*, another of *Tales Illustrative of Factory Life*, besides other sketches, fantasies, &c., we have had in preparation for our anticipated readers; but we must give them up for the present. One of our contributors will furnish an instructive series of articles, the results of her own observation and experience, which we trust will be appreciated by those for whom she writes.

There can be no greater mistake among the operatives, than that those who have left the factories cease to remember and to care for those who are left to labor there. They do think of them, sympathize with them, and are willing still to labor for their good. They would be doing something in the community for their benefit, and something with them for still greater progress and excellence. They would smooth the way for a ready recognition of their claims to places among the good and intellectual, whether they shall leave the mill for other and more responsible situations, or choose to remain at their mill labors, there to be and to do good. We trust that all who can aid us with the purse or the pen, will not be backward in their efforts to assist; and we will cheerfully respond, with every effort in our power, to make our magazine and their cause respectable and respected.

HARRIET FARLEY.

DUTIES AND RIGHTS OF MILL GIRLS.**BY THE AUTHOR OF LIGHTS AND SHADOWS OF FACTORY LIFE.****CHAPTER I.***Abuses and Mistakes — Colonel Bartlett and the Corporations — Habits of Mill Girls — Diet and Exercise.*

“The world is full of abuses,” a host of people are saying in these days. Yes, this is true, no doubt; and it is true also, that almost every recognition of abuse has some poor mistake appending thereto. For instance, Colonel Bartlett’s mistake. Colonel Bartlett was a man of many acres, many houses and out-houses,—quite a little village he had, all of his own,—and flocks, and herds, and work-people, a house full of them. He had, moreover, a good, kind heart, but a hot-blooded brain. He had, of course, a strong, well-determined character; and, like most men of strong, well-determined character, who have what they will, and do pretty much what they will, he had “a particular hobby.” And he rode it often; generally on those days when new exposures of the wrongs that are in some part of the social world came out in the *Tribune*, or *Democratic Review*, or the *Emancipator*; or when some eloquent reformer reached his ear, or some tale came to him of “corporation iniquity.” Then! then the Colonel went about with short, quick steps; spoke little, and in sententious phrases; spat quick, and continually snapped his toothpick in his fingers, yet made little noise in his movements and in his speech. But he mounted his hobby forthwith, and off he went; and then where there were pleasant places, he passed them by on the other side. He thought intently on “St. Giles and St. James,” on the “Five Points,” and on the degraded and the oppressed everywhere, and he kept saying it as he rode along: “A man is great, as a man, be he where or what he may. The grandeur of his nature turns to insignificance all outward distinctions. Whoso wrongs a man, defaces the image of God, desecrates the temple of the living God, and is guilty not merely of a crime, but of a sin. Indeed, all crimes become sins, all offences against man offences against God. Hear this, ye wrong-doers, and know that it is not from your feeble fellow-beings only, that ye have to look for vengeance! Hear this, ye wronged and down-trodden, and know that God is wronged in that man is wronged, and his omnipotent arm shall redress you and punish your oppressors. Man is precious in the sight of God, and God will vindicate him.”

It was clear that the Colonel was a good man; no one can deny that the Colonel was a good man. Not only his heart ran over with benevolence and kindly feeling, ever and anon, but his deeds went correspondingly. He paid his work-people when their week’s work was done; and often, when it was needful for them, before it was done. And when a poor man would build a house, but had no spot of God’s earth on which to set it down, he gave him two or three acres from the corner of a field. This was no great thing, ’t is true,

for the Colonel had acres enough left ; and yet, it *was* a great thing to think of doing such a deed in this world, where it is the order to “keep what one has got, and catch what one can.” Yes, the Colonel was a good man, Heaven bless him ! And it came with a better grace from him than from most people, when he did rise up and set his face against injustice and oppression of all sorts, and mount his “particular hobby” and ride away. Yet the man had his mistakes, after all, and this was certainly one,—seeing no good, when he began to look about in the detection of evil ; no palliatives, when he looked for wrongs.

His hobby took him to the corporations oftener than to any other place ; and when there, he passed straight by the comfortable boarding-houses, the well-filled tables, the hospital, and bathing-houses ; went not near those agents who really have the good of the operatives at their hearts, nor those overseers who are really as kind as brothers to their girls, nor the owners who say it, and who in truth *are* anxious to do justice every way, to the operatives, and to everybody on the earth. No ; but he listened to the early bells, stood at the gates and saw every pale, sad face, every fragile form, and every languid step that went in and out. If there were crowded sleeping-apartments just then, he found them ; or ill-supplied tables, his quick eye was sure to see them all. And in this the mistake lay,—imputing all the ignorance, and sin, and disease, and suffering in the operatives, and all neglect of duty in boarding-house keepers, to “corporation iniquity ;” setting them down as in the train of sad consequences inseparable from the factory system ; as chiefly the result of the “long-hour” feature of the system. And truly this is a disagreeable feature ; and this everybody knows. But let it be understood, by all those who contend for reform in this respect, that it is not a whit more disagreeable than some feature which might be pointed out in almost every *individual’s* system of management,—voluntary bankruptcy, for instance, unnecessary postponement of payments, “close bargains,” grinding here and grinding there, wherever a copper can be turned out by grinding, unrighteous litigation ; and, in short, all manner of oppression and unkindness in one’s family, and out of one’s family. Ah ! methinks there are few of us out of the corporations, to whom it belongs to “cast the first stone.”

Let me not be misunderstood. I dislike heartily the long-hour system in families and in corporations ; but I have a joyful faith in corporations, which Colonel Bartlett has not. I have no doubt that, in their own good time, they will introduce the ten-hour system ; and will not this be a noble deed?—a *noble* deed ? Will it not be doing for our New England females what few of their fathers and husbands do for them ?

Until this can come about, it is a pity that Colonel Bartlett cannot understand, that *all* the diseases and inconveniences of factory communities do not spring from the inherent corruptions of the factory system ; but that, on the contrary, a greater part of them proceed directly or indirectly from a neglect on the part of the operatives themselves of those means of health which are still left to them ; from

want of that exercise in the open air, which their long breakfast recess gives them leisure to take ; from improper habits of diet, from neglect of bathing, and of ventilating properly their sleeping apartments. And this neglect comes not so much from indolence, real intemperance in eating, or wilful neglect of duty of any sort in the operatives, as from their not knowing what are the demands of their systems, and what the suffering if these demands are not supplied. I have spent years in the factories, and I know perfectly what are the habits and the condition of our operatives ; what are their needs, and what their supplies ; and I know that, like the majority of other young females in our land, they comprehend very inadequately what they ought and what they ought not to do, in the security of the best moral, physical, and intellectual advantages.

We will think about these things now, my young friends, especially you who have few means of purchasing books, and little leisure for their study. We will begin here, and with

HABITS OF DIET AND EXERCISE.

And these are by no means trifling points. It is by no means a trifle, that hundreds and thousands of New England's daughters, of those who are to be the mothers of so large a portion of the next generation, and who are to bequeath to them robust or sickly constitutions, according, in a great degree, as their own have been well or ill preserved ; it is not a trifle, that their digestive organs give up their power, and the blood its healthy flow ; that the intellect lose its vigor, and the whole being its stamina. [No ; those who suffer, know that it is not a light thing, that every day they find themselves weaker and weaker ; that every muscle, every nerve, every organ of motion and thought seems clogged more and more ; and that now they must stop to recover breath after mounting only one flight of stairs.] To the parents, from whose hearts poverty, sickness, and death have wrung nearly all of hope and joy ; from whose frames toil and suffering have taken nearly all of strength ; whose eyes and whose hearts turn now with a fond trust to their daughters,—and there are many, many such in our land,—to them, surely, it is not a light thing that their daughter leaves them, a plump, rosy-cheeked, strong, and laughing girl, and in one year comes back to them — better clad, 't is true, and with refined manners, and money for the discharge of their little debts, and for the supply of their wants,—but alas, how changed ! She loves them, it may be, with a new fervor, but her hand is weak when it would minister to them ; and the mother transfers the care she once enjoyed as an invalid, to her weary child ; and, old and feeble as she is, she takes again on herself “the burden and the heat of the day.”

This is a dark picture ; but there are even darker realities, and these in no inconsiderable numbers. And I am thoroughly convinced, from a long and careful observation of the origin and progress of this kind of disease in myself and other mill girls, that it may almost invariably be attributed to want of pure air, exercise, and to improper habits of diet.

We will suppose that a physician is consulted in a case like this just described. He reaches the following facts : —

The invalid certainly has not worked hard ; not half so hard as she was accustomed to do at home in attending to the dairy, washing, cleaning house, and cooking. True, she has spent a great many hours in the mill ; she has felt weary every night ; and for a long time, every morning, too, and every hour. She has, however, had much time to sit ; and has not once, in a whole year, exerted half her muscular power. Her work has needed the judgment and stature of a woman, but a child's *strength* might have performed it all. She has walked at meal-time from the mill to her boarding-house and back again. But it was only a short way, and she always walked in measured steps, with her hands folded, and a veil over her face. She has walked in the same manner to church, every Sabbath ; occasionally she has been out at evening to do her shopping ; and this is all. Not for a whole year have her muscles been called into vigorous and continued action ; no wonder, then, that they have lost their power. Not for a whole year has her blood been quickened to a lively movement ; no wonder that it courses sluggishly now. Nor for a whole year has she perspired freely, as she was wont ; no wonder is it, then, that the pores of the skin seem imperviously closed against all future egress of moisture, or that the skin itself has lost all its soft freshness, nearly all its vitality ? And, as after the growth of the body is accomplished, exercise alone can produce that waste of nutriment which renders full habits of diet necessary, or even safe, and as exercise, in the legitimate sense of the term, was almost entirely suspended when she entered the mill, appetite failed in its usual demands. [From ignorance of the true state of the case, instead of allowing the amount of food taken to be regulated by the dictates of appetite, as she ought, it was stimulated to unreasonable calls for indulgence by confections.] *Taste* called for gratification, long after *appetite*, the true monitor, had declared a surfeit. Hence comes dyspepsia, with its long, dark train, described by Dr. Combe. His remarks are by no means inapposite here, although, in the passages I shall quote, he speaks chiefly of the habit of much eating as it exists among sedentary people : "Having no bodily exertion to excite waste, promote circulation, or stimulate nutrition, they experience little keenness of appetite, have weak powers of digestion, and require but a limited supply of food. Pursuing the pleasures of the table with the same ardor as before, they eat and drink freely and abundantly, and, instead of trying to acquire a healthy desire for food, and increased powers of digestion by exercise, they resort to tonics, spices, wines, and other stimuli, which certainly excite for a moment, but eventually aggravate the mischief by obscuring its progress and extent. The natural result of this mode of proceeding is, that the stomach becomes oppressed by exertion, healthy appetite gives way, and a morbid craving takes its place ; sickness, headaches, and bilious attacks become frequent ; the bowels are habitually disordered, the feet cold, and circulation irregular, and a state of bodily weakness

and mental irritability is induced, which constitutes a heavy penalty for the previous indulgence."

I think that a large proportion of our factory girls who are conscious of disease, might find the symptoms of this disease in the above description. And the causes are obvious;—passing at once from the varied occupations of home, from habits of free and vigorous exercise in open air, to the monotonous duties, quiet and secluded habits of mill life, yet preserving their old ways of eating and drinking, or, worse still, eating and drinking in even larger quantities, at the demands of "the morbid craving," which takes the place of the healthy appetite they enjoyed before.

I have written at considerable length upon this subject, because I think its truths are not sufficiently understood by the class for which I am writing, or their importance is not sufficiently felt. That one or the other of these suppositions is correct, is evident from the large quantities of food many consume at table, and of confections they swallow in the mills, in spite of the headache and dyspepsia these indulgences occasion.

And now, my young friends, that we have hunted out an evil, we will think of it diligently, What are the proper remedies? and these shall be the subject of our chapter in the next "Offering."

Manchester, N. H.

SONG.

Evening is weeping
On vale and lea,
Moonlight is sleeping
Soft on the sea.
Sinless eyes glisten,
Loved forms to see;
Happy hearts listen,
Not so with me.

Quiet is stealing
Soft to each breast;
Soothing each feeling,
Balmlike, to rest.
Lonely I languish—
Come, come to me!
Waiting in anguish,
Lost one, for thee.

Boott Corporation.

H. J. H.

Not long since we wrote to our friend thus: "Send us some of your bright jewels in a letter. It cannot be that all your gems are 'Lost Gems,' that all your flowers are 'Wasted Flowers,' that all your stars are 'Veiled Stars,' and that all your fairies are 'Frozen Fairies;'" and we received in return the following. May we not call them

PROSE POEMS.

BY L. LARCOM.

I. THE CHILD AND THE FIREFLIES.

The dimness of twilight fell upon a white cottage and its enclosure of trees and flowering-shrubs. As the darkness increased, fireflies came and swarmed in the air,—a shower of living jewels.

“O, how pretty!” cried a little blue-eyed girl, rushing from the cottage, and spreading out her small apron to capture the glittering insects. Two or three were imprisoned; and, seating herself upon the soft grass beneath the high boughs, she carefully inspected her booty. Suddenly, her sunny face became clouded with disappointment; and throwing the dull-brown creatures from her with disgust, she exclaimed, “They are not pretty any more!”

“Ah! my little one!” said her mother, “this is but a symbol of the more bitter disappointments that await you in life. Pleasures will flutter temptingly around your path, and you will grasp them but to fling them from you, and cry, “They are beautiful no more!” But see, dearest, your released fireflies, beautiful only upon the wing, sparkle now as gayly as ever. Such are the enjoyments of earth. Learn neither to despise them, nor to look to them for satisfying happiness. Fleeting and illusive as they are, they often illumine the darkness of our mortal pilgrimage, and point our immortal yearnings to Paradise for the perfection of bliss.”

II. A LESSON OF AUTUMN.

Nature's book is never sealed. Ever are its pages unfolding with new and delightful instruction. It opens now to pictures of sombre tint, and lines of grave import, in the tracery of sober Autumn. Read ye one short and wholesome lesson.

Behold, in the depth of the wooded ravine, how the green grass, untouched by frost, yet softly lingers; and the streamlet wanders on amid freshness and silence. High above them towers the mighty oak; in his summer pride he looked down upon the grass and the stream, like a monarch from his throne. Where now is his glory? the frost has touched his emerald coronal, and, fading, it falls to the ground. Shorn of his comeliness, his loftiness but exposes his desolation.

Why, O why, will not man learn the blessedness of contentment in a lowly state. The loftiest head must bear the fiercest wrath of the tempest. Blighting calumny, and the frosts of care, fall first upon the famous and powerful; and when they lose their glory and strength, the eyes of a sneering world are upon their stately helplessness.

But the streams of secure happiness water the deep vales of sequestered life. And upon their banks the virtuous soul may enjoy the freshness of early sympathy and truth, may flourish in “a green old age,” long after the pride of the lofty is laid low.

Alton, Illinois.

FANCIES.

BY M. F. FOLEY.

Lonely and sad the evening breeze
 Sighs mid the boughs of the dark-green trees ; —
 In its spirit-like tones it whispers low,
 Tales of the past, of long, long ago.
 It leads me back to my early days ;
 The past is clear to my earnest gaze —
 I move again in my own bright home,
 I list to each kind and gentle tone —
 The friends of my youth, they are there — all there,
 With their beaming eyes and their waving hair ;
 Lightly they bound forth to meet me now ;
 With kisses they cover my cheeks and brow ;
 They lead me out to our woodland bowers,
 We cull the rarest and sweetest flowers,
 And weave them in garlands bright and fair,
 And twine the wreaths in each others' hair.
 We con our untaught songs of glee —
 We chase the butterfly and bee ;
 We mimic each tiny songster's lay,
 As blithe he sings on his native spray ;
 We slyly peep in the leafy shade,
 To see the queer nest the rogue has made,
 And clap our hands with childish delight,
 As we thrillingly gaze on the beautiful sight.
 We recline beneath the old oak-tree,
 And wonder where the fairies can be,
 Who in olden time their revels kept
 On the greensward while the daylight slept.
 We pore o'er the tomes of old romance,
 And fancy we see the sunbeams glance
 On burnished helm and glittering lance,
 And see the bright banners flaunting wide,
 And gallant knights on their chargers ride,
 And hear the clarion's thrilling tone,
 And the armor's clang as they move along.
 Again, at holy evening tide,
 I kneel by my gentle sister's side ;
 We chant as of old our vesper hymn,
 And breathe our prayers in the twilight dim ;
 And our mother — but ah ! the vision has flown,
 My dream is past, and I am alone.

Boston.

VISIT TO WEYER'S CAVE.

Our company was very good, but too dignified, too prosaic, to suit me. I wouldn't give two cents for anybody who can't be *sort o' ridiculous* sometimes. When in the midst of Nature's own glorious wonders, I do so love to be a *child* again ; to let my spirit mingle with the unseen, yet, for the time, seen and beautiful spirits around me. I felt, while wandering through those chambers of the inner earth, as if I would gladly fling away this body, that my fetterless spirit might ever drink such deep joy so near the throne of God.

Letter from Virginia.

THE SORROWS OF SIMON.

BY "CHARITY DAWSON."

PART I.

It was Saturday evening; and a more cheerless one never mantled the earth. The cold November wind moaned and whistled drearily through the leafless trees, and swept the fine-drifting snow in long, blinding wreaths, against the rattling windows. Poor Simon, with solemn visage, sat alone in his room, listening to the wailing of the storm without, and the melancholy sighing of the green wood-fire that crackled and blazed away before him. Saturday night! herald of joy to the poor man's heart, brought no comfort to poor Simon, for alas! "he was all lonely then, as though he had on earth no friend, nor foe, nor kin of mortal clay." He had been sorely perplexed during the day, and at nightfall returned home through the drifted snow, cold, wet, and almost blinded by the blustering storm; he cast an impatient glance around the apartment, and with benumbed fingers sat about kindling a fire. After many fruitless efforts, and many heartfelt curses at the provoking smoke that came puffing into his face, he succeeded, and sat down before it like a cross child, out of patience with himself and everything else. The truth is, he was a bachelor, on the shady side of thirty-five, and as "rusty, fusty," and "crusty," as it was possible for one to be. Surely, he needed a help-meet, if ever mortal did. That night, in passing a neighbor's house, he looked through the window and beheld the cheerful fire blazing on the neatly-swept hearth, and the young mother playing with her smiling babe. The supper-table, covered with a snow-white cloth, stood in the centre of the room, and everything betokened a ready and cheerful welcome to the happy husband and father. The contrast was painful to Simon, as he sat thinking it over. Involuntarily he glanced at the torn curtains, the smoky walls, the dusty table, the untrimmed lamp, and at his own miserable self. His stiff, black beard was unshaven, his darling whiskers unbrushed, and his hair, with which the wind had played fantastic tricks, hung loosely around his temples. His poor old coat, that had stood by him for so many years, began to look suspicious at the elbows, and the buttons, one after another, to desert him in his hour of need. His faithful hat, now of uncertain shape, lay where he had thrown it, (on the floor,) his overcoat hung dangling from the back of a chair, and a pair of boots stood where he had stepped out of them, in the middle of the room. Everything indicated the want of some kindly, helping hand, and this Simon fully realized. "Faith!" he exclaimed, "if I'll stand this any longer; here is everything going to rack and ruin before my face and eyes; by and by, I shall not have a rag I can call my own. Every week my clothes come home from the washerwoman's minus of something; a dickey without a string, a shirt without a button, or a *something else*, and then at the end of every bill is strung a ninepence or shilling for mending. Other folks don't have to pay for such things, but some how or other I can't get

rid of it. Then, there is every house that I pass, these cold nights, looks so provokingly warm and comfortable, while mine is as cold as *Greenland*, and looks like fury. The truth is just this, I need a wife ; and a wife I'll have, if there's one to be had in Appletown. I am convinced that she is as necessary an appendage to a man as is his right hand. I wont be hocus-pocussed, though ; I'll look out and get one that's got a rich father, who will give her a good *setting* out, and then I shall kill two birds with one stone, for a woman loves to wear fine clothes, the world over ; so it won't cost me anything to dress her for the first year, (of course, she will have plenty for that length of time,) after that, a hundred dollars will keep her, I reckon, pretty well. Let me see ; she will want about twenty-five for clothing—*for my wife must dress well*—and twenty-five for things she can't think of, and the other fifty will board her. Then she will save me all of two hundred yearly in mending, making, and the comfort I shall take. Why, what a numbskull I was not to think of this before ; but I'll put things to rights now, that's certain. The next question is, who'll have me ? or rather, who shall I have ? There is widow Tillborn, with four children. She wont do. Hannah Tilson, I overheard making fun of me once, when she little thought of it ; so I won't have her, that's flat. And—and—O ! I have it now. There is little Milla Grey, she is just the chequer—with a *rich father*, and only sixteen ; and then such eyes, and such lips ! O, there is no describing them. Zounds ! Simon, you're a made man. I'll go next week and get a new suit throughout, and have my teeth set ; and then Milla shall be blessed with as good a husband as ever trod shoe-leather. Ha ! ha ! ha ! how folks will stare when Simon's married."

Middlesex Cor.

THE AGED PEASANT.

FROM THE GERMAN.

Walk on, in faith and honesty,
To yon cool shades of death,
And from God's strait and narrow way,
Swerve not a finger's breadth !

Then thou, as through a pathway clear,
Thy pilgrimage shalt trace ;
And, free from dark dismay and fear,
Shalt look in Death's grim face.

Thine offspring, then, to weep and muse,
Shall gather round thy tomb ;
And summer-blossoms, filled with dews,
Will from their tear-drops bloom.

L. L.

NATURE'S NOBILITY.

BY M. A. DODGE.

When, in the calm and reflecting spirit of philosophical inquiry, we cast our eyes around upon the living, acting present, forward to the unbounded future, and then far backward along the mist-shrouded past, we meet with many things which at first sight appear unaccountable, and many phenomena which seem hardly to be governed by any of the laws that regulate society. Among these points of perplexity and difficulty, is one of absorbing interest. Why is it that so many of those who have won Fame's brightest wreaths, are of low and obscure origin? We look through the archives of the past, and, as the shadowy forms of departed greatness start from their slumbers at the call of the historian, and hover around us, we see them rising up, one after another, from the plough, the anvil, the workshop of the artisan, and marching forward, with the free step of inborn greatness, to claim a proud pre-eminence among their fellows; while far, far behind in the distance, are the palaces, where a titled nobility, proud of their ancestral honors, are rolling in sloth and luxury! We behold kings, from the poet-prince of Israel down to him who has well been styled the nightmare of modern Europe, emerging from the depths of obscurity, and shining with the unborrowed lustre of native genius! We see bards in the humbler grades of life, like the prince of ancient poets, and the glory of Avon, bathing in Castalia's immortal fount, and wreathing their brows with deathless laurels! And as he whose sordid soul is bound by the paltry distinctions of rank or wealth, looks around and sees merit, like a star blazing forth from obscurity, and beaming with a radiance that illumines the nations, he is ready, in astonishment, to ask, Why should the plebeian thus encroach on the domains of the patrician? Why should he, whom birth and early training have only fitted for a narrow and humble sphere of action, thus take precedence and bear away the palm from the proud and lofty of the earth? Why is it? — It is because the man in humble life has no rotten props of noble ancestry to lean upon; no father's greatness, which, imputed to him, might cloak his own littleness, and satisfy his aspirations; consequently, thrown thus wholly upon his own resources, he is placed in that position best calculated to develop the energies of the mind. Luxury enervates not the faculties of those in humble life, and dissipating amusement seldom wastes their energies; and the mind, accustomed to grapple with difficulties from the very outset, perchance with extreme poverty and hardships, gains fresh strength by the struggle, to press onward and vanquish obstacles, whose very shadows would have driven one of less mental vigor and courage from the path in despair. Truly has the poet written, that "strength is born amid weariness and watching, toil and tears." The history of great men in all ages exemplifies this. They did not spring up in a single day, though circumstances may have suddenly rent the veil which shrouded them, and brought them forth to notice; but, in silence and loneliness, they struck their roots

firm and wide in the deep soil, ere their branches could flourish luxuriantly in the sunshine of prosperity. Cæsar disciplined himself and his legions in rude and barbarous Gaul, before advancing to grasp the sceptre. Through toil, watching, and study, did Newton attain the pinnacle of intellectual greatness; and the strength of the glorious Reformation, was born in the bosom of Luther, amid such struggling, toil, and suffering, as few have ever known. It is true, poverty may sometimes chill the powers and nip in the bud the expanding faculties, and that here and there an inglorious Milton or Cromwell may sleep in obscurity, because cold-hearted poverty "froze the genial current of their souls;" yet oftener is the high-minded, vigorous soul stimulated onward by the occurrence of obstacles that would seem to impede its progress. Let no one, therefore, sink down passively under the impression, that, because he possesses but limited pecuniary resources, he does not possess the right to cultivate all his faculties to the utmost; but let him know that moral and intellectual greatness is not fettered to the car of wealth, nor bound to the shrine of manhood, and that it is the imperative duty of every sentient being to strive for the highest point of excellence that man may reach; let him know that he may, if he will, cast aside the shackles of ignorance and prejudice, and stand forth in the proud independence of a mind wholly dependent upon its own resources.

Middlesex Cor.

THE MISSION OF HOPE.

I love thee, bright Hope, beautiful harbinger of the future! for thou hast all along strewed my pathway with flowers, even from the first dawnings of existence. And not to me only, hast thou brought joy and gladness, but thy tones of love and kindness have spoken to every human heart. The little child has uttered thy promptings in its joyous laugh; for the youth thou hast painted bright visions of manhood; and to the man thou hast spoken of a glorious old age, crowned with blessings and honor. The beggar by the wayside has felt the inspiration which thy presence gives, while to the rich thou hast promised yet greater abundance. To the sick thou hast pledged returning health, and to the sad and desponding whispered of a "better time coming." The reformer, too, has recognized thy hand in the prosecution of arduous but noble works. For every soul thou hast a mission, and there is no recess too dark to be illumined by thy presence. Indeed, life would be drear and lone without thee! The present gives us not what we ask, but thy unceasing voice whispers "*hereafter*." Yea, thou art everywhere a ministering angel, and I will love thee, bright Hope, beautiful harbinger of the future.

Merrimack Cor.

SABRA.

ROXY AND DORCAS: OR, ALL FAITH AND NO FAITH.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "ABBY'S YEAR IN LOWELL."

CHAPTER I.

Roxy and Dorcas entered the stagecoach on the same chilly autumn morning, and almost at the same moment, to leave their country homes for the Lowell Factories. They were almost of the same age, both poor, both unprotected, and both relying upon their own energies for future support. Here ends the resemblance. Roxy had been taken from the "poor-house," when a little girl, into the family of a great farmer. I say "great;" for he was not rich, but he did, in his way, "an extensive business." He cultivated, after his fashion, a great many acres; and he employed a great many "hands." But he did not pay them much, nor did they earn a great deal. He thought it economy to get cheap help. So there were in his family two deaf and dumb paupers; an Irishman, whom he had picked up on his way south from Canada; a Nova Scotian, who had come to "the States" to seek his fortune; and a negro from the South, who was perhaps a fugitive slave. Somewhat similar was his wife's establishment, only she combined in her own person nearly half a dozen servants; — then there was "old Hitty," who spun; and "Gran'ma'am," who knit; and "Aunt Becky," and Roxy. Roxy was "maid of all work." She was healthy, active, and very cheerful. Spite of its heterogeneous elements there seemed always sunshine at the farm, and Roxy was the blithest of all. Though poorly clad, she was well fed, and no one ever spoke unkindly to her. She glided around them all, rendering her service to each, like — like — a "bobbin-boy" in a weaving-room; and when older, she was still more important and helpful. But when she had attained her eighteenth birthday, her mistress told her that she could not afford to keep "a hired girl," and should now take another girl from the poor-house. Roxy had anticipated this, and had decided to go to Lowell. Her mistress, as a recompense for past labors, had fitted her out with a stout, wooden trunk, with leather handles, in which were six good calico gowns; two light, two dark, and two common ones; with plenty of strong flannel; and "linen," which means, being interpreted, *cotton*; good shoes; all the stockings she had knit for herself, and the number did credit to her industry; a new bonnet; a warm shawl, and a pair of woollen gloves. Everybody was kind to Roxy. The minister gave her a testament; one nice old lady presented her with "Watts on the Mind;" and another gave her a silk dress, which had been her own mother's. It was sold at auction when she died at the poor-house, and the lady who bought it intended to dispose of it in this manner when Roxy was married, or was to leave the town for another home. Though it was no new thing for people to come and go at the farm, yet it was a great thing for Roxy to go away. The deaf mutes chattered, the old lady whimpered, the black man was nervous, Hitty took an extra quantity of snuff, the dogs stared, Patrick "*kissed*" her, the Nova Scotian shouldered her trunk, and everybody crowded around when she jumped into the stage.

She did not cry. Why should she? Nobody was dead—and Roxy would not have wept for anything else—and she seemed as light-hearted as though she were going to her marriage. No one had warned her of dangers, trials, temptations, and probable sorrows. Every one had been kind to her, and she thought every one would still be kind.

Not so with Dorcas. She was the child of a widow, once of easy circumstances, but now miserably poor. She had struggled long to retain her respectable position, and considered it a last and unhappy resource to send her daughter to the factories of Lowell. What warnings, what counsellings, what prudent maxims did the poor girl listen to, and receive into the very depths of her heart. Naturally timid, and by fortune depressed, is it a wonder that she entered the coach with a tearful face and saddened heart? She was poorly clad. Her shoes were worn, her shawl was thin, her bonnet old, her dress faded, and a shattered bandbox, done up in a bag, contained all her worldly goods.

She would have wept all the way, but that Roxy saw so much that was pleasant to laugh at, and beautiful to admire. She was fearful, too. Would 'nt the coach overturn? and would 'nt the driver make her pay her fare over again? and would 'nt her bandbox be stolen? or smuggled on to some other stage? and would 'nt they have to stop all night on the way? and she with little or nothing in her purse? Roxy cheered and encouraged her. All was right, and nothing would go wrong. She played with a little boy, chatted with an old man, gave up her seat to a nervous woman, did 'nt feel cold when the glass was down, and was not annoyed when she sat by the door, looked quite out of countenance a saucy boy, had a good appetite for her sweet-cake, and yet some to give to Dorcas; in short, everything went nicely with her. And before nine o'clock the stage had brought them safely to Lowell.

Another time we may tell somewhat of that which befell them here.

Pawtucket Falls.

LIVING SINGLE.

Sometimes, when I feel sober, I sit down and draw my own portrait some —— years hence,— a sallow, wrinkled, lean, (no, I never shall be lean,) toothless old-maid schoolma'am; the terror of naughty children, a trial to my friends, and a torment to myself. O, shocking! Well, then, I think that I can get married, if any decent man offers; but then I must resign my independence, go to darning stockings, and have a house full of noise, perhaps, which things I abhor. So I "look on this picture," then "on this." But I think the "antique vestal" looks about as well as the matron; and I decide that I will never get married to get rid of the odium of old-maidship, nor to get a husband, nor to get a home. Do you ever have any such serious lucubrations on this "great moral question?"

Extract from a letter.

THE HONEYSUCKLE.

BY ADELINE H. WINSHIP.

Transplanted from its native wild,
 Where kindred blossoms round it smiled,
 A blooming honeysuckle, tall,
 Adorns, with taste, a cottage wall.
 Of gentle Flora's num'rous train,
 None, with more reason, might be vain
 Of graceful form, or native ease,
 Or innocence, or power to please.

Arrayed in its superb attire,
 Its presence envy might inspire
 In kingly courts, where men, called great,
 Reap dignity from robes of state.
 We love it; for it often brings
 Bright visitants on goss'mer wings,*
 From hidden haunts and leafy bowers,
 Who vie in beauty with its flowers.

We love it — 't is a noble vine —
 And oft beneath its shade recline;
 Or mark its progress, slow and sure,
 And gather patience to endure.
 We love it; it ascends to heaven;
 It bids the spirit, tempest-driven,
 Fear nothing from an angry world,
 Although its keenest darts be hurled

With fiendish fury, and with skill,
 Which threaten, instantly, to kill;
 Or close the eyes to all that's fair,
 And shroud the soul in black despair.
 Though bright-eyed hope, with pinions bound,
 Essays, in vain, to leave the ground,
 Then picks the dregs from sorrow's cup,
 And, struggling, yields its being up; —

Though clouds are dark, and tempests lower,
 And noon is black as midnight hour;
 Though faithful friends are far and few,
 And hungry ruin doth pursue;
 Yet even then, our cherished vine
 A light upon our way doth shine:
 It seems a life-conveying word,
 To animate and free the bird.

It whispers in the listening ear,
 "Let sacred truth thy spirit cheer;
 If God so clothe and care for *me*,
 He surely will remember *thee*."

1 *Eagletown, Arkansas.*

* When the honeysuckle is in bloom, the beautiful little humming-bird may be often seen, darting from blossom to blossom; then poising a moment on its wings, almost invisible; then again kissing the rich flowers, as in farewell, and flying off, with a rapidity which the eye cannot follow, only to return again, as charming and as active as before.

A NIGHT OF SUSPENSE.

BY "RUTH ROVER."

John Parkman was one of the "old settlers" of Illinois. He was but a boy, when, with his father, he left the wild hills of Kentucky, just bursting into fruitfulness beneath the hand of the husbandman, to seek an El Dorado upon the fertile and unbroken prairies. Trained to all manner of hardships, as the son of a pioneer must necessarily be, it was his delight to join in the stirring wolf-chase, or hunt the wild game which was once so plentiful in these regions. Nor did his taste for these active sports decrease when he had taken him a wife, and had settled down in his own log-cabin, upon his own farm. He had scarcely emerged from the years of boyhood when this was accomplished. And now a new zest was given to his wanderings. It was so pleasant to bring in the slaughtered deer, and lay it at the feet of the bright-eyed girl who called him "husband;"—so sweet to watch her, as she tenderly smiled upon the timid fawn which he brought home for her to fondle and to tame. No wonder the "neighbor boys" envied him, for in all the settlement there was no happier fireside than John Parkman's.

Years passed on, and the smiles of children lighted up the walls of the humble cabin. Success crowned the honest industry of the young farmer. His possessions increased, and his reputation for sobriety and good management was established. By her frugality and activity, his wife had proved herself indeed a help-meet for him; and to the patient fulfilment of the duties of her laborious lot, she added the fearless spirit of a heroine. Did a wolf or other wild beast approach their dwelling in her husband's absence?—without hesitation the gun was loaded, and the intruder killed or driven howling away. Yet no one who listened to her mild voice, or looked into her quiet, blue eyes, would dream that so bold a spirit slumbered beneath them.

As the population increased, the deer were frightened from their former haunts; still they were numerous at no great distance from the settlements, and Farmer Parkman would often take his boys with him upon his hunting expeditions, to teach them the sports, which, in his own boyhood, he had loved so well.

One cool morning he started upon a deer-hunt, accompanied by his eldest son, a boy of ten years, or thereabouts. They were in a large wagon, and furnished with provisions for two days. Little William's black eyes sparkled with delight while in fancy he rehearsed the day's adventures; and as they rambled away over the prairie, which seemed to widen and lengthen as they proceeded, if any dark object moved among the grass, near or distant, it was "a deer, father!—a deer!" On they went, till not a solitary cabin was visible,—nothing but a wide expanse of waving verdure, from which, as they passed, they now and then caught a glimpse of the cast-off antlers of the animals they sought, which lay glistening in the sunshine. One large tree stood, in the distance, veteran-like, overlooking the solitude, which was known, through the country round, as the "Lonesome

Elm." They halted in sight of this tree, and leaving the wagon, went in pursuit of the deer, numbers of which they had once or twice come upon, but their noisy vehicle had immediately startled them. Farmer Parkman's gun soon brought down a stately buck, and before the sun began to wane a fine load of venison was stowed away in the wagon, as substantial proof that the honest farmer was also a good marksman. A short time before sunset, he thought he saw another flock feeding at a distance, and being desirous of making as good a day's work as possible, he started cautiously towards them, having tied the horses to the wagon, and left little Willie in charge of the meat.

Before he reached the deer, they had perceived his approach and escaped. He pursued them awhile, and then, seeing the sun rapidly declining, endeavored to retrace his steps. But when he returned to the place where he should have come in view of his wagon, it was nowhere to be seen; there was no trace of any living thing,—no sound but the wild grass rustling beneath the strong wind. He called aloud, "William! O, William!"—but there was no answer. He was now convinced that he was going in the wrong direction, and after walking some distance in an opposite course, he again raised his voice to its highest pitch and called to his lost boy. But still there was no reply. Twilight had fallen, and the shades of night were fast gathering. He quickened his steps, but it was only to become more and more bewildered. None but those who have been in a similar situation can understand his feelings. As he hurried on through the gathering gloom, there seemed always to be a slight swell before him, and hope whispered that, when the ascent was gained, the objects of his anxiety would be in sight. But he was disappointed. There was always another roll of the prairie before him, and still another, till night deepened, and he was obliged to acknowledge that he knew not where he was. Then he thought of his little son, left alone on the wide prairie in the darkness;—the scent of fresh venison would doubtless attract the hungry wolves;—nor was this the only danger; before he left the wagon the last time he thought he saw a dim line of flame along the horizon, and if the fires should run in *that* direction, he could never hope to see his boy again. The thought nerved him almost to desperation.

He was so entirely bewildered that he felt it was in vain for him to grope through the darkness alone, but if he could obtain assistance there was still hope. He at length succeeded in reaching a beaten track, which, after a weary walk, led him to the house of his brother-in-law, where he had stopped in the morning. He aroused the family, and, as soon as his trouble was made known, the master of the house took a lantern, and joined him in a renewed search. They directed their course, as they supposed, to the "Lonesome Elm," which was a well-known landmark; but they were both at fault. To one benighted on the prairie, the very points of the compass seem to leave their proper stations, and veer about at will. After wandering about and hallooing vainly for a long time, the searchers returned to the house, to wait for dawn. Yielding to the importunities of his

friends, the unhappy father laid himself down to rest, but not to sleep. Horrible thoughts of his poor boy's probable fate chased one another through his brain. What might he find in the morning? Perhaps a mangled corpse — perhaps a lifeless heap of cinders, in place of his darling boy! He almost dreaded the approach of light.

And how fared it with the mother? She *knew* not the danger, for she did not expect their return until the following night. But by that strange, mysterious sympathy, — mesmeric, superstitious, — call it what you will, — but there is some such unexplainable feeling by which the joy or sadness of absent loved ones is communicated to us, — her heart was overburdened with anxiety. There was a deep depression upon her spirits; she knew not why; but her little ones felt it, and crept to bed without their usual good-night frolic. She passed a restless night, and, in broken snatches of sleep, dreamed she saw her husband and son exposed to a thousand perils.

Morning came; and with its first gleam, Farmer Parkman started, with many misgivings, in quest of his child. He had no difficulty now; following his yesterday's track, he went directly to their halting-place. Soon he saw the old wagon. Everything about it was undisturbed, — just as he had left it the evening before. But Willie, — was *he* there? He trembled as he asked himself this question. Approaching the wagon, he heard a slight movement; a small head was raised, and the little fellow sat up rubbing his sleepy eyes, and looking unconcernedly at his father. He had waited till dark, wondering why his father did not come; but, supposing he would soon be there, had wrapped himself in the bedclothes, and laid down to sleep. His slumbers were so sound that he had heard nothing, and knew nothing till he saw his father in the morning.

Doth not He who careth for the sparrows, care much more for His own little ones?

Looking-Glass Prairie.

THE PRAIRIE.

There is nothing more enlivening than prairie scenery, in spring and summer; the soul of cheerfulness seems to pervade everything, and I don't believe that the *blues* can live long in such an atmosphere. There is too much sameness in the landscape, is the complaint of some. Very true; it is the same vast, blue sky above, and the same broad, green earth spread beneath and around; but I think it a most majestic sameness.

I sometimes think that the prairie is like a great, calm soul, lying open to the full light of heaven, which presents to the beholder no bold and striking features, but is symmetrical in its greatness; and which is as really the home of blossoming virtues, and the source of fertilizing streams of blessing to the world, as those mountain intellects which tower above the rest of mankind, and awe them by the abruptness of their grandeur.

Letter from Illinois.

WILL HE SET THE SLAVE FREE?

BY S. E. MARTIN.

They speak of my master, and say that he's kind,—
That he's gen'rous in heart, and he's noble in mind;
They call him a Christian, and so he may be,—
But never, no never, will he set the Slave free.

I watched by his bedside, when illness was there;
Till the fever was o'er I withheld not my care;—
He smiled on me then, and seemed grateful to be,
But ne'er did he think the poor Slave to set free.

He talks of my beauty, and tells me I'm fair;
That my features are fine, and he praises my hair;
He says that he loves me, and so it may be,—
But never he tells the poor Slave she is free.

He speaks not unkindly, but still I'm his Slave;
And that freedom I only may find in the grave,
I have begged for with tears, and have sought on my knee,
But in vain — for he never will set the Slave free.

He smiles at my pleading — but heeds not my prayer;
For the griefs of his Slave he seems never to care;
Though fain would he have her contented to be,—
But never, no never, will he set the Slave free.

He says that by him I shall never be sold:—
He may die — and how soon I'll be bartered for gold!
Both I, and my child, then, ill-treated may be,
For never, no never, the poor Slave will be free.

O, ye who have freedom! just think of the pain
Of the spirit that's borne down by Slavery's chain;
Nor think it a wonder her weeping to see,
Who knows she's a Slave that can never be free!

Ballard Vale.

BE COURTEOUS TO STRANGERS.

There is a distinction strongly marked, I think, between the North and South; and the merits of which may certainly be claimed by the latter. I do not know as these people have more benevolence of heart than our own New Englanders. The existence of their "peculiar institution" would argue to the contrary; but the cordiality of their manner pleases me, and awakens in me a feeling of security and trust, which I had not thought to enjoy. I do so love to feel *at home*; to recognize in the face of each a sister or a friend, and to believe that we are in truth all members of the universal brotherhood of man!

Letter from Virginia.

MY FIRST LOVE.

BY "ZEPHERINA MALVINA GEORGIANA LUCRETIA STUBS."

It was a bright and beautiful autumnal eve. The busy hum and turmoil of daylight was over, and the toil-worn and weary rested quietly after their labor. The moon, unobscured by aught save a few light, fleecy clouds, which occasionally flitted over its surface, smiled lovingly upon the fair earth, which lay beneath her. The balmy air, laden with sweet flower-scents, softly floated past, filling each nook and glade with its delightful perfume. The very spirit of romance breathed around,—and I, unable to resist its silent influence, gave myself unreservedly up to the fancies which it summoned forth. The world called me fair! Yes:—

"They said that I was beautiful;
That fate had kindly shed
The gift of radiant loveliness
Upon my youthful head."

And I believed it; for my mirror, which I hourly consulted, with its silent homage confirmed the truth of the tale. Wealth was also mine; but alas! I was not happy. I was sixteen, yes, actually in my seventeenth year, and yet never had a lover. No youth had ever bowed the knee before my shrine; no fond heart had ever offered me the rich wealth of its affections; and can it be wondered at that I was sad? Many of my young companions had admirers. Emeline, my most intimate friend, had even rejected a suitor; while I, who was acknowledged to be the most wealthy and beautiful young lady in our village, never had an offer. True, the gentlemen of my acquaintance were most assiduous gallants, and were ever on the alert to secure my hand for the dance, and my company for all the balls, routs, soirees, picnics, &c., which were held within many miles of us,—but a mere beau to escort me around was not what I desired, I longed for a real *bona fide* lover,—a tall, romantic being, with large, dark eyes and beautiful hair, who could quote poetry with a Byronic air, and, kneeling at my feet, humbly offer me his heart and hand, vowing that he loved me, and me only, deeply,—devotedly. And then I sought to find among my village beaux a realization of my imaginary lover, but the effort was fruitless. There was Ned Jackson, with his red head and freckled face, and Bill Moore, with his little pug nose and great onion eyes, and Tom Elmore, who always turned his toes in when he walked, and kept his hands thrust up to the elbows in his pockets, and Mr. Edward Fontaine, who affected to enact the fine gentleman with his high-flown language, his little, diminutive form, and thin, smirking face, making him look, for all the world, like a half-starved monkey; and there were dozens of others equally graceful and fascinating, and quite as unlike my beau ideal. I sadly turned from comparisons such as these; my thoughts took wing and soared away to other lands, and I beheld the long-wished for, long-sought for one; a noble being, endowed by nature with

every gift of manly beauty and excellence. We would yet meet,—he would woo, and win me, and then I should discover him to be no nameless adventurer, but a prince, or a nobleman at least, in disguise.

But here the thread of my thoughts was broken by the sound of approaching footsteps; and as I noiselessly closed the blinds, I saw a gentleman cross the street and ascend the steps of the dwelling opposite me. Mr. Marshall, the owner of the mansion, and his family, I well knew to be absent; but I was also aware that Mrs. Marshall was daily expecting a young friend from the South, when they were unexpectedly summoned to the city, and I concluded that she had arrived, and the stranger was about to call on her. I was confirmed in this conjecture, by seeing a lady advance from the embrasure of a window and extend her hand to him. I could not see her face, as she stood within the shadow of the piazza, and the gentleman's back was turned towards me, but I knew that he was young, for his step was light and vigorous; and well-bred, for his bearing was graceful and dignified. Could it be possible, or did I but dream that I had beheld that noble form before? No; it could not be that we had ever met, save in spirit; yet how familiar seemed each turn and motion of his stately head. How strange it is that some individuals whom we see for the first time, have more power over us than the friends of many years! We feel that we have known and loved them long, and think every word and tone is as familiar to us as household words; and we have known them, we have communed with them oft at midnight hour, when earth was hushed and still; we have looked upon the moon and stars, and felt that others, whose destinies were inseparably linked with our own, then gazed upon them with the same sensations as ourselves. Thus it was in regard to the stranger. I well knew that, bodily, he had never crossed my path before; for, once seen, he could not be forgotten; but I had an innate consciousness that his was the long-lost, long-sought, twin-soul of my spirit. Then a painful surmise crossed my mind; perchance he loved, and was affianced, to the fair Southerner. But no; that was impossible; his noble heart could not bow so low as to seek the love of a vain, heartless coquette. I had never heard that she was one, but I knew it must be so. I loved; yes, loved him with my whole heart and soul, but the world should never know my sorrow. No; I would let "concealment, like a worm i' the bud, prey on my damask cheek," and when the grave should close over my poor heart, with its blighted affections, I trusted that my spirit would be permitted to watch over the happiness of him and his young bride. The young pair conversed long and earnestly, and when they were about to separate, he took her hand in his, and, gracefully raising it, pressed it to his lips. The action went like a dagger to my heart, but I suppressed my emotion, in the hope of getting a view of their countenances, which I had not yet seen. At that instant the moonbeams fell full upon their faces, and revealed to my astonished gaze our colored coachman, George, and Dinah, Mrs. Marshall's cook!

Merrimack Cor.

EDITOR'S TABLE.

An Editor's library is a motley affair. There are in it great books and little books; the worthy and the worthless; the bound and the unbound; the read and the unread. How shall they be arranged? if according to their size and outward appearance, what strange neighbors we find! Side by side are "The History of the Reformation" and "The Young Lady's Reader;" "The American Poultry Book" and "Shanty, the Blacksmith;" "Silliman's Journal" and "Bremer's Novels;" "Nursery Rhymes of England" and "Mammon." But they stand there quietly, and to their ranks we welcome — *THE TRUE STORY OF MY LIFE*, by *Hans Christian Andersen*; being No. 2, of the second series of "The Boston Library of American and Foreign Literature," published by James Munroe and Company. This work is translated from the Danish, by *Mary Howitt*; and had she never given to the public anything of her own; had she only introduced to us *Frederika Bremer*, and now *Hans Christian Andersen*, she would be richly entitled to our gratitude. Andersen is a poet; one born among "the people" — one of them — in some respects just like them, "only a great deal more so;" in others, afar from them, and above them. It is pleasant to trace the influences operating upon this gifted man, until he who was the son of one who had been a beggar, sat upon "the hearth-stone" of kings; yet not so much the influences operating upon him as those at work within him. His greatest sufferings were from being misunderstood. With his sympathetic soul, and varied powers and faculties, he mingled among men — with them, yet more than of them. He had a side for all, a sympathy with each; and so powerfully did they feel the congeniality, so conscious were they of being absorbed by him, and so full were they of him, that they thought his whole nature had mingled with theirs, as theirs had mingled with his. And here originated the mistake. They called his self-appreciation "*vanity*," and probably said among themselves, "Here is Andersen — with us, and like us — yet he thinks himself *a great poet*. His songs and children's stories we all like, but we can all understand them — it almost seems as though we could write them, if we would set about it." Very likely he seemed ridiculous at times, and (who is perfect?) perhaps was somewhat vain.

It is very gratifying to be introduced, as we are in this work, to such gifted ones as *Frederika Bremer*, *Jenny Lind*, *Battine*, *Mademoiselle Rachel*, *Thorwaldsen*, and the great poets and artists of Denmark, Germany, &c. We do not, it is true, see them "face to face," but for a moment we meet them "heart to heart."

Some of Andersen's productions are already well known to those who read, and we could wish that other translations might be added to the "Picture Book without Pictures," "The Improvisatore," and "The Story of the Little Match Girl."

DOMESTIC SKETCHES. There is manifested throughout these Tales a strong sympathy for the poor and the oppressed, which forms their greatest merit. May they bring to the writer the blessing of the down-trodden, with credit and emolument. This is the eighth book which has been published by those who were or had been factory operatives; the four authors of which were, Miss Curtis, Miss Cate, Miss Farley, and Miss Goddard. These, with five volumes of "The Lowell Offering," form a contribution to American literature which has not, probably, its counterpart in any other country. May they stimulate and encourage others "to do likewise" or better.

We have received from Paris a monthly publication called *L'ATELIER*, which we translate, *The Workshop*. It purports to be "the special organ of the laboring classes," and is written exclusively by "the workers," (*ouvriers*.) Judging from this number, we suppose it to be written entirely by male operatives. The articles in it are as follows, if we translate correctly: "What are in France the supports of the people?" "Establishment at Paris of tribunals of masters judging the workers." "Nomination of the honest men (*probes hommes*) of Paris." "Projects of reform of the prefect of the police." "Official claims of the young workers of St. Stephen's." "Slavery." "The masters and workers of England." "The Two Masons," a poem, whose greatest merit is many words; and one or two other articles. Our "French" has been laid away in a back corner of our brain, to wither and rust, for more than a dozen years, and we wish some of our good translators to assist us in presenting some extracts from this paper to our readers. Here, Rachel, Maria, Sabra, Lorenza, Sarah, Martha Ann, Eliza Jane,—and may we not also call upon Lucy, Lydia, and Harriette?—to which of you shall we send this number? We shall be most happy to exchange regularly.

We have also received a pamphlet containing an account of "The Proceedings at the PRINTERS' FESTIVAL, held by the Franklin Typographical Society, at Hancock Hall, (Boston,) Jan. 16, 1848." We have been very much interested in reading the whole account of this festival, but more particularly in the Address, which was delivered by *Charles C. Hazewell, Esq.* He has here given an account of the art, from its earliest records, which displays much learning, gives us pleasant information, and intimates a truly catholic spirit, and an enthusiastic appreciation of the claims of "the printer." Very many of the facts contained in this Address are not elsewhere within the reach of the general reader; yet many, besides the student and antiquarian, would be gratified to meet with them. We have no room for extracts, or we would give a notice of Guttenberg, Drizehn, Wendelin, Aldus Manutius, and others besides FAUST.

This pamphlet was beautifully printed, in Boston, under the supervision of T. W. Harris, President of the Society, and is an illustration of the perfection to which the art is carried in our neighboring city.

A short time since, we had the pleasure of viewing a present intended by the Mayor of Lowell for the Mayor of Paris, in accordance with the suggestions of M. Vattemaire, for a reciprocation of literary socialities between cities and nations. This consisted of a series of "Auditors' Reports," "Mayors' Addresses," a complete set of the "Lowell Offering," and "Lowell as it Was, and as it Is," all neatly bound and lettered.

Since this number of our magazine has been placed in the printer's hands, two events have occurred which have excited a deep interest around us. One

of them has been the death of John Quincy Adama, which has sent a thrill throughout the Union. Everything has been said which could eulogize him, and we can add nothing,— nothing, but this little fact,— that the only time we ever saw him, and when he was surrounded by hundreds and hundreds of the brilliant and intellectual, he remembered and adverted to the existence of a magazine from among the factory operatives, and expressed his deep interest in, and hearty approbation of, the work.

The other event has been a purely local one, and one of an entirely different character,— “the Carpet Mill Picnic,” — an evening assemblage, of about five thousand persons, in the new Carpet Mill, which is just finished and ready to receive its machinery. The mill is said to cover more than an acre of ground; it is lighted at the sides and from the roof, which is supported by one hundred and twelve iron posts. One of our city papers has compared it to Boston common, inclosed in a dazzling roof and walls. We have no room here for a description; we can only say, that when we entered the room, brilliantly lighted as it was, ornamented with the bright productions of the rug and carpet weavers, and filled, though not crowded, with a happy multitude, of all ages and conditions, moving to and fro, and sending forth a low, pleasant murmur,— when we first entered, a soft, subduing influence fell upon us, for we were reminded of our childhood ideas of heaven.

SONG FOR THE PICNIC.

The following song, written by Miss Larcom, lately of the Lawrence Corporation, in this city, but now in Illinois, was presented to the Committee of Arrangements, for the occasion:—

Now meet we in kindness, and part we in peace,
Nor envy nor pride shall our pleasure decrease:
The work of our hands, and the mind's crushing care,
Forsake we, an hour of enjoyment to share.

If wild flowers are mixed in a florist's bouquet,
Less sweet is its fragrance? its colors less gay?
Our stations may differ: our motto shall be,
“Distinct like the billows, but one like the sea.”

'Mid bright stars, that nightly adorn the blue sky,
Some, far in the distance, are dim to our eye:
Yet worlds that we know not their brightness may cheer,
All move to God's glory — all shine in their sphere.

We honor the heads that have early grown gray
By the labor of thought, clearing man's onward way:
We cheerfully honor the toil-hardened hand;
When Virtue doth guide, 't is the strength of our land.

The end of our being by toil we fulfil;
Though thoughts be our tools, we are laboring still:
To some hands an humble employment *must* fall,
But “he who would rule is the servant of all.”

Our voices we mingle in Liberty's choir;
We all to one kingdom of glory aspire:
Then toil we as one, 'till the Spirit of Love
Shall make this dark world like the mansions above.

THE
NEW ENGLAND OFFERING.

MAY, 1848.

THE MARKET WAGON.

I hear it ! I hear it ! it cometh more near,
Tis an old market wagon comes rumbling here ;
Not heavily laden, yet bearing a freight
Perhaps of more value than bulk, ay, or weight.
And now the good teamster is stopping, I think
To give his tired horses a cool morning drink.
How fresh looks the brook in the shade of the hill ;
Its waters so clear, so cold, and so still ;
And the old rustic bridge, just spanning it there,
I think one is daring to set his foot there.
Yet he, who is standing complacently now
Upon its worn plank, bears not on his brow
The trace of great courage ; no chivalric mien
Beneath his rough garments is hidden, I ween.
But then he has walked o'er the bridge when a child ;
Has proved it then strong, when the freshets were wild ;
And he thinks not that time, which has strengthened his frame,
Has not to those posts done a kindness the same.
Shall we be more wise than the teamster, and draw
A lesson like this to include in our law ?
Ne'er trust to the foothold which once bore us well,
Unless we are sure that it has the true spell —
Possesses the strength to resist and endure,
And offers us still a position secure.
The past had its uses ; the present must scan
How much now remains to be worked in its plan ;
The thrones which are highest may totter and fall,
And what has been asked, be rejected by all.

Pawtucket Falls.

THE FACTORIES OF LOWELL, AND THE FACTORY GIRLS.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "LIGHTS AND SHADOWS OF FACTORY LIFE."

PART I.

The factories of Lowell!—think awhile, dear reader, of the factories of Lowell, and of the factory girls. What are they, the one and the other, in your mind's eye? Are the factories merely huge piles of neatly arranged bricks, filled with clanking wheels? and are the girls merely automata, moving to and fro as their shuttles move? Look longer, then, if they are; look longer, and tell me how many living beings there are within those walls.

"Thousands upon thousands."

Yes; thousands upon thousands of young girls; most of whom have homes, parents, brothers, sisters, and neighborhoods; most of whom will one day be wives, mothers, active members of society. Then what a sublime sight are those factories, and those factory girls! Do you not see passing off from them, in every possible direction, the mystic wires of sympathetic influence, spiritual intercourse with the companions that are near and the friends that are afar? And through them are borne hopes of every degree of buoyancy, fears of every shade of darkness, wishes of every grade of purity and intenseness, and holy thoughts of resignation and contentment from those who have no friends, no home. These last tarry upon the scene, shedding a subdued and yet beautiful glow upon all things, save, alas! upon that dark tract where are passing on their way from human hearts to other human hearts grief that has no trust in Heaven, no hope in life; remorse, softened by no thought of a Saviour's pardoning mercy; passion, hallowed by no just sense of what is its true mission on the earth; and hate, engendered, no doubt, by human wrongs, but none the less baneful, both where it emanates and where it tends. When we see and feel all this, how earnest and loving are our sympathies for *all* factory girls! With every breath goes up the silent prayer that they may be blessed, and that their homes may be blessed; that they may catch every means of improvement and elevation, both of the intellect and of the affections. We find joy in all the tokens there are abroad of their ever-increasing self-respect and endeavor to do that which is useful, becoming, and noble in their deportment in public, and in their intercourse with each other. It is meet that we feel for them, for many are their sorrows and their cares; meet that we pray for them, for many are their duties and their temptations; and prayers and kind feelings we know are "twice blessed; blessed in him that gives and him that takes." We do not think of this as we ought, else our manner would have less of pride and indifference. Our eye would have a gentler light, our lips a milder tone. And these would all be *felt*. A genial warmth would diffuse itself in those hearts which come near us. A quiet self-respect, noble aspirations, hallowed by humility of spirit, would come in to do their perfect work. These, in their turn, would operate upon other hearts; and, even as wave impels and follows

wave, so would the beneficent influences which left us be felt far and wide.

Thus it was with Alice Means, and thus it *was not* with Caroline Walker. In the pretty village of M—— they both lived; Alice, in the poor little brown house at the foot of the hill, Caroline, in the substantial two-story white house at the corner of the streets. Fields and pastures filled with flocks, spread out far as the eye could reach, back of the white house; and these were a part of the wealth of Captain Walker. He had, besides these and the house he occupied, and its spacious, convenient appurtenances, a front shop, for the sale of boots and shoes, and a back shop, for their manufacture. Here poor men toiled for half their labor's worth; while poor women sat at home among their little children, and bound his shoes for a pittance, which, miserable as it was, came tardily, and with many grumblings. As might be expected, Captain Walker's penuriousness, his *hardness*, operated in his own family, as well as among his working people. At fifty, Mrs. Walker had nearly worn her life away; and never a smile or a single *really* kind attention had she met from her husband, for all her pains to get and to save. Latterly she had done expecting, nearly done conferring them. She scolded much as she worked; the sons and daughters scolded her, their father, and each other. In this way they were wretched enough. They all felt that their home was cold and uncomfortable; yet not one of them made any right exertions to have it otherwise. But, as soon as the children could, they went away into the world. The eldest two sons joined a reckless set of stock-jobbers, went west, south, and the parents knew not where else, with them. The eldest daughter married a coarse, low-bred journeyman shoemaker, and moved off with him to Orange, or Grafton, or somewhere; they scarcely knew or cared where they were to settle. They could be no worse, go where they would, than they had been with such a hard master, in such a hard home. The third son remained at home, with his eyes asquint upon his father's acres, flocks, and barns. He tipped his cap on one side, and smoked, and sauntered with his hands in his pockets, talked utter nonsense to the ladies; and they, it must be owned, talked nonsense in return. All but Alice Means; she bowed coldly, and replied to his nonsense as if it had been so much sense; so that, rich as he was, poor as she was,—sitting there quietly binding his father's shoes, glad enough of a few cents apiece for them,—he was afraid of her, and called her, in his spleen, The Princess.

Caroline was the beauty of the family, people said; and she thought the same. But an artist who stopped at M——, on his way to the mountains, would go no farther than this: "Yes; yes; she is pretty; quite."

She had eyes of deep blue. One could find no fault with them, with their color, or outline, or with the arch of the brow, but this: that there was no expression, except when she absolutely laughed or absolutely pouted. She had a clear complexion, but its color varied only as her temper varied. She was never pensive, never sad; not she. Why should she be, and her father the most powerful man in

the village, and herself the handsomest girl? But she was angry often; that she acknowledged she was; and, she added, that anybody would be, working so hard, and wearing that shabby old bonnet and shawl, when Esquire Bennett's daughters came out every Sabbath and every pleasant day, in their splendid new hats and mantillas. Sure, this was

“Cause, cause enough to weep;”

and sure, Caroline would weep, would pout, would crumple her bonnet, and put it and her shawl on awry, until her provoking pa relented. But Captain Walker never relented. No one ever knew Captain Walker to relent. And so, with pa saying, “Pooh! she'll never go to the factory; Pooh!” with ma by turns scolding her for her wilfulness, and teasing her father for the hat and mantilla, she seated herself with triumph in the stagecoach, and rode off to the factories of Lowell.

Manchester, N. H.

A PEEP THROUGH THE GATE OF MATRIMONY.

BY L. A. CHOATE.

Through the borders of a beautiful country, the wide domain of a great and powerful king, runs a straight but rugged way, called the great thoroughfare of human existence, and thronged with a motley group, of all ages, and both sexes. Indeed, it is the only way laid out by which mortals can reach their destined goal. Though extremely rough, it has many sunny spots and delightful resting-places, and every one can do something, if they will, to make it more beautiful and desirable; and many true philanthropists have done much to alleviate the many trials incident upon its thorny way. And every one that travels this road is commissioned so to do, by the humane sovereign; but very few give heed to his instructions; the greater part forget from whom their comforts flow, and seek only their own pleasure and gratification, heedless alike of the welfare of their fellow-travellers and their own well-being.

The many fragrant lawns and sunny paths that supply this wondrous way, like the streamlets from a thousand hills, gliding onward to the mighty river that bears them to their ocean bed, which never can return, are filled with bright and beautiful beings, thronging onward, eager to gain the great highway, little dreaming of the troubles, trials, and difficulties that await them. To them the future is all sunshine, as seen through the magic vision of childhood and youth, aided by the bewildering beams of hope; and all are dreaming of perfect bliss and pleasures unalloyed, separated from them only by distance.

Every avenue to this road is closely watched by two shadowy beings, called Deception and Vanity, emissaries of the wily foe of the gracious monarch of the land, placed there for the express purpose of corrupting unwary travellers. So cunningly do they execute the

schemes of their craft, that a mask or a veil is adroitly fixed upon the face of every one that emerges into the highway ; so every one appears in a strange light, and in a very different character to their fellow-travellers, than that which they actually wear. Every one is attended by two guides, Wisdom upon the right hand, and Folly upon the left ; between whom there is a continual warfare, and more frequently Folly triumphs over her less showy but more stable companion. But woe to those who listen to Folly's syren tongue, and happy those who give ear to Wisdom's warning voice : yet the right side of the way is the only sure path ; for though beautiful flowers and fairy forms continually grace the other border, 't is only to allure the votaries of Folly on to surer ruin.

Of all this motley throng, composed of high and low, rich and poor, great and small, old and young, the weak and strong, the sage and fool, few only have firmness and perseverance, with the assistance of Wisdom, to tear away the mask and rend the veil, and reveal themselves in their true characters. But these are true hearts and noble souls, worthy to be imitated by all the weary wanderers in this dubious way ; illustrious examples, to be revered by all the friends of truth and freedom.

Many, very many, would fain linger or turn back, tired of continual struggling ; but it is impossible ! it is ever onward, onward ! No halting ! no turning back ! The rushing mass is ever pressing on. But lo ! yonder in the distance is the El Dorado of all their expectations ; the goal of their heart's sweet delusions. Eagerly all are pressing onward with the deceptive hope that they shall soon reach the land of fadeless flowers and ceaseless joys. And, as they draw nearer and nearer, the maskers are on the alert to secure themselves companions among the veiled, to share with them the untried path of the mystic land. Various motives animate the breasts of these companion-seekers. Some wish for a help-meet indeed, with prudence and discretion, to cheer them in their pilgrimage ; while others are intent upon show, and the caresses of their heartless flatterers ; while others yet are selling their heart's best treasures for what ?—ah, for that gilded dust, the love of which is “the root of all evil.”

On either side of this great thoroughfare are stupendous walls of gigantic height, which none can scale. They have but one passageway each, which is through a massive gate of great dimensions. That upon the right leads to the broad and honorable fields of hymeneal joys, being well guarded by watchful sentinels ; that upon the left leads to fields of voluptuous pleasure, decorated by all that can please the eye, and steal the senses ;—but ah, those treacherous shades and flowery bowers but more effectually screen the slippery banks of the Stygian sea—the gulf of despair ! And multitudes are hastening thither, whispering their honeyed insinuations in the ear of hopeful youth and trusting love, aided by Folly's glittering pomp, insensibly drawing them onward to the gilded gateway of that unhallowed spot ; finding, too late, alas ! that they have staked their present and future happiness upon that which will prove their destruction.

Over the gateway upon the right side, is emblazoned in characters of living light, refulgent as the golden rays of the setting sun, the word "Matrimony;" and around it are flowers and shrubs mingled together in beautiful profusion; inviting, by their fragrant odors and rich variety, the admiration of all. Amid this delightful scene arises Hymen's teeming arsenal, in the midst of which gleam the cementing flames of his ever-active forge, manned by innumerable workmen, ready to do the bidding of the passing multitude. All around hang abundant materials for immediate use, from the roughest iron to the softest silk, subject to the instant wishes of all; and they have ample scope for all their powers, to manufacture the various articles in demand. Each pair choose the materials for their own bands; for none enter this gate, save they are mated and bound fast together. Very many choose hard fetters of unwrought iron, others of polished steel, and others are bound in golden chains, and a few are tied with silken bands. But those whom harder fates unite, are incessantly galled by the corroding canker of their wearying chains and fetters, which finds its insidious way deep into their very souls. By a salutary law of the land, each pair are required to remove the mask and veil, and reveal to each other their true characters, though some contrive to evade its requirements; and many, very many, are sadly disappointed in the object of their choice, and bitterly lament their want of prudence and forethought in determining this momentous act.

All mated, each pair pass through the spacious gateway, well guarded by Justice, Truth, and Virtue; they constituting a formidable guard which none may singly pass. The first view that meets the passer's eye, is a spacious and beautiful inclosure, spread out in tempting array, filled with the most fragrant flowers and pleasant fruits, in which all may revel to their heart's content, regaling themselves in this ocean of dear delight and sweetest joy. It is indeed a lovely place — enchanted ground — the very atmosphere of love. Though all surrounded by massive walls, they are thickly set with minor gates, leading to countless avenues beyond, surmounted by suitable inscriptions, through which all may pass if they choose, or remain upon this magic land; but none can ever return, who have once passed the mystic wall, though many of the blissful sweets may be inhaled from the enchanted ground.

Around the outer side of this inclosure is a substantial walk, skirted by every herb, the medicinal virtues of which may be of healing use to the inhabitants of this wondrous place; and it will be well for all who enter to note them well before they traverse these dubious paths; for they are subject to innumerable accidents and misgivings as they wander through the mazy labyrinths, and it will require an extraordinary degree of forethought and carefulness to tread these dangerous ways; for the wrong may easily be mistaken for the right, causing continual perplexities. The avenue of Prudence is to be explored to its most distant part; and that of Imprudence to be equally shunned. The beautiful and soul-enlivening avenue of Cheerfulness should be daily traversed, to endow the mind with the ever-pervading beauty of perpetual sunshine; while those of Fretfulness and Ill Temper

are to be avoided as the deadly upas of domestic happiness. And that of Love must be as familiar as their own breath; and Indifference to be avoided as the bane of life. Confidence and Good Faith must be ever in view, for in their pleasant walks are found many charming bowers and delightful retreats. Distrust and Malice, with all their kindred paths, must not be entered, for they contain whirlpools of fiery torments, to be dreaded as the fatal simoom of the desert. Forbearance and Long-suffering must be familiar, and dear as the apple of the eye. Obstinacy is a very crooked way, continually beset with heart-burnings, destructive to all who venture therein. Close by is the lovely avenue of Compliance, producing some of the most delicious fruits of this wonderful land. Through the centre, runs the broad and much desired avenue of Economy. Though requiring much carefulness and self-denial, it is the sure path to wealth and happiness, and all who travel this way are adorned and enriched by the treasures of a well-regulated home, free from myriads of trying cares. Regularity, Neatness, and Exactness must be strictly followed; they are easy of access, and if once adopted as favorite retreats, are sure to impart a genial influence over all who rest beneath their pleasant vines. But the avenue of Prodigality is the sure road to ruin, and none but reckless, unthinking fashionables care to trust its wily shades. Near by is the broad way of Jealousy, swept by chilling winds, and not to be entered; no, not even looked into, for its very atmosphere is contagion and death. It contains the seeds of mortal hate to every tie of sacred love; within its bounds is the terrible whirlpool of Suspicion, and the mad vortex of Revenge. The avenue of Humility contains the truest joys and sweetest delights of this curious land, and all who travel this heavenly way are sure to taste the rapturous bliss of eternal love. And most surely do they improve their time who carefully explore the hidden recesses of these healthy walks, for on this depends the sum of human felicity.

To every pair that enters here are given priceless gems of infinite value, to be cut, polished, and well fitted for insertion among the priceless jewels composing the kingly diadem of the great lord of the country. Some are pure gems of native beauty, soon fitted for their destined place; while others, like the hardy adamant and glittering diamond, are to be polished only by a long process of tedious labor and unwearied care, but when completed well repay the toil and patience expended upon their culture, reflecting, by their untarnished brilliancy and perfect beauty, undying lustre upon the names of those who thus toiled to complete their perfectness. But many of these priceless gems are laid aside, without much effort to reclaim them from their native impurities, and suffered to pass, thus blemished, into the treasury of the great king.

Happy are they who early choose Wisdom for their guide and follow her direction through all the many paths of life, so at last they may be found well doing. Her guidance will surely lead them safely through the trying ordeal of youth and mazy fields of maturer life, and enable them to perform the trust committed to their care, to the approval of their Lord and Master.

ELISHA AND THE ANGELS.

BY L. LARCOM.

2 Kings, 6.

The cheerful sunbeams hastened up the east,
 Chasing the gray mists to the mountain-tops,
 And morning burst upon Gilboa's hills.
 The playful kids were leaping o'er the crags;
 The little happy birds, that all night long
 In the dry clefts had found a nestling-place,
 Were flying sunward, singing hymns of praise;
 And from the green awakening vales arose
 The sound of bleating herds and lowing kine.
 Elisha's servant, issuing early forth
 To the day's needful toil, with vigorous step
 Trod a worn path that wound among the rocks.
 He paused to gaze upon the enlivening scene,
 And hear the harmony of Nature's joy,
 And bless the God of morning.

Suddenly

A flash of light unusual struck his eye.
 Half doubting, he beheld a line of spears
 And burnished shields, that from a neighboring hill
 In mocking splendor threw the sunlight back;
 And saw, stretched far around, a circle wide
 Of rich war chariots, while horsemen armed
 Crowded each mountain pass and deep defile.
 Too well he knew the terrible array;—
 The Assyrian host, his master's foes and his.
 Fear, like an inward demon, blanched his cheek,
 Stared from his eye, and shook his nerveless limbs.
 Poor, feeble man! why, e'en the little birds,
 That sung so blithely o'er the frightful chasms,
 Had taught him stronger confidence than this.
 Yet, weak as he, how often we forget
 That in our great All-seeing Father's sight
 We are worth more than sparrows.

Back he turned

Unto the prophet's dwelling, nor did rest
 Till, faint with terror, at his feet he fell.
 The man of God upon his threshold stood,
 His forehead bared unto the streaming light,
 And inspiration beaming from his eye.
 Doth he not tremble? Nay; the cedar-tree,
 That stands in unmoved grandeur at his side,
 Is not more firm than he. Calmly he scans
 The panoply of war before him spread,
 As 't were a flock reposing in the shade.
 He hears his prostrate servant's stifled cry,
 "Alas! my master! how shall we escape?"
 How foolish must such fright have seemed to him
 Whose eyes the Lord had opened! Should he deign
 To speak a soothing word, and lull his fears?
 If man might e'er be proud, 't was surely he,
 Who had been singled out from common men
 To be an oracle unto his kind.

His was the dignity sublime of one
Who feels Divinity within him burn,
And thinks the thoughts, and speaks the words of God.
But haughtiness belongs to narrow souls,
And wisdom is too Godlike to be proud.
Elisha owned himself of kindred dust
With that frail trembler. Mildly he replied,
"Fear thou no more ! for lo ! a mightier force
Than all yon heathen host, is on our side."
"But where ?" the servant's doubtful glance inquires.
The prophet answered not, but clasped his hands,
Looked up to heaven, and prayed, in tones subdued,
"Lord, open thou his eyes, that he may see."

How changed the scene ! these rocks, that lately lay
Opaque and dull beneath the azure sky,
Are robed in glory that outshines the sun.
Embattled legions gird the prophet round
With blazoned banners and heaven-tempered spears,
Horses and chariots, in whose fiery sheen
The pomp of Syria's army but appears
Like a dim candle in the noonday blaze : —
The mount is full of angels !

Blessed were we,
When every earthly prospect is shut in,
And all our mortal helpers disappear,
If, with faith's eye undimmed and opened wide,
We might behold the blessed angel-troop
Which God, our God, has promised shall encamp
Round those who fear His name. Our sickly doubts,
That flit like foul night-ravens o'er our souls,
Would hush their screams and fly before the dawn ;
And we should learn to fear no evil thing,
And in adversity's grim gaze could smile.

Sometimes, when wandering in a labyrinth
Whence we can find no clue, and all is dark,
We wonder why our spirits do not die.
Perhaps in secret bowed, some holy soul
Utters for us the prophet's kind request ;
And we, though dimly, are allowed to see
The prints of angels' feet along the road ;
And our hearts, beating lightly, follow on
After the steps that sound before, albeit
Uncertain whose they are, though we are sure
Of a safe outlet from the tangled way.

Father of spirits ! Saviour of our souls !
Let heavenly guides go with us down life's way !
And when we come unto that river's brink
Upon whose other bank in light and love
We shall be as the angels, — then we know
Thou wilt be near us, though this earthborn clay,
Shrinking in mortal terror from the plunge
Which shall release its tenant unto bliss,
May with foreboding clouds obscure our faith
And hide thy presence : — O ! hear now one prayer
Which then our hearts may be too faint to breathe :
"Lord ! open thou our eyes, that we may see !"

THE CENSORIOUS.

BY M. A. DODGE.

O, wad some pow'r the gifle gie us,
To see oursel's as others see us,
It wad frae monie a blunder free us,
And foolish notion.

So sang Burns, "glorious Burns," in a strain which floated over Scotia's bonnie hills, not many years ago; and whose notes, stealing across the Atlantic, come to us with a heart-searching truthfulness.

Could we but borrow for a time the optics of a neighbor, that with microscopic faithfulness mirrors our minutest faults, how should we stand amazed at ourselves! But throughout the world, mankind are too fond of searching out the faults of others with the torch of censure, while their own lie tenderly wrapped in the mantle of self-complacency. So delightful is it to believe, that, if we have not reached the summit of perfection, we are yet rapidly progressing thitherward; so easy to raise ourselves in the scale of comparative goodness and virtue by depressing others, and so natural to imagine, that, if we highly esteem ourselves, others must do the same; that our virtues quite push our follies out of sight, just as an object of half an inch radius, brought near the eye, may exclude the distant mountain. Examples of this abound in every-day life; as, indeed, it is there we must look for illustrations of all general truths.

Will you follow me, kind friend, in some of my every-day observations? 'T was but yesterday, as I was making my round of morning calls, that I chanced to meet Mrs. Voluble at the house of a friend, who, as usual, was busily occupied in telling all she knew of the affairs of her neighbors, and, charity to them would lead me to hope, something more. We were, of course, entertained with a well-spiced dish of scandal; as, for instance, it was currently reported that Mr. H—— was deeply involved in debt for his splendid mansion and fine carriage, and would soon be declared bankrupt; also, she had it from good authority, that Miss L—— wore *rouge*, and was not so young as she professed to be, by a dozen years, at least; furthermore, people were strongly suspicious that Miss J—— never gave to charitable objects, save for ostentation; but that she, for one, did not see how they could be so ill-natured; she would willingly allow her the credit of being charitable, as that was her only redeeming quality. Lastly, that Miss Wimple, the village journal, had set half the peaceable inhabitants of Briertown by the ears, through her incendiary gossip, and that, in her estimation, a more odious character than a tattler, did not exist. Ah, my good friend, thought I, may others deal with your infirmities more gently than you do with theirs.

I next paid my respects to Mrs. Grumble, who has no such word as gratitude in her vocabulary, and even cheerfulness would seem almost blotted out. She very kindly entertained me with a recital of all the disasters which had befallen her family for a week past, the number of coughs and colds they had been visited with, with other items equally interesting. Little George had broken through the ice into the pool, and narrowly escaped with a wet jacket; Mary's heart

was almost broken for the loss of her favorite canary, and little Willie, awful to relate, fell from his rocking-horse, and thereby received a contusion on the head. She was proceeding with such a recital of domestic sorrows as would have frightened the sunshine from any dwelling for a year and a day, when I discovered that I was afflicted with a nervous headache, and accordingly took leave. Would, thought I, that the good lady could be made to comprehend the fact, that her domestic concerns are not invested with that charm to society generally, that they are to herself. I next bent my steps to the mansion of Esquire T——. This title, allow me to remark, had not yet learned to sit easily upon him, he having been created justice of the peace and quorum some six weeks previous. His lady received me with a dignity and stateliness becoming the wife of an esquire, and took an early opportunity to inform me that Esquire had gone to Washington, on important business connected with the government. She took particular pains to impress upon my mind the fact, that Esquire had been to the White House, had shaken hands with the President, was on intimate terms with the lions of his political party in Congress, rounded off with an intimation, that I should probably soon see him occupying a station suited to his distinguished talents. I at length ventured some oblique inquiries as to his business at Washington, and I thought it was with some hesitation she informed me that he went to obtain a patent on an improved cooking-stove! Patiently did I listen to all her tales of their rising greatness, and then took leave, concluding that I had sufficient food for that day's meditation. True, all these things were trifles; but consider, that of such trifles humanity consists; human society, human character, human life itself, are all made up of the merest trifles; yet, taken together, what an immense aggregate do these form! If all the world would but see and correct small defects of character, each individual working in his own proper sphere, great defects might almost be left to themselves, or rather, they would never exist, any more than will the ripe corn in the ear, unless the blade be first sprung up. But alas, the mote in the eye of a sister is distinctly visible, while the beam in our own causes no uneasiness.

"I cannot endure Miss C," said Miss A to Miss B; "she has such a vast conceit of herself, one would suppose she was empress of China." Her friend replied with a quiet smile, for well she knew that Miss A's very large organ of self-esteem, coming in collision with Miss C's supposed very large organ, was the sole cause of her dislike. One would be apt to imagine from Clorinda's account of herself, that she had, at some period of her past life, possessed worth, genius, talent, and beauty; and though it would be very difficult to say when, we are charitably bound to credit her statements. Her singing was divine, her drawings were pronounced faultless, and numerous are the hints thrown out, of the multitude of hearts held in bondage by her charms. We gaze and wonder; yet, on the whole, we would say, let her own lips praise her, since all else is silent.

Stella is extremely anxious to please, and, to effect it, enacts the chameleon character to perfection,—is gay or devout, serene or lively, as circumstances may dictate. She meets all with the same ever-

lasting meaningless smile, readily assents to every and any opinion you may advance, and greets you with a thousand professions of friendship, while, very likely, at heart, she wishes you at Nova Zembla. Alas, poor Stella; it is a thousand pities she did not know that esteem and love are given, not to those who desire but to those who deserve them; for half the pains taken *to be* that which she would *seem to be*, would render her truly amiable. But now a small voice whispers in mine ear that writers are often wickedly blind to their own faults, particularly to that most grievous one of being too prolix; wherefore, though much remains unsaid, I will pause here, lest I should be accused of not making a personal application of my text.

Middlesex Cor.

ON THE DEATH OF A YOUTHFUL FRIEND.

BY S. SHEDD.

Thou art gone, fair one, from the bright-green earth;
Hushed are the notes of thy innocent mirth,
In thine own dear home.
The bright flowers miss thy oft-coming feet,
And the long grass waves a requiem meet,
O'er thy humble grave.

The birds, too, that sing their wild, tender lays
At morn's early hour, miss thy mild look of praise,
Gushing from the heart —
And woodland, and lawn, when rosy-cheeked dawn
Trips over the hills, now mourn thee gone
From their fragrant bowers.

The sisters, that played round the "old arm-chair,"
That laughed and caroled their heart-music there,
So buoyant and free,
Miss a light, glad tone from the olden chime,
When their hearts beat high to the speeding of Time,
Though fleeting so fast.

But the mother, who watched thee day by day,
Who supported thy step, and taught thee to say
"Our Father in heaven,"
When sickness oppressed, all mildly and meek
Would smooth thy pillow, and kissing thy cheek,
Thus lull thee to rest; —

Hers, hers, is a grief no word may declare;
Her heart seeks heaven — thy spirit is there,
An angel most blessed.
O say to her, then, can remembrance dear
In that world of light its altar rear,
For earth's fond ones?

Music! I hear it, blow softer thou breeze;
Hark, the wild forests and dark-rolling seas,
Exultant their strain;
And bird, bee, and brook, with flowers lowly,
Join the full chorus of beings holy,
REMEMBERED IN HEAVEN.

Boott Cor.

ROXY AND DORCAS: OR, ALL FAITH AND NO FAITH.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "ABBY'S YEAR IN LOWELL."

CHAPTER II.

Roxy and Dorcas were equally strangers in the boarding-house upon M—— corporation; yet scarcely had they been there an hour, ere a third stranger upon entering might have addressed the former as one of its oldest inmates. She had quite won the heart of the mistress of the house by her cheerful frankness, and she talked with her as with an old acquaintance, and promised her the best accommodations then at her disposal, which were of course to be shared by Dorcas. The latter had all the time been sitting looking at their kind hostess as at an ogre, and silently shrinking within herself whenever their eyes met. Nor did the good supper to which they were invited at the private table of Mrs. Smart, serve much to reassure her. She had no appetite for the toast and little desire for the fruit-cake, but nibbled at a cracker merely to pass away the time. Her head ached, and the tea had proved no cordial. In truth, she looked upon all the civilities of Mrs. Smart as so many wiles to decoy them farther into her power, and trembled at the probable success of her plans. "Had not," she thought within herself, "the probable ill-humor, injustice, mismanagement, and other bad qualities of this woman, driven many of her boarders away? and now she was striving to recruit from among strangers." It was hardly a negative to this query, that they had themselves ordered the stage-driver to leave them here, hoping to find an old friend of Dorcas's mother, but she had removed the year before.

After tea, Mrs. Smart invited them into the kitchen, for one of the boarders wished the privilege of the little parlor for a private interview with some friends. Now Dorcas verily expected a premature disclosure of the "cloven foot," and looked upon this step as a preliminary; while Roxy took the good woman at her word, went with her to the kitchen, and was soon discussing the merits and mysteries of housework, with Bridget.

In the shady corner behind the stove, sat a poor little frightened Irish girl, who had come that very day to Mrs. Smart, and begged for work. Nora had not been in America a month, and never, before this evening, away from friends as well as home. The sympathies of Mrs. Smart had been aroused by her youth, her timidity, her destitution, and her eagerness to be employed. But when upon her arrival with a little bundle she had told her where she was to sleep, and that Bridget would wake her in the morning and tell her what to do, and had given her the seat by the stove, the woman of many cares had taken leave of her for the night. There was a pedler in the front room; and one girl wanted her opinion upon a new silk dress, and another must decide or be decided whether she should take a red or a green shawl; and a third must have her judgment upon a light alpaca. Two candy boys were with difficulty convinced that they wanted none of their sweets; and a travelling liter-

ary depot must be displayed for her inspection. Four calls to the door interrupted these conferences, and then a girl was taken sick up stairs, and she was busy until bed-time with peppermint and poultices.

Meantime, Roxy and Bridget were very entertaining to each other, but Nora and Dorcas had shrunk farther and farther apart, and exchanged no word, but only looks of suspicion and fear.

Dorcas feared the little intruder from the bogs and calamities of Erin, as she would have feared an Indian or a mad dog. She could have given no reason why, but would 'nt she steal some of their clothes? Her bundle had woefully collapsed since she took a something of woollen out of it, and Dorcas did 'nt believe a garment was there. And would 'nt she lie to them, and about them? She had heard that no dependence was to be placed upon the word of an Irishman, or woman, or child. And was she not a Catholic? If so, how could Mrs. Smart permit her to remain in the house? And so, like a Jew from a Samaritan, she withdrew from the vicinity of the unfortunate Nora, whose heart was swollen almost to bursting, by her stifled grief.

At length Bridget was called away, and Roxy resumed her place by the side of Dorcas. And how soon she perceived the tears glistening all over the blue orbs of Nora. How soon did she reassure and cheer up the dispirited emigrant, for her pleasant, kindly voice was to Nora like the cabin songs of her mother. How soon had she learned the outlines of her past sad history, and comforted her with the hope that she would one day return to her loved native land. Roxy knew little of the Irish but through Patrick, and he had always been very kind and helpful to her. And Nora, she was sure, was as good and would be as cheerful by and by. She almost thought she should be gloomy herself, had she as sad a tale to tell. And when Bridget returned, how kindly she reminded her of her unfortunate little countrywoman, and almost inspired her with the sympathy she felt herself.

But at length it was time to retire, and Bridget showed them into the chamber that, with two others, they were to occupy. Here was their bed, and their trunks or boxes were already brought in, and Sophy and Hannah, when they came, would tell them which shelves and which side of the closet would be theirs. Then, assuring them that they might sleep as long as they liked in the morning, she bade them good night and went to her own room.

Roxy and Dorcas looked about them. The room and everything in it had a pleasant aspect for the former, and at length the latter was interested in some magazines which lay upon the table. There were very pretty stories and colored plates in them, and at length even her thoughts were won from her troubles. But soon she heard footsteps on the stairs, and then approaching the doors. Sophy and Hannah were coming — were in the room. Blushing like a detected criminal she piled away the books, for were they willing to lend their magazines? or might they not think she intended to appropriate them? or, if they were soiled or lost, would it not now be attributed to her? But Roxy took up the discarded pamphlets, and as though Hannah's exclamation of "O, you may have them whenever you like!" had

been addressed to herself, she began to admire the pictures with more ardent enthusiasm than artistic discrimination ; and while Dorcas was silently undressing, without a word to either of the "old inhabitants," Roxy was quite winning their hearts by her easy, pleasant chit-chat. And then she lay in her bed weary and sad, yet fearing to sleep ere she had discovered by short and stolen glances, and the conversation that went merrily on, that it was perfectly safe to be with these girls through the night, and that if they had a single thought for her it was one of kindness. Still more assured was she when Roxy lay down by her side and put an arm protectingly over her ; and, when a few kind inquiries respecting fatigue and the present comfort of the bed had been answered, the wearied girls were but a few moments in sinking to sleep.

Pawtucket Falls.

THE EVENING PRAYER.

BY E. W. JENNINGS.

While musing on the ills of life,
Its varied trials, and its strife,
And thinking of that better home,
Where weary pilgrims cease to roam,

I heard a sweet, a solemn voice ;
I listened, and my heart rejoiced ;
That voice was raised to heaven in prayer,
And sweetly filled the evening air.

That holy prayer to me was blest,
It calmed my troubled thoughts to rest ;
It pointed to the mercy-seat,
And bade me bow at Jesus' feet.

Its holy teachings came to me
Like music o'er the troubled sea ;
So holy was the influence given,
I almost deemed it came from heaven.

No, 't was the prayer of a poor youth,
Who early taught the ways of truth,
Now wisely turned from earth away,
To spend in prayer the close of day.

The close of day — that time so blest,
When earthly cares are hushed to rest ;
That was the time he chose for prayer,
And God was pleased to meet him there.

O, yes, there is a hallowed power,
Lingers around that favored hour,
And I would never let it go
For all this world can e'er bestow.

Now it shall be my constant guest,
And when from earthly toil I rest,
O may I hear that voice again,
In some far holier, loftier strain.

Middlesex Cor.

KINDNESS VERSUS PLAINNESS OF SPEECH

BY ELIZA J. CATE.

Are you, my reader, amongst those who pride themselves on bluntness of speech, abruptness of manner? When your words have stung the heart of a present or the reputation of an absent associate, do you excuse, ah, glorify yourself, toss your head, move testily and in pride, as you say: "Well! other people may think one thing and speak another, if they please. But I shall speak what I think, and act what I feel. I have faults enough, I know; but not this worst of all, deception; making people believe me better than I am?" Have a care upon this point, my friend, lest you practise deception certainly; and lest, in your efforts to avoid it altogether, you run into absolute rudeness of speech and manner. We will suppose that a lady, whose intimacy you have no desire to cultivate, calls on you. She is amiable and intelligent, every way worthy of your consideration; but you already have associates enough; you have more, perhaps, than you have leisure to attend to, with the sewing and reading that crowd your hours when out of the mill. It does not follow, however, that you must tell your visitor as much as this, or meet her friendly advances with coldness. Selfishness, a habit of speaking just what you think, may prompt you to this; but duty requires that you school your heart to better feelings, and your manner to *their* genuine expression. If you see that your society gives her a pleasure, *benevolence* demands it of you, that you extend a welcoming hand, entertain her politely, invite her to call again, and return her civilities in kind. Or, we will suppose that a cherished friend happens to call when you are absorbed in an interesting book, or a puzzling piece of work. When she shows her friendly face at your door, it may be that you cannot find in your heart one feeling of welcome. You heartily wish she had remained in her own room. But this is a momentary feeling of selfishness, to which you have no right to give expression. You have no right to wound the heart of your friend, because you yourself happen to be a little out of humor; or to do yourself a moral wrong in the performance of an act which must mortify and degrade you. Truth never demands this of you. Preserve your habitual politeness of manner. In humility and sorrow for your "uncommitted sin," lift this thought: "Set a watch, O Lord, before my mouth; keep the door of my lips." Then suddenly light will come into your soul, and strength, and pleasantness. You will feel it demonstrated, that your courtesy had not the less merit because, for a moment, it all came of effort; that, in truth, it was the more beautiful and divine for this; that true dignity and strength of character, true comfort, rise, phoenix-like, from the ashes of our sacrifices of selfishness at the shrine of benevolence.

Nor is it right or useful to be always telling people their faults. As a general rule, we may suppose that our associates are conscious

of their failings, even as we are of ours ; that they mourn over them as we do over ours ; and pray, as we do, for release from their dominion. If a friend invite our censorship, we have authority for interference ; and there are instances when duty requires its self-assumption. But in the discharge of this difficult office, the feeling and the manner cannot be too carefully regulated by humility and wisdom from on high.

Manchester, N. H.

BIRTHDAY REFLECTIONS.

BY J. L. BAKER.

Life is ever onward ; and as the wheels of time roll round, we are borne with an irresistible impulse on to the boundless, fathomless sea of eternity. The morn of life is beautifully decked in rosy hues and sunny tints ; but they soon pass away, and a change comes over the spirit of youthful dreams. Instead of the ideal, the real comes looming up ; and as we advance step by step, the veil that intervenes between the past and the all-uncertain future is rolled up, and with eager, though faltering footsteps, we press onward. Could that veil at once be lifted, and the future burst suddenly upon our astonished sight, how should we shrink back appalled, like a sick child, weakened and unfitted for the great struggle. Unmindful of this, how have I sought to scan the pathway before me, and with unsatisfied desire, yearned to take in at once the all, that in kindness is hidden from my view. And now, after treading with faltering steps the short span of life already allotted me, and pausing at the milestones that mark the way, I reach another. And shall I pause and linger near it ? O, no ! Life is onward bent. What lies between this stone and the next, I may not know. It is a blank unwritten, for me to fill up as best I may. Shall its pure, white page be scrawled and blotted on ? or written out with spotless integrity and a firm hand, in fair and legible characters ! O may it be the last.

But stop — a thought pleads for utterance here. List, O my soul, to its low, sad tone, as it whispers to thee that, perchance, that blank may never be filled up. The blood that joyously courses these veins, may cease to flow ; the hand that now writes, be palsied ; the eye dimmed in death ; the dust turned to dust, and the spirit to God who gave it. The leaves already nipped by frost are clad in glorious tints, making the forest so unspeakably beautiful, and their decay so eloquent. The flower-spirits begin to slumber, and the tiny things, one by one, pass from our sight, like half-remembered dreams. O, if like them, ere this new year be past, I too shall pass away, may I sleep as quietly as they, and leave as sweet a perfume to tell that I have been.

Middlesex Cor.

THE MEXICAN WAR.

BY ADELINE H. WINSHIP.

What have our gray-haired fathers done,
That each must sacrifice a son,
To sicken and to die upon
The plains of Mexico?

Why must our time-worn mothers say,
"Adieu my child; woe worth the day
That called thee from thy home away
To die in Mexico?"

Why rob our country of its pride?
Why call our brothers from our side?
The spouse elect, why leave his bride,
To fall in Mexico?

Why mar our banner with a blot?
Or why deface it with a spot
Indelible, of life-blood hot,
From hearts in Mexico?

Why should we yield to sinful pride,
And scatter desolation wide,
And cause to flow the crimson tide,
In struggling Mexico?

Seek ye for *fame*, ye powers that be?
The phantom will before you flee;
Its *pathway* e'en ye cannot see,
In bleeding Mexico.

Is *gold* the prize ye would attain?
'T were well if you had read again,
Before you caused so many slain
To fall in Mexico,

Those warning words of holy writ
In Timothy; pray read them yet,
And learn from them at once to quit
Harassing Mexico.

While boasted Freedom's groaning soil,
Reluctant yields to unpaid toil
Its wealth,— 't is not of war the spoil,—
Would ye that Mexico

Should add to proud Oppression's whip
Another lash, more backs should strip,
And cause more human gore to drip?
Alas, for Mexico!

Methinks the glorious golden rule,
Taught ever in the Saviour's school,
If acted on, their wrath would cool
Who fight with Mexico.

Eagletown, Ark.

THE SORROWS OF SIMON.

BY "CHARITY DAWSON."

PART II.

Again Simon was in his room, and the bright fire blazed as before ; but O such a cloud as was on his brow ! such a tempest as was raging within his bosom ! With folded arms and low mutterings — like the distant, rumbling thunder, ominous of a coming storm — he paced back and forth across the room, ever and anon stopping before the cracked mirror to view his remodeled person. He had obtained a new suit of black broadcloth, and a set of teeth — and such teeth ! — so even, of so dazzling a whiteness, all the dentist's skill had been tasked, and the metamorphosis was indeed striking. His beard was shaven, his whiskers brushed up in a graceful curve toward the mouth, his jetty locks, saturated with "Macassar," lay so smooth and shining on his brow, and admirably covered his ears, though they would peep out occasionally, to his great annoyance. Really, he was irresistible. What woman's heart could withstand such a lover ! At least, so thought Simon, as he paused for the twentieth time before the mirror. "Well, Simon, I see no fault in you," he muttered ; "you are a good-looking beau, that's a fact ; and how any woman with half a heart could refuse you, I don't see. What could the reason be ? What could it be, I say ?"

Now, Simon, with all your philosophy, there is one thing you do not understand ; that is the mystery of a woman's heart. One moment she will seem to love you, with love unspeakable ; the next, go near her, she will *bristle* up, and fly at you like a *mad cat*. "O fool that I was," continued Simon, "to ask Mill Grey to be my wife ; here it is in everybody's mouth all over Appletown. When I go to my shop, every girl I pass whispers, 'There goes jilted Simon ;' and every little ragged, dirty urchin, snowballing in the street, will stop and cry out, 'Halloo, Simon ; I say, got a pair of mittens, hav 'nt ye, to keep your hands warm this winter ?' A *pair of mittens*, I should say ! There, that is out too, is it ? that I asked Hannah Tilson. O dear, dear me, how she laughed, and how her lip curled with scorn as she replied, 'Your wife, Simon ; I would as soon go to Greenland, marry a savage, and live in a snow-hut, as to marry you.' O, I would rather have given ten dollars than to have offered myself to her. What an unaccountable greenhorn I was ! How could I do so, when I knew that she was always making fun of me ? Simon, Simon ! you have jumped out of the frying-pan into the fire ! not a girl will have you now ; you've got the mitten, — the only chance now, is at widow Tillborn's. It will never do to give it up, Simon ; your twenty-dollar coat will catch the widow, that's certain ; and you may yet be a happy man. How cheap Mill and Han will feel, to think that they have lost so good a chance !

Middlesex Cor.

IMITATION OF BURNS.

BY M. R. GREEN.

Welcome to thee, Robin !
 I hae just hobbled frae my hame,
 Unmindfu' o' an ankle-sprain,
 To hear ye chant your cantie strain.
 I'm happy now I've heard ye ;
 It makes my spirits a' rejoice
 To hear again your leesome voice,
 My blithe an' bonnie birdie.

Ha ! where 've you been, you little wonner ?
 Awa to spier for brighter simmer ?
 You dinna here deserve your dinner,
 Though now wi' sang sae fluent : —
 You left us a' sae fu' o' care,
 To flee awa — the lord knows where —
 A spinin' *street-yarn* i' the air,
 Ye winsome, sonsie truant.

As soon as ye were gane awa
 The wee flowers faded, ane an' a' ;
 (Auld autumn — though he leuks sae braw —
 Is naething but a spoiler.)
 Then came the snaw — storm after storm —
 An', on ane cauld December's morn,
 Auld Boreas blew sae hard his horn,
 I thought he 'd burst his boiler.

I wish he had — amaist I do —
 He is sae strang an' savage too,
 That a' my spirits turn quite blue
 When he begins to bluster.
 His biting breath, it is sae keen,
 'Mid towzie clouds, or welkin sheen,
 That I am forced to bide the spleen
 When he his forces muster.

Will ye na' tarry wi' us here,
 An' make it simmer a' the year,
 Our birken-shaws an' braes to cheer ?
 If na', upon your pinions
 Bear me awa, my cares to wile,
 For monie a lang an' weary mile,
 Your sangs would cheer me a' the while,
 To simmer's south dominions.

Come, sing again your blithesome sang !
 I ween your lungs are unco strang,
 Now tune it up baith loud an' lang,
 Ane cantie strain at parting ;
 Then I will hie me to my hame,
 For my guid grannie, couthie dame
 Is sairly wi' rheumatics lame ;
 Come, sing ! an' I'll be starting.

Haverhill.

THE LITTLE ORANGE-GIRL.

BY "ELOISA MARTLETT."

"What is the price of these, my little girl?" asked a gentleman, as he took two or three fine-looking oranges from the basket of a small, barefooted girl, who was standing at the corner of the principal street of one of our New England cities.

"O, them, sir, are three cents apiece," answered the child; an eager expression of pleasure glowing from her clear, rosy face, and her pretty blue eye sparkling with hope and animation, at the prospect of selling some of her oranges; for she had just taken her stand, and this was her first essay in the business of fruit-selling.

"Cannot you take two cents for them?" inquired the gentleman, glancing roguishly into the innocent face of the young orange-vender.

"O, no, I could 'nt, for *them*, sir; but here are some," taking up some of a smaller size; "you may have these for two cents."

"But I want *these*," said he, evidently wishing to tease her a little; "you will let me have them for two cents, won't you?"

"I would give them to you, if I was rich enough," replied the child very innocently, as she glanced stealthily at her customer's good attire, and then down upon her own tattered frock; "but," continued she, "they are not mine, so I must 'nt give them away; and if I don't sell some, the shop-woman won't give me any money."

The gentleman smiled at this gentle appeal; and putting his hand in his pocket, he desired the little girl to select him a couple of her best oranges. She did so, being very careful to pick out two of the largest and finest looking, and he threw into her little basket a handful of coppers."

"O, sir," exclaimed she, "you only had two oranges, and they were three cents apiece; that's six cents for both; but here are as many as a dozen cents, sir!"

"Never mind; what there is over is your own;" and, pocketing the oranges, the gentleman walked away, amidst her curtsies and thanks, leaving her perfectly bewildered by his generosity.

He passed into State Street, and stepped into one of the banks, where he had been only a few minutes, when he felt a slight touch at his elbow, and turning his head, his eye met the intelligent gaze of the little orange-girl. "Did 'nt you make a mistake, sir, when you gave me this?" asked she, timidly, holding up a gold-piece in her fingers. "I did, indeed," answered he, taking the piece and looking at it. "This is a half eagle. Well, my little girl, I find you are very honest; will you tell me your name?"

"Florilla May, sir; and my mother always tells me I must 'nt keep what don't belong to me; and so does my father, too."

"Well, you are a fine girl, to obey them so well; and now I have a mind to give you the money, as a reward for bringing it back."

"I don't ask anything for that," replied Florilla, in an earnest

tone ; " I 'm sure I ought to bring the money back, for it would 'nt be right for me to keep it."

" I know it would not ; but if I make you a present of it, you will keep it, will you not ? "

" Yes, sir ; I would, then, if you could spare it as well as not ; but I 'm afraid you 'd rob yourself, to give me so much."

" Not at all, Florilla," replied the gentleman, with a smile at the child's honest ignorance ; " I can spare it very well ; so here is the money for your own."

" You say it is my own ; will you allow me to give it to my mother ? "

" Yes, yes, if you wish, my good girl ; and you may request her to buy you a new frock with a part of it, if you like."

" O, thank you, sir ! thank you, sir ! " exclaimed the little girl, with a grateful curtsy ; " you are *so* good and kind ! And my mother will be so glad of the money to buy some medicine for my father, for he is sick. I shall be so glad, too, of a pretty new dress, like Salome Butler's ; and then she won't laugh at me any more because I wear this ragged one. Good-by, sir ! I shall run right home with it, to my mother ; she will be *so* glad ! " and a happy smile beamed upon the gentleman, from her pretty face, as she hurried out of the door.

The next afternoon, as Mr. Bradley (such was the gentleman's name) was turning the corner of the same street, he was agreeably surprised to recognize, in a neatly-dressed little girl, who was standing beside a basket of oranges, his young friend of the day before — Florilla May. She had on a very pretty chintz frock, and a new cotton handkerchief had replaced the tattered silk one of the preceding day.

As soon as she saw her benefactor, she ran up to him and caught hold of his hand : " O, how glad I am to see you, sir ! and mother says you are *so* good, to give us so much money ! " And she looked up into his countenance with a face so radiant with childish gratitude and happiness, that he felt more than sufficiently rewarded for the small gift he had bestowed.

" I see you have a new dress, Florilla," remarked the gentleman, with a pleasant smile ; " was it purchased with the money I gave you ? "

" Yes, sir," replied Florilla, looking down upon herself with pride ; " aint it a pretty one ? Mother went straight out and bought it, and she sat up most all night to make it for me ; for she said she wanted you should see me have it on the next time you came this way."

" Yes, you have a very pretty dress ; and so you have got a good mother, have you not ? "

" Yes, sir, I guess she *is* good," answered Florilla, with a slightly sarcastic smile, that he should ask such a question. " My father is good, too ; but he is sick now, and cannot work."

" What is the matter with him ? " inquired Mr. Bradley, with interest.

" He fell and hurt him, sir, last spring, when he had just begun to work, (for he was sick all winter,) and he has not been able to do anything since."

"Have you any brothers and sisters?"

"I have two brothers and one little sister; she is the baby; and how I do wish you could see her, sir. She does throw up her little hands so, and laugh *so* pretty."

"And you are the eldest, are you?"

"I am, sir; I was just eight years old one week ago."

"Indeed! well, what do you think of coming to live with me? Do you think your mother could spare you?"

"I don't know, sir; she says I help her a good deal; and I have to take care of little sis, when my mother is at work."

"But you would like to go, would you not? We want a little girl, very much; and you should have plenty of new frocks, then, and a pretty new bonnet, and shoes."

"O, sir, I should like the new dresses; and if you will let me go home sometimes and see my folks?"

"Certainly, certainly; well, if you will show me the way, I will go and talk with your parents, and see what they say about it."

Mr. and Mrs. May assented to the proposals of Mr. Bradley, which were that Florilla should live in his family as a domestic, until she was eighteen, when Mr. Bradley was to give her two hundred dollars. She was to be decently and comfortably clothed, and receive a respectable education.

Florilla was very much delighted with her new home, and Mr. and Mrs. Bradley were equally as much pleased with their little daughter, as they frequently called her; for, although they had been married many years, they had no children except one son.

Years passed by, and the sweet temper and gentle manners of Florilla had endeared her to the Bradley family; while her industrious and tidy habits had inspired them with respect. She was not permitted to perform the hardest of the labor; but the arrangements of the household were entrusted to her with the greatest confidence. In the mean time, her education was not neglected. Mrs. Bradley instructed her in the art of needlework, while Mr. Bradley imparted to her some knowledge of the sciences; and ample time was allowed her to prosecute whatever study she chose. She was also permitted free access to the library. Merton gave her lessons in writing, drawing, painting, and music; and so well did she improve her opportunities, that, although she was in reality but a domestic, she possessed the accomplishments of a lady. Mr. Bradley had interested himself in the affairs of Mr. May, from the very first; giving him a handsome cottage, rent-free, until he had recovered from the effects of his fall, and then assisting him to obtain profitable employment in the way of his trade.

Mr. May in a few years became a master-carpenter, and had acquired sufficient property to enable him to educate his two sons and his youngest daughter, in a very genteel manner, and also to purchase a fine farm, a few miles out of the city, where he built him a handsome dwelling, and removed with his family. When his sons had become of a sufficient age, they were both taken into the wholesale establishment of Mr. Bradley, as clerks.

EDITOR'S TABLE.

"The French Theories of the Nineteenth Century." Since we penned the "Introductory" to our readers, a great revolution has hurled the king of the French from his throne, and the throne of the French into the dust. And now society there appears to be reorganizing more in accordance with their mottoes of "Liberty, Equality, Fraternity, and Unity." But whether these disorganized elements are to be crystallized into one vast and beautiful whole, or to settle into a state analogous to that which has preceded it, with a sediment at the bottom and a scum upon the surface, remains to be disclosed. That there will be improvement, we can hardly doubt; and blessings which have been bought most nobly. Yet to this great event we should not have alluded, but for a sentence in that "Introductory" address, referring to those beautiful, but visionary theories, which have been thrown off by a bruised and down-trodden people, like sparks from the hammered flint. But pleasing as they are, and innocent, and beautiful, in the estimation of many with elevated sentiments and warm imaginations, yet they harmonize not with the spirit of our people, and are discordant to those who look for no actual improvement of society but that attained through slow training, unwearied culture, and a reference to the experience of the past in the amelioration of the present and the moulding of the future.

But *we* are sometimes told that we have *no* sympathy with efforts for *Reform*. We *have* a sympathy with *every* effort of the kind—a feeling at times with more of love than of hope in its composition, but which is loth to appear antagonistic by expressing distrust. With a heart quite radical, and a head somewhat conservative, we get credit for being "neither one thing nor another;" whereas we are, in reality, far more like two things.

It is almost unnecessary to say that we sympathize fully with the temperance reform; that, as laborers, if nothing more, we would co-operate with those who aim at the extinction of slavery, and the stigma which it affixes to labor and the laborer; that the abolition of these evils, of war, of capital punishment, of national crime in every form, is with us an earnest wish and prayer. And, for the evils about us, we have a thought—a wish—and for their remedy would we make an effort. The long hour, the close work-room, the crowded chamber, we would reform, if it lay alone with us to effect a change. Could we know, or believe, that it would gratify the majority of female factory operatives—we mean those, and they are almost the whole, who "work by the job," who have worked several years, or expect to work several years—to adopt the "*Ten-Hour System*," we would make its establishment a definite aim of our magazine. If we have not spoken as often, and as strongly, as others may have done, it was because we feared that we might not speak wisely. We were subject to no other restraint. We have never yet resigned our independence to any one man, or to any company of men; but, whenever we do, we will be true to our superior, and, most emphatically, either *the one thing or the other*.

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THE
NEW ENGLAND OFFERING.

JUNE, 1848.

SUNSET.

Come with me, Ida, forth; and view the sun,
How he goes down in glory. Brilliant light
Is in the air; and brilliance on the waves.
Each slight, thin cloud is now irradiate,
And, 'neath our feet, we tread the only shade:
Thou wast not here last eve; and sawest not
His other glorious valedictory suit.
Downward he came — down, from the chaos thick
Of a wild storm, which like a troubled deep
Left the dark sky, and sailed into a smooth
And golden sea, which shimmered in the west.
Then downward still, behind the riven cloud,
Which, like a massive, broken wall, was there
Upon the horizon low; and, even like
The glowing parapets of Heaven, was rich
In ruby and in amethystine hues.
Like the hot glow of living fire was light
Behind that bastion cloud; and then the sun
Went down below the earth, while far away,
Gleaming through every rift and broken space,
Spread the rich mantling blush; and, upward there,
Inverted billows of the deep above
Caught on their hanging heads a crimson cap,
And hovered like a gay and liveried host,
O'er his farewell descent. He grows not old,
Like temples which their ruins strew around
Us here; but fresh, unworn, and strong, as in
That day when set in firmanent above,
Ida, he now has bade us all adieu,
And left the world to moonlight, and to dreams.

Pettuchet Falls.

SPIRIT COMMUNION.

BY L. A. CHOATE.

"Laura, why so sad to-night? Are you unwell?" kindly inquired Mrs. Beman, as she seated herself at the window of her pleasant sitting room.

"I am quite well this evening," rejoined Laura, "but was thinking of the conversation we had last evening; and I am half inclined to believe what you so strangely advocate."

"Why not fully believe?" interrogated Mrs. Beman.

"Why, aunt, it seems so new, and so strange, that I am greatly perplexed; and am actually halting between two opinions."

"Do you not think that spirits can hold communion with kindred spirits?"

"Well, it may be so," replied Laura.

"I really think it is so; and that belief has been a source of great satisfaction to me in many instances."

"Really, aunt, I think and must say, that you are a strange woman, and so queer that I may well be puzzled to understand you; but do tell me why that belief has given you so much pleasure."

"Many times, when I have been absent from home, my thoughts have instinctively turned to the loved ones there, and held sweet converse in spirit communion; their image being bright to my mind's eye, and seemingly with me; and, when I have particularly wished to see a friend, my spirit would take its wings, and, like a true messenger, convey my most secret wishes, silently but most surely, to *that* one; and I would certainly hear from or see the person immediately; and, when an individual or individuals wish an interview, their spirits herald with certainty their approach. And again, you open a volume of popular and beautiful poems, every page breathes the language of spirit communion, where 'heart answers to heart, as face to face in water.'"

"Indeed, is that what you call spirit communion?"

"Yes; and have you not, while here, held converse with loved ones far away?"

"I have, but little thought it was what *you* call spirit communion. Can we know with certainty that they hold communion with us in love or not?"

"My opinion is, that when we are beloved the object will be to us near and bright; but, should that love decline, the object will fade away in the distance, and disappear."

"How will the object appear if the person be dead?"

"I think that the image will recede in the distance, but not entirely fade."

"Can you give me an instance, in your own experience, where the person has died?"

"Yes, Laura, my own sweet cousin is an example ready at hand; dear Lavina W——, a lovely creature, one that I loved as myself; and many a long twilight hour have our spirits held sweet com-

munion. She was called to fill an early grave, cut down by that insidious disease, consumption; and, through a long, lingering, and painful sickness, her image was fresh to my mind, till the hour she died; since that time she has appeared to my mind's eye like the veiled image of some guardian angel hovering in the distance."

"Well, aunt, you have opened a new train of thought for me. And, I should like to ask, if you think lovers hold spirit communion?"

"Certainly I do. It is a talisman you may employ as a sure criterion of your heart's love."

"Can you say, with assurance, that you held communion with your betrothed?"

"Yes, I can say with truth that our spirits held converse together; for you know that we were separated by distance most of the time previous to our marriage."

"That is the reason why I asked the question. And could you know that he was truthful?"

"I had the satisfaction to know, by the nearness of his image, that he was faithful and true."

"Would you trust the brightness of the image as a sure criterion to judge by?"

"Certainly, for if the loved one be true, the image will be bright and near; but if, on the contrary, love grows cold, the image will recede and fade away."

"Well, I must confess that what you say appears reasonable, if we could *only* believe?"

"There it is again; your unbelief. Why, Laura, I can honestly say that I *believe* that there is not one in a thousand but what have an innate feeling of spirit communion; call it by what name they will; but they *may* not, or *will* not, confess it," replied Mrs. Beman.

"Well, aunt, you have almost made a convert of me; yet I must know more of this curious subject. I should like to know the history of some one that fully believed in spirit communion."

"I can easily gratify you in that respect. You have heard me speak of Fanny Wyman. She was a bosom friend in our younger days, and for that reason I know her history well."

"I should be delighted to hear of her; do tell me, aunt."

"She was a firm believer in spirit communion. I will give you the simple facts of her young life, and you may judge for yourself."

"Fanny Wyman was the only child of parents in comfortable circumstances, but was left an orphan at an early age; her father and mother being removed by death within a short time of each other. For a number of years, subsequently, little Fanny resided with her maternal grandmother. Mrs. Newman was indeed a mother to the little one. And Fanny loved her with all the devotion of a warm and zealous temperament; and that attachment gave a coloring to all her future life. She was about five years old when I first became acquainted with her; and, though several years her senior, she was the chosen companion of my leisure hours; for her maturity of character, even at that early age, well fitted her to be a confidential friend. Well was confidence in her repaid by every little act of

kindness that true friendship prompted ; enlivening many weary hours of sadness, by her uniform cheerfulness and tender-heartedness. Our school-day hours seemed like a charmed dream, so happily did they pass away ; and I love to look back upon those hours, spent in the company of that loved one, endeared by a thousand kindly acts and kinder words, cheering and guiding my wayward mind through a labyrinth of vexatious though childish trials.

Mrs. Newman's residence was delightfully situated in a quiet valley, amid the far-off hills in the Granite State ; so retired that its seclusion was a source of unbounded gratification to Fanny and myself, as we ranged the flowery banks of the serpentine stream that meandered through those pleasant haunts, and rested ourselves beneath its shady trees, pondering a difficult lesson, or pouring out our joyous spirits in merry peals of laughter and agreeable chit-chat ; passing our childish days, as it were, in an earthly paradise of continual delight. But those endearing pleasures were short-lived — the stern decrees of Time bade us be sundered. Mrs. Newman sickened and died, leaving Fanny to the tender mercies of an unfeeling world. Though a very prudent woman, her little all was barely sufficient to meet the demands caused by her sickness. Though Fanny felt the deepest grief for the loss of her grandmother, yet her ever-active mind soared above her afflictions, praising the power of Love that had bereft her, and forming plans for her future maintenance independently of her friends. Gladly would my father have given her a home, for my sake as well as her own ; but, dearly as we were united in heart, she would not become an inmate of our family, choosing rather to seek her livelihood by the labor of her own hands.

Having a good knowledge of needlework, she proposed to enter families as a seamstress ; and we parted from her with the assurance of frequent correspondence and occasional visits.

Fanny had grown into a lovely girl of fifteen summers ; being rather below the medium height, with a slight form, and full dreamy-eyes of azure blue, with dark, waving hair, and a complexion where the rose and lily blended in perfect beauty. Though but a child in years, she possessed a large share of reflection and sound judgment, with sterling worth and unassuming manners ; these, with a well-cultivated intellect, won far deeper admiration than personal beauty ever can. She was a being of fine sensibilities, of brilliant imagination and quick apprehension ; a nice discerner of all the laws of true politeness ; so much so, that the wounded feelings of another pained her much ; and many times have I seen her fine brow deeply crimsoned by the rude treatment inflicted upon those around her.

All the world seemed to her as one vast brotherhood, a deep sympathy pervading the whole, which, to her active mind, formed the theme of spirit communion. How often has her young heart bounded with ecstasy when expatiating upon this subject, dear to her as her own heart's blood. From my earliest acquaintance, it seemed wrought into her inmost soul, and sweetened her very existence. 'How endearing,' she would say, 'is the idea that those whom we love return our affections in the general sympathy of the human

race, if not in word or deed ; for, how many persons have we transiently met who have left an impression stamped upon our hearts, that no time nor distance can obliterate ; and whom we may never meet again this side the river of death, yet we cherish their images as our own life-blood. And may we not reasonably think that the etherial essence of our being commingles in sweet communion ? ” ” And I must say, Laura, that those views seemed to me as radical and strange as they do to you. But every-day association, with a being so unlike the generality of mankind, engendered within my heart a feeling akin to hers ; and since that time, I have not only believed, but experienced, the hallowed influence of spirit communion.

Knowing her to be endowed with such a temperament, do you wonder we were anxious for her safety and welfare among strangers ; fearing that her extreme youth and accomplishments might prove a snare which the intriguing and villainous might weave for her destruction ? But she escaped, upheld by a Power divine, where many others might have fallen. Such a modest, candid, and truthful girl, could not fail of finding kind and generous patrons ; among whom Mrs. Seymour was the kindest and most generous. Though a lady of wealth and fashion, she possessed a noble heart and true soul. In her Fanny found a firm friend, and was considered more as a companion than a menial. The first year of her residence with Mrs. Seymour passed as happily as she could wish, without anything in particular occurring to give her uneasiness ; and then a young relation of Mrs. Seymour's spent several months at her residence. He was a young man of graceful deportment, and noble mien, and of a wealthy family. Upon a first introduction he seemed stern and distant, but upon a more familiar acquaintance, he displayed brilliant conversational powers, combined with a well-cultivated intellect, and rare talents, and was just the one to win the first love of a girl like Fanny Wyman.

Church Street, Lowell.

[To be continued.]

THE FRENCH.

I will read the works you spoke of, as soon as I can procure them. I am now toiling through a huge volume of “The Modern Part of an Universal History,” embracing the history of France from the reign of Clovis to that of Louis XV. One must read the whole history of a nation to form a correct judgment, as a different opinion is formed at different periods of which we read.

At one time the French appear a set of enthusiasts. In another part of their history they seem born only for the polite arts ; at another, sinking into effeminacy ; then again we view them stirred by faction, civil war, and revolution. I suspend my judgment till I have given them a fair trial or reading.

Letter from W——, Massachusetts.

THE FACTORIES OF LOWELL, AND THE FACTORY GIRLS.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "LIGHTS AND SHADOWS OF FACTORY LIFE."

PART II.

"Better is a dry morsel, and quietness therewith, than a house full of sacrifices with strife." Thus thought all good people, who went from the white house in the corner to the brown house under the hill. Mrs. Means, though pale and thoughtful, was so dignified and contented; Mr. Means so well-informed and kind; Alice, though also pale and quiet, yet so busy and cheerful. And their chairs—no such *hospitable* chairs were to be found anywhere else. They were the low kitchen chairs, with rockers, cushions, and some of them with arms, always in their places, in the warm sunshine in winter, and in the cool shade of the vines in the summer.

The Means's had only a little patch of garden land back of the house. But their thrifty vines, round-headed cabbages, sweet corn, early blues, and so on, gave them more satisfaction than all the broad fields of the Walkers gave them. It was Mrs. Means's *rest*, going there and working when tired of bending over her needle. No one knew what it did for Alice, going out as she did every day into the little front yard, and tarrying so long at every bunch of flowers; for she had never told it that she saw always a welcome for her appearing in the blue eyes of the pimpernel; surprise and pleasure in the primrose, when it unfolded itself so suddenly upon the sunset; that joy and gladness and thanksgiving went to and fro between herself and her flowers; herself, her flowers and heaven.

But be they never so contented, in the main, there are hours when saddened thoughts must come creeping into the hearts of the poor. They came to Alice, and it was generally when, at night, she waited at the gate her father's coming from his labors. It was so still and solemn, in the dim twilight. The table, with their frugal supper, waited in the kitchen floor. The mother sat at the window, speaking occasionally in her low voice to Alice, and often bending forward and straining her eyes up the hill by which her husband was to come. Ah! Alice was grateful, in those hours, that she had a father, a mother, and a home. She was sure her heart melted in thankfulness to them for all their kindness to each other and to her. She looked around on the flowers at her side, away into the purple mists of mountain, lake, and wood, and upward to the gorgeous sky; and she longed to fall on her knees and bless God for all he had done for her, for hers, and for the world; and yet to weep that they were so poor; that forever they must be working, and yet earning nothing but their "daily bread;" and, above all, that her mother's face became ever paler and paler, her father's step ever slower and slower. All the while there were flitting among her other thoughts, passages from that touching thing of Mrs. Hemans, "Evening Song of the Tyrolese Peasants." She hummed it again and again:—

"Sweet is the hour of rest;
Pleasant the wind's low sigh,
And the gleaming of the west,
And the turf whereon we lie;

When the burden and the heat
Of labor's task are o'er,
And kindly voices greet
The tired one at his door."

Two of the stanzas she never could sing; her emotions rose and choked her just at the thought of them:—

"But rest more sweet and still
Than ever nightfall gave,
Our longing hearts shall fill
In the world beyond the grave.

There shall no tempest blow,
No scorching noon-tide heat;
There shall be no more snow,
No weary, wandering feet."

She loved to think of *this* rest. She hoped that in the same hour that it came to one of her parents, it might come to the other, and to her.

Thus it was at night. But, with the morning of the day, came also morning to her spirit. She went skipping through the house as she worked about breakfast, and sang out clear and lively as a bird. She had hope then in all things, and strength and perseverance enough, it seemed to her, to move mountains.

"Mother," said she one morning, as the plates slipped from her nimble fingers into their places on the breakfast table, "mother, let me go to Lowell. You can spare me as well as not, and I know good will come of it."

PART III.

Good did come of it, as it usually does of our deeds which are performed in purity of motive, and in *faith*.

Caroline Walker and Alice Means were mill girls; but here end all analogies between them. Caroline was working for a new hat and mantilla. To these she meant should be added a light silk, a splendid thing, like those worn by the Misses Barnes, when they were at M——; a parasolette, whose heavy fringe should wave in triumph over her and her silk as she walked; "rings for her fingers," and "bells for her toes," for aught I know; for there were certainly few fine things in this whole world, which she did not mean to appropriate to herself before once more sitting her feet down at her father's door. And, *apropos* to feet, they should be clothed in some of those bronze kid gaiters at Stowe's. Tight they should be; tight as—tight as she did 'nt know what; then what elegant things her feet would be. And then! such a sensation as she would create at M——! Such a buzz and flutter; such standing one side for her to pass; such looking at her sidewise, through fans, and fingers, and just under hat brims, as there would be when she went to church, while she was there, when she marched through the streets, and when she sat and rocked at the front windows, or in the piazza. In the piazza! glorious! how she would display herself in that same piazza! And there were stores and clerks, exactly opposite; and

the hotel, too ; boarders there, travellers, real smart looking ones — young men ! Creation !

Positively, reader mine, I have not slandered Caroline a bit. I have thought of Professor Wayland all along, and have told only so much of a disagreeable truth as I thought necessary for somebody's good. It may be that I have readers as vain, as idle, as negligent of their duty to their parents and to society, as Caroline was. I only wish them to see their folly and unhappiness in letting go life's noblest, best purposes ; life's highest, most enduring comforts. Everybody can be good ; everybody can do good. The most degraded mill girl in the land can let go her pride, her vanity, and clothe herself in modest apparel, and walk humbly before her God. She can watch her heart and her lips. If passionate, profane, vulgar, or ill-natured words come to her tongue, she can yet keep it still until the temptation has passed. Then she will feel glad and thankful ; and then may she easily take one step upward towards a better and happier life. Angels begin to rejoice over her ; God draws near to her. O let her be careful then ; let her feel that it is not a light thing if she fails when the next hour of temptation comes ; for temptations will come. They come to the best ; indeed the best *are* the best because, by *successful* struggles with temptations of every kind, they get strength, elevation of soul, and at the same time, an abiding sense of their need of help from God. Thus are they humble and child-like in their feeling and manner, and yet firm and strong, and able to support and help those who need their sympathy or their aid. This kind of character may be attained by any one ; and richly it is worth hours, months, years of watchfulness and struggle ; more especially as there is happiness in the very acts of watchfulness and struggle.

As has been seen, of this happiness Caroline knew nothing. No tender recollections of home, no pity for the mother who was toiling there alone, no glad thought of return to her, and of atoning in the future for the neglect and disobedience of the past ; no solicitude for the comfort of her hostess, her companions, or her overseers, chastened her wildness of spirit, or imparted softness and dignity to her heart and manners. As might be expected, no one felt affection or respect for her. But she never cared. She could snap her finger in the face of the whole world at any time. Yet poor Caroline was not happy. Far enough from this, as her fretful humor, if bad work came to her lot, her sullenness if crossed by overseer or companions, and at other times her reckless gayety, so utterly devoid of sentiment and delicacy, demonstrated.

But Alice Means, there she was, only eighteen, yet gentle, thoughtful and diligent as a matron. "Always so cheerful and kind," her companions said of her.

Yes, always cheerful and kind ; but they did not know how often tears wet her pillow in the thought of the pale face and the slow step at home. Yet she prayed for them, for herself, and for the world, and worked on, trusting in God and in man. Everybody was kind to the gentle girl, who was so kind to everybody. The best "chances"

that could be given, the overseers gave to her. They saw to it carefully that her machinery operated correctly; they stopped often on their way, and spoke to her as if she had been a sister.

Thus the year passed, and then Caroline and Alice were to go home. But we are admonished, in sundry ways, that our sketch is already much longer than we intended, at first, making it. We will fold our hands now, and let those good, chatty old ladies, Mrs. Allen and Goff, finish it for us. They will do it with a few effective strokes.

"Did you ever see such a difference as in those two girls?" Mrs. Allen did not think that the last thing talked of between them was the potato disease. But Mrs. Goff knew very well who she meant, for Caroline and Alice were being canvassed all through the village.

"No, I never did. Poor Mrs. Walker has but little comfort I am afraid in this world. If Caroline was what she might be to her mother, she could bear it better, the Captain and George being so uncomfortable to get along with, and the rest of the children turning out so."

"Yes; but Mrs. Walker has nobody to blame but herself. She has taken no more pains with Caroline than she would with a — churn, for instance. She has kept her neat, and made her work; but she never seemed to realise that Caroline had a soul for her to see to. So Caroline herself has never got the idea, and she seems, I don't know how, slipshod every way."

"But who could manage a child right, who could manage herself, with such a husband?"

"Well, she should 'nt have had such a husband. She was to be blamed in the first place for marrying such a man. She knew perfectly well how quick, and coarse, and miserly he was. She had no reason to think that he would be anything ever but a hindrance. But, as you say, I pity Mrs. Walker. Lucy was in there yesterday, and Caroline went into one of her old scolding fits, because her mother did 'nt lay her bonnet down right, after she had been looking at it. Mrs. Walker looked as though she would sink, Lucy said, and went away and sat down without saying a word."

"She did right. I am glad she was 'nt violent with her. Poor Caroline has had quite too many scoldings at home, at school, and everywhere, to be a good girl. As Alice says, people ought to bear with her, and keep their temper themselves, if she don't keep hers, and try and find chances to 'breathe good thoughts into her.' Alice means to have her with her next year; to work with her, and room with her, and be with her always. If she does, Caroline will come back another girl. And then there is no calculating what a blessed work she may do in her home. And I should be so glad to see them happy, and having some feeling there. They have a pleasant place, property enough, and everything but this, you know."

"Yes, so they have; yes, and if anybody can do anything with Caroline, and I do feel now as though they might, Alice can; for Caroline seems really to love her since they came back."

"If she does I have no fear. I have no fear for any one, or at least I don't despair of their reformation, if I can find that they have

real love in their souls for anybody so good and faithful as Alice. I am glad Caroline loves Alice, I am sure. I feel like thanking God for this."

"Yes; you know all the girls in the village almost, were at Mr. Means's when the stage came. Did you hear how they had filled Alice's moss vase, put a blue riband round her kitten's neck, and set two tables ready for supper, with just the best they could get? I saw the Bennett girls when they went with two loaves of cake, trimmed with myrtle. They made the cake themselves, just as nice as they could, Mrs. Bennett said. Nothing was too good for Alice. Well, they all cried, and laughed, and shook hands and kissed together, Sarah says, when Alice came; she and her father and mother were so affected; and Alice seemed to love the girls so for thinking of her in that way! Even the kitten; Sarah Gordon came bringing the kitten from the other room, and Alice was gladder to see that, I'll warrant, than poor Caroline was to see her mother. It is a pity that such a girl should be obliged to work in the mill."

"I don't know. She can do better for herself and for her parents there than here. And there is no calculating what she can do among so many young girls who are away from their mothers, and need girls like Alice among them always, and especially when they are sick and in trouble."

"Yes, I know they do. I am thinking that when she and Caroline come home next year, Caroline must find the girls all there; and ——."

But, good reader, we must leave Mrs. Goff to finish her kind plan without our audience; just praying God to bless it; "God bless us."

Manchester, N. H.

MY GRAVE.

BY M. BRYANT.

Bury me in some shady dell,
Some quiet spot I crave,
Where blooms the violet and bluebell;
There make my grave.

Where Spring sends forth her perfumed gale,
Where Summer beauties spread,
Where Autumn breathes her loudest wail;
There make my bed.

And when, my friends, ye've laid me down,
No marble pillar need ye set;
I ask no monumental stone
To mark my resting-spot.

But let the weeping willows wave,
Let wild flowers o'er me grow;
In summer these will deck my grave,
In winter, pure white snow.

Merrimack Cor.

THE SEA.

BY L. LARCOM.

The sea! the sea! the broad blue sea!
I joy to watch its breakers free,
Urged by the storm-wind's angry roar,
Rush foaming to the rocky shore;
Or hear the warm and listless wave
The sands with playful music lave.

My distant home o'erlooks the Bay
Where once the lonely Mayflower lay;
When the drear coast, that rose afar,
Seemed brighter than the morning star.
— And o'er me oft sad yearnings come
For that dear land, the Pilgrims' home.

The beach my play-ground used to be;
My mates and I in childish glee
Through plashing waves would heedless glide; —
Build pebbly barriers for the tide;
Or draw, with patient, careful hands,
Fantastic pictures on the sands.

I've walked upon the sounding shore
Since childhood's buoyancy was o'er;
And sadness o'er my soul would creep
For friends in peril on the deep;
And grief; — for in some ocean cave
An angel-sister hath her grave.

The sea! the sea! 't is far away! —
I scan a prospect grand and gay.
A blossomed sea doth round unfold
Its tints of crimson, blue, and gold;
And prairie billows sink and rise,
While Zephyr swiftly o'er them hies.

Gay birds of song are sailing by
Across the blue, unfathomed sky,
And inland breezes, cool and low,
Along the skirting forests go.
'T would gladden me far more to see
My native shore — my own blue sea!

It may be wrong — I know 't is weak;
Yet oh! when Death has paled my cheek,
On this wide plain I would not sleep, —
Let ocean-winds above me sweep,
And let my plain, white headstone be
Near those I love — beside the sea!

The moaning waves' mysterious sound, —
The waste of waters spread around, —
Shall mirror to the friends, who near
My grave may draw, with song and tear,
Eternity, that unknown sea
O'er which they all must follow me.

Looking-Glass Prairie.

THE BLUE DEVILS.

BY H. FARLEY.

Long ago, and in the childhood of the human race, there was a council held among the spirits of Olympia. And Jove found that many of the most active, both good and bad, had already descended upon earth, and influenced the hearts and fates of men. There were many also who had not gone as yet; but only waited with fluttering wings, a command, permission, or opportunity, from Jove himself. Of these were the "blue devils," a mischievous company of little spirits, who delighted to torment, and wanted but the opportunity to deceive, embitter, and destroy. "Let us go," said they, "where the good spirit of Wealth has gone before, and made for us abundant occupation." But Jove would not allow of this, for the demon Avarice had been already there, and followed constantly those footsteps. "Let us go in the train of Beauty," said they. But no; there was no room; for Envy, Hatred, Detraction, and Decay, followed close upon her footsteps. "Let us follow Fame," said they; but Calumny, Falsehood, and Disappointment, were already on the track. "We will go and torment Love," they all exclaimed; but Jealousy scowled them back as intruders, and Disgust made them willing to depart. "We will darken the path of Success," said they; but Satiety and Discontent had forestalled them in the work.

"At least we will give battle to Science and Learning," they all exclaimed; but Poverty, Sickness, Pain, and Want, had already installed themselves as legitimate tormentors.

Meanwhile the bright votaries of Fancy danced over the earth, ever accompanied by gay visions, happy dreams, sweet songs, and brilliant panoramas; and to their happiness there seemed no counterpart of misery. "Here, here will we follow; we all will follow on!" they shouted in a chorus, and then Jove bade them all be gone. And from that time until now have the children of Genius, the gentle votaries of Fancy, been subject to their torments, their dark illusions, their constant wiles and pranks, their ever harassing companionship. Cruel as Hatred, dispiriting as Disappointment, enfeebling as Disease, and sure as Death, they often make this world a blank, or a grave, to those who have the brightest glimpses of others.

And is there no redress? They are but devils—the little blue ones, too—and these are more—are mortals—are immortals. Let these turn upon them boldly, and battle like the patriarch and angel of olden time, and even they will flee, and leave behind a blessing. It was one of the noblest deeds of that old Reformer, when he threw his inkstand at the Prince of devils. And, when any find themselves subjected to the visits of the azure imps, if they but turn upon them with that which is at hand, and, with a fearless heart, wage instant war, the little cerulean fiends will all depart. Any weapon can vanquish, if stoutly used—not only an axe, a knife, or hammer, but a cane, a brush, a graver, or a pen. Only fight, actively and resolutely, and the blue devils, like all other devils, when resisted, will flee away.

Pawtucket Falls.

A SCHOOLMISTRESS'S FIRST DAY.

BY "RUTH ROVER."

Ye who have ever attempted the difficult and interesting task of "teaching the young idea how to shoot,"—who have bowed at the shrine of those schoolroom divinities the blackboard, the spelling-book, the switch, and the ferule,—who have realized the length and breadth of a schoolmistress's responsibility, as fearfully meted out to her by naughty children, anxious parents, and captious committeemen, ye will listen with patience to the detail of my first day at school. Yes, for you well remember your own *debut*;—was it not with a strange, oppressive consciousness, that you first met the scrutiny of the assembled juveniles who called you "teacher?" And did not even the dumb, wooden benches stare you in the face, as if they too had discovered you to be a something which you had never been before, and were trying to say, "How d'ye do, *schoolma'am*?"

Would that I could spice my theme with romance. Once the theme itself inspired romantic speculations; but that was before I knew the reality. Even now, such *fits* occasionally return, and I could expatiate to any degree upon the sublimity of the teacher's mission, and the unsophisticated innocence of childhood; but it is a curious fact that they always occur on Saturdays, or after school on a bright sunny day, when I am enjoying in anticipation the long, quiet sunset and moonlight hours which must elapse before I see the "sweet creatures" again. Honored mammas! think not that I would insinuate aught against the loveableness of your darlings. Surely I love the little ones, those bright spring-flowers in the kitchen-garden of humanity—sticks of candy amid the bread-and-butter of creation; but when one must at one draught drink such a profusion of sweets, is there not danger of surfeiting? And then there is so much of native naughtiness about the "bairns" which, of course, their mammas cannot help, that, if one should be tempted to poetize about them, it would be in the style of a friend of mine who was experienced in the ways of the infant world:—

"Oft in the dreamy hours of youth
Delightful visions come,
And whispering voices seem to say,
O gal! don't chew that gum!

"Oh! in such hours of blessedness,
My spirit fain would fly
To brighter realms, and ever roam
Where blubbering boys don't cry!

"Tell me, ye fainting sons of earth,
Can human power reveal
A land of light, and life, and love,
Where boys and girls won't steal!"

But I wander,—and not to the schoolhouse. Gentle reader, if you have come with me thus far, let us walk there together, this bright May morning. Don't cast a furtive glance at the long, dew-

dropping blades of the prairie ; — hav 'nt we our India-rubbers on ? Don't complain that the sun's rays are rather fervid to be endured for the space of more than one shadeless mile ; — we two can walk together under my great umbrella, and it shall also serve the purpose of frightening away that herd of "cattle brutes," which are getting such a "smart chance of grass" directly in our path. There, that is my "temple of science," on the slope, which I suppose you have all along been thinking an irregularly laid pile of logs. But let me not complain of the edifice. The dignitaries of the settlement have declared themselves unwilling to ask any one to teach in it, and, it being the only unappropriated building at hand, I have offered to occupy it ; for what true Yankee girl would not as lief be out of the world as out of employment ?

Enter ! and what have we here ? A small room, bounded by four walls of rough logs, badly "chinked," with a floor, whose wide interstices look ominous of lost slate-pencils, books, and pens,—to say nothing of our foolish apprehensions of snaky heads, which *may* peep up through the gaping boards ; a square aperture, where a window *might be*, and three or four long, unplanned benches. On the highest of the latter is perched a little white-headed boy, whose unshod feet depend from his wide, blue trowsers, vainly seeking a resting-place on the floor below. A tall, red-haired girl is opposite him, and with sundry sunburnt lads and lasses, among whom are interspersed some fair and intelligent faces, the human furniture is complete. No ; here are the "committee-men," each with a little black-eyed boy in his hand, come to consult with us on the prosecution of our new profession. Ah ! those committee-men ! why did they come before we had made acquaintance with that row of sharp, eager eyes, or got the "hang of the school-house ?" How can a tyro endure their criticism ? We will elude it, and pass the time in jokingly devising "ways and means" until our Mentors must return to their ploughs.

They are gone ; and our juvenile *corps* is marshalled into something like acting order ; though nothing can induce the white-headed boy to descend from his perch. He says he'd "a heap rather sit with the big fellers." To the inquiry, "What is your name ?" he replies, "Bub." This seeming to us an ambiguous appellation, we appeal to the urchin at his side, "Do you know this little boy's name ?"

"I reckon it's 'Bub ;' aint it, Bub ?" He answers, with a frightened look. A voice from the opposite bench solves the mystery.

"It's my cousin. His name is *Jeames* ; we jist call him Bub, *for short*."

Now comes the muster of reading-books. One has brought an "English Reader," another a "National," another an "Eclectic," and the "golden-tressed" young lady, the second volume of a novel, in which she "*allows*" she can learn to pronounce the hard words as well as in anything else. Such a "power" of books, and no two alike ! It is dismaying. At length we commence operations by endeavoring to hear little roguish-eyed "Johnny" say his letters. 'Tis a novel task ; but the memory of the good dame, whose instructions enlightened our infancy, assists us.

"What's that letter, Johnny?"

"Dat's 'A,' I reckon."

"And that?"

"What! dat little felly down yonder? Dat's 'j,' aint it?"

Our gravity is in great danger of a capsize; and, to increase its peril, a three-year-old urchin, whose age will account for his strange syntax, looks up, and with a *very* serious face, remarks, "*Miss, I hope school will quit commencing before it gets very long.*" A sentiment with which we entirely sympathize, when we have by a mental process decided its meaning.

We proceed to arrange the larger pupils into classes; but what a task! In geography, Smith, Olney, Worcester, and Mitchell, each presents a world-established claim. In grammar, Murray, Smith, and Kirkham, are disjunctively imperative and absolute; and in arithmetic the multiplication of authors overpowers us. In despair at ever bringing order out of this chaos of science, we manage, we know not how, until noon, when the happy children caper about in rejoicing freedom among the dinner-baskets.

"Is *them* Ingin rubbers?" asks a girl, turning the overshoes about as carefully as if they were made of gold. "I've heerd on 'em, but I never *seen* any before."

"Let's go out and play," says another.

"No. *Pap and mother* said I should 'nt go out in the sun to get the *agur*."

"Oh! the mistress says it's time to *take up* school!"

"Do you *allow* for us to write this evening?" This presents another difficulty. There is no desk or table; but the art of penmanship must be taught, since it was "so nominated in the bond." The ready invention of the children supplies a way. The high bench which "Jeames" had chosen, is placed behind a lower one, and serves the purpose of a desk.

The spelling class next requires attention. Delightful; every child *has* a Webster's Spelling-Book. But one or two have disappeared between the boards, and the entrance to the lower regions is raised by two stout girls, revealing the missing volumes, together with the dead carcass of a rabbit, several rat-holes, bits of earthen-ware, paper-rags, and so forth. It is again closed; but, before the first word is fairly spelled, the clump of cloven hoofs is heard; a horned head is thrust peeringly in at the possibility of a window; at the same moment a timid "baa — baa!" echoes over the prairie, and a crowd of very *sheepish* looking spectators surround the door.

"Shoo!" cries the young gentleman who wishes school to "quit commencing," involuntarily leaping from his seat; and with one bound our visitors are gone. "Time for us to go, too!" say you? Ah! when will Sol cast a sidelong glance at us across this wide, wide plain? Until he does, though you, kind reader, need not stay, I must not think of going.

What to do next? is the feverish inquiry that continually recurs. There is plenty of material to work upon; intelligence to be brought out, if those dark eyes belie not their owners' minds; natural refine-

ment too, or those gentle voices that mingle with the harsher ones are deceptive ; but where are the utensils for such labor ?

How shall I *act the schoolma'am* creditably for three long months ? In this dark cabin, how shall I train the tendrils of thought ? Stop ! dear reader ! *must* you go ? one moment — that regiment of cattle — I cannot face them alone — there ! leave the *cows* to ruminate on my first day at school !

Looking-Glass Prairie.

THE CAPTIVE'S RELEASE.

BY ELLEN L. SMITH.

Dim night had come down on the southern seas,
And the moonbeams slept on the wave,
And all was still but the whispering breeze,
That stirred the boughs of the orange-trees,
And sweet-toned music gave.

Peaceful and deep was the silence there,
Unbroken by aught — not so !
There's a tall, dark form ; and a murmured prayer,
In low, sad tones, steals out on the air,
And its accents tell of woe.

'Tis a chieftain, with arms of giant might,
And form in manhood's bloom ;
But o'er his spirit there hangs a blight ;
For the Afric chief, with brow of night,
Knew well a captive's doom.

He passeth on, nor heeds that flowers
In his pathway bloom the while ;
For memory tells of happier hours,
Spent 'neath the shade of fairer bowers,
In his own far-distant isle.

Yes, memory keeps them, O, how well,
Those scenes to him so dear ;
And the stern chieftain owned her spell,
As on that moonlit shore there fell
One low, sad, silent tear.

"The world is sleeping now," he said :
"Ere yet the light of day
I too shall sleep in ocean's bed,
Where coral and pearl will pillow my head ;
But a dreamless sleep 't will be.

"The dews will fall, and the flowers bloom,
'Till the sea yields up its dead ;
But none will weep o'er the captive's tomb ;
No flowers will shed their sweet perfume
O'er the dark-browed stranger's bed.

"But angels will bear my spirit home,
To a land all bright and fair,
Where grief and sorrow may not come ;
A blissful land, that knows no gloom ;
No broken hearts are there.

“ For long ago, 'neath a palm-tree grove,
A stranger sat at even,
And told of angels, God above,
Redemption, pardon, Jesus' love,
And led the way to heaven.

“ Within his eye was earnest thought,
And truth was on his brow,
And I believed the God he taught,
Embraced the faith the stranger brought;
May God be with me now.”

Mournfully died the notes of woe,
Like sighs of the autumn gale,
As the chieftain sank in ocean low,
And the wave closed o'er with sullen flow,
And murmured a dirge-like wail.

Morning came, with its rosy light,
But the chieftain, where is he?
Wrapped in the shades of oblivion's night,
Where many have fallen, the brave and bright,
Lost in Eternity.

North Adams, Mass.

LEAP-YEAR.

Ralph Singleton was a bachelor. But he was not one of your cold-hearted, calculating, selfish ones, who remain single from motives of interest; whose hearts, if they have any, can only be reached through a well-lined purse; neither was he at all akin to those who look upon woman as a blot upon the fair face of creation, and think that Adam, if he had been left to his own choice, would have remained a bachelor. Of a very different stamp was our worthy Benedict. He possessed a heart keenly alive to all the tender sympathies of life, whose deep fountains had often been stirred by the merry glance of some bright-eyed maiden. But kind and loving as was his nature, and numerous as were the sentiments he conned by himself, to breathe into some fair one's ear, not a word of them all could he utter when placed *vis-a-vis* with the object of his secret devotion. In one word, he lacked confidence; that “*open sesame*” to almost every station in life. Every new year that had passed since he donned his “freedom suit,” had found him fully resolved to embark on the sea of matrimony; for no fear of contrary winds, heavy squalls, snags, or breakers (that some evil-minded old bachelors say are always to be found obstructing the progress of those who sail under Hymen's colors) ever disturbed his imagination.

But the year came round again and found him still plodding on alone. So passed one year after another, till by the world he was set down as a confirmed old bachelor. But though he lacked assurance, he possessed a bountiful supply of hope, and he had never yet despaired of finding himself some day the fortunate possessor of a charming little home of his own — an Eden of his own creation.

But how all this was to be brought about, was not yet quite plain to his understanding. But a new idea has just entered his head, and it must be a happy thought too, for it has cast the sunshine of a smile over his usually placid features, and really makes him look quite young again. He has just been initiated into the mysteries of "*leap-year*." From the papers that he has just thrown upon the table, he has learned that *this year* belongs especially to the ladies; that they can now assume rights and privileges with perfect propriety, such as no other time will afford them; that they need no longer "let concealment, like a worm i' the bud, feed on their damask cheek," for now a way is opened for them to tell their love, and select from among the "lords of creation" whom they will, to "love, honor, and obey." "Ah," whispered Hope in his ear, "now is the time for you. Some fair friend will surely give you a call." And, while wrapt in these pleasing reflections, a low knocking was heard at his door. Who knows but she may have come already? thought he; and his heart beat audibly as he rose to welcome his unseen visitor. On opening the door, sure enough, there stood a lady, plainly but neatly dressed, whom he instantly recognized as one of the fair beings to whom he had inwardly pledged the warm affections of his timid heart; and the only one of the number that was still in the enjoyment of single blessedness. She was not young, though no one would ever have thought of calling her an old maid, for it requires something besides years to entitle one to such a *sobriquet*.

Blessings on leap-year! thought our old bachelor. Alas! for him, "Hope told a flattering tale," for after a few preliminary remarks upon the weather, the lady drew forth a small piece of paper, and informed our astonished friend that a charitable society was about to be established in the place, for the benefit of the poor in the neighborhood, and that she had been appointed to solicit subscriptions for that purpose, and would be happy to have his name among her list of subscribers. She must have thought him very stupid, if not a little out of his right mind, for he stared at her most unmercifully; and, heaving a deep sigh, he glanced mechanically at the paper, without seeing a word that it contained, wrote something upon it, he hardly knew what, and handed it back to her without offering a word. But it was evident he had been quite liberal in his contribution, for the lady smiled on looking at it, thanked him most heartily in the name of the society, and then left him, to prosecute still farther her errand of mercy.

The unsuccessful suitor for the hand of some fair one could not have felt greater disappointment than did our old bachelor at this unexpected terminus of all his fond anticipations. Hope seemed suddenly to have deserted him, and it was long ere he recovered sufficiently to listen again to her syren song.

MARIA.

Wentworth, N. H.

How much easier it would be to yield assent to truth, were we not blinded by prejudice and self-interest.

S.

ROXY AND DORCAS: OR, ALL FAITH AND NO FAITH.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "ABBY'S YEAR IN LOWELL."

CHAPTER III.

Roxy and Dorcas in the mill — in the same room, and at the same kind of work. And was not this uniformity of life sufficient to produce more uniformity of character?

As the Superintendent gave the girls their "regulation papers," he cast a scrutinizing glance at each, which Roxy interpreted into one of interest, but Dorcas into one of dislike and disgust. It was but a *business look*. And when Roxy was placed with one girl, to learn how to tend the machinery, and Dorcas with another, how quick was the latter to perceive and note the difference between the two; and to interpret it adversely to herself.

Roxy's teacher was a beautiful little red-cheeked, round-faced girl, with curling hair, and bright, black eyes, who was dressed with uncommon care, and wore a white cape and very rich head-band, at her work. Dorcas's dame was very different, — a tall, lank, sallow-faced, plain-featured, elderly woman, whose cheap and scanty clothing showed how little she cared for the "outer woman." She received her pupil in silence, but commenced employing her immediately.

"I do believe the overseer hates me!" said Dorcas to her friend, as they seated themselves in the chamber that night, which was for the time being all their own.

"O no, indeed! what makes you think so?"

"Why, I feel it, — and he does 'nt speak to me at all, — but he talked half an hour with you this afternoon."

This was true; Roxy's sunny face had been an invitation to him to make her acquaintance, and he had gratified his curiosity by learning of her past home and friends. And he preferred to learn of Dorcas through her companion, for the very expression of her countenance repelled him.

"But you like what's her name? — Hannah? — don't you?" said Roxy to her.

"What, Hepzibah? — what a horrid name! — no, I don't like her! and there's little love lost between us, I think. She has scarcely spoken to me to-day."

"Has 'nt she been patient?" inquired Roxy.

"Yes, she's stupid enough; but she left me all alone with the work, just before we came out; and I was frightened half to death. She said she would not be gone but two minutes for a pail of water, and it was nearer ten than two."

"I tended our work half an hour, while Lucy combed her hair. Did you see how beautiful it looked?"

With Roxy it was already *our* work; and she even felt a pride in the beautiful curls and braids which her assistance had enabled Lucy to display.

"No, I did 'nt," replied Dorcas; "and I would 'nt slave so for that little flutterbudget to finnyfy herself."

"O, it was learning me — I like to be left so, all to myself. Lucy thinks I shall have work of my own in a week or two."

"You may ; but I suppose I shall be kept earning nothing, for a month or two."

"O, yes ; we have four-and-sixpence, you know, besides our board, while we are learning."

"Four-and-sixpence ! and what is that to pay for being imprisoned fourteen or fifteen hours a day ?"

"Why, no ; we don't work but ten or eleven hours now. You know they don't light up."

"Well, it seems an age. O, how I wish I had never come here !"

"You will soon earn money enough to carry you home again, if you are sick, or the work disagrees with you."

But just then the door opened, their room-mates entered, and conversation upon these subjects was given up.

Pawtucket Falls.

J U N E.

BY "ELLEN CHANTRY."

Sweet sunny June, sweet sunny June !
How bright and fair
Thy flow'rets are ;
How soft and musical the tune
Which the wild birds sing, and the wee bees hum,
As on fairy wings through the air they come.

Thy bright and glorious sky — its hue
Has naught of earth
In its pure birth,
But beautiful, intensely blue,
It smiles with a loveliness all its own,
A glory belonging to thee alone.

Thy flowers shed their sweet perfume
In castle hall,
And cottage small,
And in the darkly curtained room
Where the invalid, with brightening eye,
Welcomes the breeze as it wanders by.

Thy winds sigh through the dark-green trees
With a low tone,
Like a spirit's moan,
And fill the heart with memories
Of loved ones who have passed away,
Like the golden beams of departing day.

And thy sweet, gentle moon — it seems,
With its pure light
So clear and bright,
Like the spirit's glance who haunts our dreams,
And visions of hope and happiness shed
Around the lonely and weary one's head.

Dear to me, sweet June, are thy flowers,
Thy hum of bees,
And leafy trees,
Thy perfumes, zephyrs, and bright bowers ;
But dearer by far is thy soft moonlight,
As it smiles on my Love's fair brow to-night.

Boston.

THE SORROWS OF SIMON.

BY "CHARITY DAWSON."

PART III.

Poor Simon, whose sole object in getting married was selfishness, was at last successful. He wooed and won "the fair lady;" and a merrier wedding there never was. The inhabitants of Appletown, both old and young, were bidden, and great was their astonishment on entering the old house, at the change it had undergone. In vain they looked for the dingy walls and rickety, antiquated furniture. It had disappeared as if by magic; and tables, chairs, sofas, bureaus, and carpets, supplied its place in the newly swept and garnished domicile. The old ladies, who had never been a stone's throw from their native village, were nearly petrified with amazement. With uplifted hands and staring eyes they peered through their spectacles and exclaimed, "Massy on us! who ever seed such a sight afore? Why, the man's crazy, for sartin!" And the young ones gazed with unbounded admiration on everything around them, especially on the now stately form of Simon, and on his bride elect, as they entered the room; and certainly the widow never did look better. Simon could not resist the temptation of casting a triumphant look at the corner of the room where Milla and Hannah sat, as much as to say, "See what you have lost now!" The widow's four boys were ranged in a row, with strict injunction from *mamma* not to talk, but to behave like little men, and they should have a piece of cake when the folks were gone. But little Georgy, who was never still, could keep silence no longer; and, in the midst of the ceremony, whispered loud enough to be heard by all in the room, "Mother, mother, may I speak now? I does 'nt love to keep still any longer." With the exception of Georgy's unfortunate whisper, everything passed off admirably, and for a time Simon was in high glee.—But a change came over the spirit of his dream. He could not forget, in a few months, the lesson he had been all his lifetime learning, namely: how to grumble, find fault, and be discontented. When he indulged in this propensity it was, however, no longer in his room; for that, to him, since his marriage, had ceased to be a *sanctum sanctorum*. The noisy, romping boys had almost monopolized it for a playhouse; and besides, he must not give utterance to his gloomy forebodings of borrowed trouble within the hearing of his wife; for, in truth, she was a careful and dutiful help-meet, though he had lived a single life too long to appreciate her worth. But, like the Yankee, "though he spoke never a word, he kept a terrible thinking;" and in his walks to and from his shop he gave utterance to his thoughts, not in a bold, determined tone, as in days gone by, but in the low, half-muttered moanings of a despairing man, that the winds even must not hear. One cold spring morning, when the drizzling rain penetrated every fibre, Simon, with a doleful countenance, expressive of some terrible calamity, wended his way through the streets, exposed to the full force of the comfortless storm, for alas! that *harum scarum* of a Jim

had broken his umbrella, and Peter had destroyed his overshoes. He shrugged his shoulders at every fresh blast of the storm that swept the rain into his face, and thrust his hands deeper into his pockets, as he muttered, "Ah, wretched man that I am! I don't know what's to become of me, I'm sure; a wife and four boys to maintain. Those boys will be the death of me, for all that I know. They are destroying everything as fast as possible. The house won't hold together much longer, if they go on in this way; everything is in confusion where they are; such a confounded noise, too, 't is enough to drive a poor man crazy. I can't sit down but they are putting stones into my ears, or, if my back is turned, Jim is devising some plan to get something out of 'dad,' as he calls me. I don't see how he expects it, though, for last night the rascal got *mad*, and threw the new ball I got him smash through the window. Faith! I'll break that temper of his or I *will* break his neck. My wife told me this morning that the young scamps must have new summer clothes. Anything to pick money out of my pocket. But it won't do to say a word though. O, Simon! why did 'nt you think of this before? All your hard earnings are vanishing before the extravagance of a wife and her tearing boys. Fool that I was, to think a hundred dollars a year would keep a wife; if I had said a hundred dollars a week, I should have hit it. O dear! was ever man in such a pickle before! tied down for life to a woman's apron-strings! And then those boys! O ye powers, is there no escape? No getting unmarried? No untying the knot that galls me so? If not, then I'll shoot myself! *I will!*"

Middlesex Cor.

KEEPING SCHOOL.

What do you think of a schoolma'am's life? Say, would you like to go away into some back, dark corner, so far away that you could not perceive a single vibration of those thoughts that stir up human souls in our loved New England; where darkness is so thick that degradation is fashionable and knowledge nonsense; where you would neither be appreciated nor thanked? Say, would you like to go into such a place, and mould such bipeds into thinking, loving human beings?

I verily believe we Yankee maidens can do more good by teaching, both by precept and example, this side of Mason and Dixon's line, than in any other latitude in the United States, to say the least. It is a life all unknown to fame, 't is true; a life of self-sacrifice, or *ought to be*; but then 't is very pleasant to feel every night, that you have tried to follow Sol's example through the day. Mayhap our beams more nearly resemble friend Luna's; but, if a particle of humanity be vivified, no matter what the source.

Letter from a Southern State.

EDITOR'S TABLE.

"THE WAGES-SLAVE OF THE NORTH." This expression, which is becoming common among a certain class of newspaper writers, we will treat as though it were used in sincerity and good faith. It is often combined with expressions illustrating the peculiar and superior privileges enjoyed by "the chattel-slave of the South;" and what truth do they mean to convey? Why, this: that the Northern laborer has not all his rightful privileges — that in some things he suffers what a slave may never be called upon to endure — that poverty and dependence are thralldom — that even the freeman is not wholly free. Granted; but every freeman should repel with indignation all such attempts to vindicate his cause. Every principle of self-respect, every heart-throb for liberty, demand it of him, as justice to himself, and a recognition of the justice due to the enslaved negro.

They, who use those words, may mean but to awaken the laborer to a sense of his latent rights; and think that this can only be done by a vast amount of exaggeration — that a great deal of powder must be used to propel the ball. But the allowance must be made — the surplus deducted — before the real argument is visible. The truth must first work itself free from the exaggeration, before it can become effective. It has a preliminary office to perform, which it might have been spared. And this extra material has been not only useless, but injurious. It leaves its bad influence; it confounds the true and false; it obliterates all nice distinctions. It detracts from the dignity of the laborer, and lessens his abhorrence of the condition of the slave. What! is his right to himself, to his family, and to his home, however poor it may be, of so little worth? Is his hope for the future, his prospects for his children, of so slight a value? Is his liberty to acquire — perhaps fortune — it may be happiness — but at all events, character — is this so small a treasure?

Yes; to acquire character — for this is a possession of which none can rob the freeman. It is the feeling with which we live, the motive from which we act, the manner in which all life's changes are met, that degrades or ennobles. Even the virtues of fortitude and resignation are, by the very nature of the case, almost neutralized in the slave. He can at best, (*or worst!*) but be quiescent.

A few evenings since we stole up two flights of stairs, into a small chamber of a boarding-house. Our entrance seemed to expel a visitor from the room. "We interrupt, I fear." "O no!" replied our acquaintance; "I have just finished writing a letter for that girl, who is enclosing in it eleven pounds (about fifty dollars) for her parents in Ireland." Farther conversation elicited the following information: The girl was one of two sisters, who had not been in this country ten months, and whose wages had been probably far below the

average — and this was their second remittance to their *home*, though the first had been much smaller. These girls had worked as hard as slaves, no doubt; they were lonely, and probably often sad. They were uneducated; and doubtless destitute of many pleasant and comfortable things which slaves may enjoy. But the person, who cannot perceive the broad distinction between them and slaves, is not worthy of liberty. Do slaves feel as those sisters felt, in the exercise of some of the highest virtues of our nature? And she who was their amanuensis was also an emigrant. She was far from home and kindred. But can slaves feel as she felt, and as we felt, in the contemplation of this event? We hope they will forgive us this public *exposé* of the evening interview; for there is nothing here related of which all concerned may not be proud.

We have here to acknowledge the reception of several pamphlets, which have found their way to our table. Among them is the last Report of the Secretary of the Board of Education. It contains nine or ten answers to a circular, issued by the Secretary, each of which is an excellent, though brief essay, upon education. Upon pages 44 and 117, may be found an answer to the question, sometimes heard from SELFISH persons, "What selfish motives have the manufacturing capitalists in encouraging literature among their operatives?" assuming that some great effort is made to that effect.

JANE EYRE is also among the works which we have received, and one of which much is said, both of praise and blame. This alone is an acknowledgment of its high literary merit. One excellent feature which the book possesses, and which is not noticed by the critics, is the new tone that it exhibits as a *love story* — the new lesson that it teaches to all heart-wrecked and love-blighted maidens, that there is something better to do than to die of a broken heart, and that is to live with an effort to be useful, and to make the most of all those other sources of happiness which life ever presents.

DOMBEY AND SON has also come regularly to our table. Never before have we read a work of Dickens's in numbers, as published, and this may be one reason why it has impressed us more deeply than any other. The interest has been heightened by the intervals of suspense, expectation, and reflection. We have one objection to make to its characters. The good are distinguished by being — what factory girls call "flat," "soft," and "sappy." We know not how else to express it. Captain Cuttle, Mrs. Richards, even sweet Florence herself, (we hope everybody will forgive us,) all are more or less characterised by a want of sagacity. If it were so in real life, we would ask to be placed among the vixens. Mrs. Dombey is a great favorite with many — especially the high-spirited young ladies. But can they not perceive that she acted constantly with no regard to high principle or good sense? We know that the worthless can be annoying, or we should wonder that she could ever have been so troubled by a man of Mr. Carker's caliber. But there is a knowledge of human nature displayed in the triumph, amid ruin, with which she assures him that the woman he had so sought to degrade, had never for one instant been his dupe. And another touch of a master hand is, where this woman of strong will and strong feelings acknowledges, that, wicked as her conduct has been, and hateful even to herself, yet, *under the same circumstances, she would do it all again.*

THE
NEW ENGLAND OFFERING.

JULY, 1848.

ITALIAN PEASANT GIRLS.

Look ; maidens of our rough and wintry clime !
Look at them, ye who toil mid brick-built walls !
Say, would ye change your busy state for theirs,
Who braid the tress beneath their vine-wreathed bowers,
And cluster, like the damsels of the East,
Around their gushing founts ? Their life may seem
A drama full of sport, devoid of care ;
Nor is their broad, calm sea, more still and free
From line and furrow of the ruffling breeze,
Than are their brows from imprint of hard thought.

Mayhap, and even now, that day dawns bright
For man and woman-kind in Italy,
When Freedom, with its nobler joys and cares,
Henceforth, and once again, is rightly theirs.
Like their own clustering vine its fruits may cheer,
Invigorate, and bless ; or, madly used,
Intoxicate, and weaken, and destroy.

Water, and wine ! The fountain, and the vine !
Both blessings to the noble and the pure.
But that which cheers and ravishes the most,
Beneath its foam conceals the deadliest power.
May they, who leave the simple fount, to drink
Of the bright sparkling cup, the strong, clear head
And firm, unflinching nerve, so happily possess,
That this, their blessing new, in truth may be
To them the Fount of Everlasting Life.

Pawtucket Falls.

SKETCHES OF A MIDSUMMER EXCURSION SEVEN HUNDRED MILES IN THE SOUTHWEST.

BY AN EQUESTRIAN.

Ummons—(First.)

It was late in the afternoon, and I left home in sadness and loneliness. My ingenuity had been taxed and perchance my patience *stretched*, in devising plans to accomplish the much-desired trip and removing the obstacles that intervened. At last the door had suddenly opened; and, amid the very hasty preparations for a six weeks' absence, I had had but little time to bestow upon the evil prophesyings of anxious friends. But now that my "huckik" was densely packed, and clad in my riding habit, I had called to say "good-by" to all. The sorrowful look, and the doubtful "I *hope* you will return in safety," sunk into my very heart. I could have wept; but tears would only add to the gloom of that parting; so I hastened to mount our romantic horseblock—a stump in the front yard*—and made my exit. Accompanied only by a pupil, who had visited us for a day or two, I had ample time for reflection; and my thoughts ran on somewhat as follows: "It *may* be so. Perhaps there is presumption in the undertaking, and obstacles have been thrown in my way to make me desist; but, too much bent on my purpose, I am permitted to succeed, to teach me my own frailty and folly." It was the first time it had occurred to me that there could be aught of wrong connected with my earnest desire to visit the Cherokee country; and, revolving the subject yet longer, I *still* believed that circumstances justified all the solicitude I had manifested. Reassured, I felt that I could sweetly trust myself to His care whose hand could protect me in every emergency; and well I ~~know~~ knew that not a sparrow falleth to the ground without our Father.

The sun had now set. The heavy foliage of the majestic pine leaned in dark, fantastic forms against the burnished sky. There, like a ghost of the past, stood a giant of the forest, shorn of his glory, stretching his scathed and leafless limbs, as if defying the scythe of old father Time. Yet he scorned not companionship with his kindred from many a leafy tribe, lofty and lowly.

We rode on in the dim twilight, and I espied in the pathway an object which I thought to be a wolf; for they sometimes honor our neighbors with a nocturnal visit, attracted by a pig or a lamb. He *grunted*, however, and knowing the voice of his swineship, I passed him without returning his salutation, and soon was snugly quartered at the home of a pupil. Early next morning, to my glad surprise, I was joined by a friend whom I shall call N———. She had been compelled to abandon the project, and it was not till ten o'clock in the evening after I had left, that she learned a horse was at her disposal. She says I clasped my hands like a child in playful glee, when I recognized her. We gladly availed ourselves of the mail-

* We have a better one now, thanks to friends.

rider's readiness to escort us, till our party was complete. The time fixed on by our third friend, W——, had passed by a week since, and we took him by surprise. He was ready to start next morning in pretty good time, though, and we reached the Fort in season to dine with friends. Our horses had to be "shod all round," which operation afforded us a little time for making calls. All seemed anxious to contribute something to our happiness on the route; and they very evidently dreaded the ride most cordially on our behalf. We had thought ourselves amply provided for; but one merchant furnished nuts and crackers, another a bottle of lemon syrup and a bountiful supply of pure white sugar, and asked, "Can I help you to anything else?" "We have no place for these," we persisted. "Yes, we'll have a piece of your coarsest 'domestic,' for an extra wallet;" for the scanty wardrobe to which we had limited ourselves we had already economized room as much as possible; and the cakes, etc., on which we were to dine for several successive days, offered no quarter.

We left soon as might be, but were late at Spencer Academy, and about sixty miles from home. We insisted on saying "good-by," as we retired to our rooms. Our hospitable friends permitted it, half in jest, ridiculing our purpose of setting off before they would be up in the morning. They amused themselves a little at our expense when we met at breakfast; for Morpheus, having been kept "behind the door" later than usual, felt himself on too familiar a footing to be dispatched at once. They *would* furnish us with "*a little more*," though we assured them we were abundantly supplied with refreshments.

"You can't lose the way," said one who had travelled it; "'t is a military road, and you'll see no other wagon-road to-day. You had better dine on the top of Kaimeshi Mountain, where you will find a spring and a deserted cabin. It is twenty-five miles, but the best water you'll find near noon; and you will want to rest once before you get there." We had to cross the Seven Brothers, which seemed to us like thrice seven, before we had overpast all their rocky summits; but we probably counted some of their cousins, who, being of less gigantic proportions, were not deemed worthy of admittance to the fraternity.

About ten or eleven o'clock, we dismounted by a "*branch*." They have no brooks in this region; and once, when I asked a pupil to translate her reading lesson, she rendered branch (of a tree) *bokushé*, literally, "the son of a river." The large streams are creeks, sometimes nearly dry; then, after a long and heavy shower, swollen to a river for a few hours. We had learned to drink running water, but not to believe it cool, though it is not very unpleasant to the taste; and our lemon syrup and "cold flour" came into requisition. The latter, furnished us early in the route, is an Indian invention, much used in travelling, and to those accustomed to its use a luxury. It is made of corn, parched in a particular way, and pulverized. When used, it is mixed with sugar and water, and may be drank or eaten with a spoon, according to the relative proportion of the mix-

ture. It is an excellent rectifier of water that is only tolerable, and a good substitute for food.

Our chairs and table were substantial and commodious enough for your whole city, providing each would furnish his own blanket for a cushion, as we did. The papers in which our "pinak" was wrapped, served the threefold purpose of plates, table-linen, and newsprint. One of our company being equipped with a spoon, another with a pocket-knife and tin cup, our wants were fewer than the miser's are; and with grateful, cheerful hearts, we looked to Him who bestoweth "every good and perfect gift," before partaking of this repast.

The day was very warm, and the question of another rest was discussed. But there was a little cloud, bigger than a man's hand, in the horizon, and we resisted the temptation and pressed onward. The mountain is about a mile in ascent, and your city authorities would be quite welcome to pave two miles of street from the road; and after a few drenching rains, I doubt whether the traveller would miss the rocks; but, for the benefit of your horses, I hope each rock would have its position better defined than it now is. We walked up — we had no heart to ride. Near the top we mounted, and seeing no house, urged our horses forward, for the clouds were portentous. We rode, and *rode*, and *RODE*; the sky blackened, the lightnings gleamed, the thunders passed over and around us. We had been long on the top of Kaimeshi Mountain, and yet no house was visible. We were quite unprepared for this; yet, hoping against hope, we quickened our pace, till at last the rain poured down most profusely. We paused, threw on our blankets, spread our umbrellas, turned our horses' heads, and prepared to take it coolly — as what philosopher would not? — since take it we must, hail and all.

Every occurrence has an end; so had that shower, pelting though it was for a time. But now the poor horses found their hoofs so much attached to the clay mud, that it was hard to separate them; and during the remainder of that day's ride, I doubt whether a foot was lifted without being distinctly heard. We were obliged to carry our heavy umbrellas, which had long been so thoroughly saturated as to admit the water through them, and to wear our wet shawls for want of a place to bestow them.

A long half mile, and we dismounted in the wet grass, between the spring and the house, which evidently had tenants at will — their own will — and these were not human. While we were "laying the dinner" and endeavoring by dint of blindness and abstraction to believe ourselves dry and comfortable, and decently located, it was but a sorry consolation to reflect that we might have gained the shelter before a single drop fell, had we known that Kaimeshi Mountain has a table six miles in length, and that its "entertainments" are more than half way. Our friend of the morning would certainly have informed us of this fact, had he foreseen the tempest. Our eatables had been protected by the only Mackinaw blanket in the company, which, with a slash cut in the centre, to admit a gentleman's head, served also for a cloak. I once met the same blanket, on the same shoulders, in a bright wintry day. It is of a glowing scarlet, and

though the face that peered above it was by no means tawny, and was attended by another being whom I would have known in other circumstances, still it was hard to convince myself that this was not the fragment of some band whose organ of color had lagged behind, while themselves had stepped into civilization. "The one on the white pony is a white man," said the lad who accompanied me. When, however, they rode up, one on either side, giving me each a hand, and wheeling round returned with us, a Yankee would not have guessed that I had any difficulty in knowing both. The colors led; yet, as I repeated to the other friend the joke that had just passed—the perpetrator thereof having fallen in the rear—I could not forbear to raise my voice a little for the edification of "the one" not "on the white pony;" and since his new cloak was so becoming, I begged to know whether the color was selected on the principle of reflection—which "cloak" recalls me from my digression.

It was now four o'clock—a genteel dinner-hour—and we had fifteen miles to ride, and twice that distance over dry roads would not have been much more wearisome. We managed, before starting, to dispose of our wet umbrellas; and, folding our shawls the *dry* side out, replaced them on the saddles, and were just damp enough to keep us in constant remembrance that it had rained; a fact that we should not have doubted from the appearance of the road. We plodded on till after dark, when our eyes were greeted with several white wagon-tops, and our ears with such a jargon of bells, as your's never listened to. They were not church-bells, steamboat-bells, school-bells, tea-bells, nor sleigh-bells; they did not warn us to "look out for the engine," nor say "the house is on fire." No; theirs was a more agreeable sound. It told us of a score (I should judge—it was too dark to see them) of quadrupeds, enjoying their evening repast, after a day of toil. It was a travelling party who had encamped here; and they told us it was two and a half miles to the next house. Step by step we wended our weary way in the dark, till it seemed to us we had rode many hours since nightfall; and at last we *did* see a house, four or five miles from the pitched tents of the emigrants.

"Holloa!" ejaculated W——, for we could see no way of access to the house. He was answered from within, but not observing it, repeated the watchword. "Holloa yourself!" shouted a stentorian voice, apparently a little ruffled at the repetition; "and see how you like it," was echoed from our party, in an under tone; for the temptation to finish the schoolboy's retort was too sudden to be resisted; and the whole was ludicrous enough to elicit a merry laugh, even from such as we, in our sorry plight.

Our host came out kindly, and I was warned to stoop as I rode through the gate, which you know is no hardship for me. Most of the family had retired, and the landlord called up his eldest daughter to prepare supper. She looked so youthful, I could not forbear to express my regret that she had to be awakened; to which she replied, cheerfully, that she had often been called later than that to cook for travellers. I had seated myself, without dreaming of monopoly, till

our landlord called out to his daughter for that other chair. When it came, each of us had one.

A good fire was "built" for the benefit of our apparel and the contents of our home-manufactured valises. My long Robroy, furnished by Lowell friends, which by the way is the best shawl to be had for such an excursion, was stretched across the width of the room, from overhead to the floor, till dry enough to give place to *that* blanket. Supper came, at last; and, late as it was, the indispensable "chicken-fixins" were not omitted. Just as we were asked to take seats at table, we learned when, where, and how, from what dish, and with what spoon, to replenish a lamp. But I shall not let you into the mystery, lest you take advantage of *our* ingenuity out here, and gas-lights will "do you;" I will only say that your chicken gravy ought to resemble melted lard, as near as may be.

The table removed, a bed was spread on the floor for N—— and myself, there being already two bedsteads and a field bed in the room. Our hostess said, in apology, that travellers were occupying her spare room; and we assured her that we could be comfortable here. Her husband took W—— to the travellers' room, who, refusing a light, remarked afterwards, that he pillowed his head between the logs, from choice, and slept sweetly. Thus ended the first day that seemed to us like journeying, for the two days previous we had been visitors — now we lodged in a *hotel*, minus the windows and some other convenient appendages. But all was compensated by the very kind manner of our entertainers; forty miles' walking and riding, over the worst part of the road, and the day unusually warm, had prepared us for a practical demonstration of the truth that the rest of the laborer is sweet. Thirty miles is considered a day's journey — for we did not "take the cars."

Eagletown, Ark.

[*To be continued.*]

P R A Y E R .

Father! the clouds o'erhead hang thick and low,
And gathering shadows hide earth's roseate bloom;
And far and faint life's painful waters flow;
Send forth thy star-like love amid the gloom.

As the spring struggles at its rocky birth,
With painful strivings for the morning bright,
So yearns the drooping soul to rise from earth
And bathe its fainting wings in Heaven's own light.

Father receive them! From their earth-bound flight
And stormy wanderings they turn to thee;
Fearful and sad they watch the coming night;
Unto thy sheltering rest they fain would flee.

For His dear sake whose bleeding soul has moaned,
Whose aching feet, like theirs, the earth hath trod,
Who oft, like them, in fearful anguish groaned,
Receive them kindly to thine arms, O God!

Boott Cor.

H. J. H.

DUTIES AND RIGHTS OF MILL GIRLS.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "LIGHTS AND SHADOWS OF FACTORY LIFE."

CHAPTER II.

Diet and Exercise, continued — Mr. G——— and his Girls — Exercise before and after Meals — Conversation at Table.

When the physiologist gives rules of diet and exercise, he makes conditions of times, modes, and qualities. These it is nearly useless to consider in a treatise for the mill girl; for when she will take her meals, and what shall be the articles of food constituting them; when she shall take her exercise, in what modes, in what places, are not, with her, matters of choice and rejection. She must eat when the iron tongue bids her, or not at all. She must take her out-door exercises then, or not at all, whatever may be her inclination or the requirements of her individual system founded on peculiar organization or habits of health. We will not stop now to think what a sadly circumscribed life is this of the mill girl. We will swallow the sigh that so often comes choking us, when we think of *all* those who labor under our present evil system of industry, whether their sphere is the factory or the household; and warm and encourage ourselves, by holding to our hearts this best faith in "the better time coming;" when the elements that now one hears moving, effervescing, shall have adjusted themselves into the clear, sparkling, health and joy-giving fountain, from which employed and employer shall drink alike and together. We will consider now what is still left for the mill girl; what she may still do in the security of health,—health of the body and health of the soul.

In the first place, my friends of the mills, eat slow, eat slow! Not occasionally, when there is nothing to do in the mills, nothing to your wardrobe; but always. If your frames do need cleaning; if your work is disordered and in need of arrangement; if you do make it an object to earn as much as you can, by any and all means. In connection with this subject, I must speak out what has lately come to my ears, touching the reception among the girls of the long breakfast recess, given by the good agent of the A——— Corporation, Manchester. But I fain would use some spell, which should make the paragraph invisible to those philanthropists and legislators who have been devising schemes of amelioration for the class, if I did not believe that they will still labor for it as the *need*, if not the choice, of all the operatives. Said an intelligent overseer to me, "Why, the girls themselves would rather work more hours than less. When Mr. G——— gave them three-quarters of an hour for breakfast, they shut the gates to keep the girls out; and, as sure as you live, in twenty minutes from the time they came out, a hundred were there on that bridge waiting—and not very patiently, either—for the gate to open. Mr. G——— said he was ashamed of them—actually ashamed."

Well Mr. G—— might be ashamed and disheartened in the good and earnest purpose he had of *raising* his girls. Others, too, were ashamed, no doubt; I mean the more intelligent portion of the mill girls themselves. I hope the day is not far, when the human system — its wants, and its fearful exposures to harm — will be understood by every factory girl in the land. Then will it be known, that that girl has a vulgar mind, who is seen hastening in long strides to the mill, before she has had time to eat half a meal with proper mastication.

Then eat slow. Let every particle of food be moistened with saliva before it is swallowed; otherwise you impose upon the juices of the stomach a task which does not belong to them, and which they cannot perform without a derangement of their own legitimate functions.

Do not eat too much. Physicians now generally agree in this; that the condition of health depends more upon the *quantity* of food consumed, than upon the *quality*; that variety is necessary in physical economy, and that its injury lies chiefly in its "inducement to excess in quantity." Do not *rinse* your food down with drinks. It is better not to drink at all until the meal is finished, and then only a half or a whole glass, according as thirst has been more or less excited by previous exercise and perspiration.

EXERCISE BEFORE AND AFTER MEALS.

If one's health is *perfect*, one may venture to take exercise at any time except when the stomach is exhausted by long fasts, after hearty meals, and in the evening air. It is, however, better for all, and absolutely necessary for persons in imperfect health, to avoid all unusual exertion, such as cleaning work, walking rapidly, for a short interval before and after meals; before meals, because "when you are tired your stomach will be so too, and your food will oppress you;" after meals, because "you withdraw those powers" (muscular and nervous) "from the stomach, and leave it unfit for the process of digestion." To those who have studied physiology, all the reasons of these rules will be obvious enough. To those who have not, let me recommend Dr. Combe's treatise, or Cutler's abridged edition. They are small, cheap works, and will be found exceedingly interesting as well as useful.

Do all in your power to promote cheerful, animated conversation at table. Besides helping your digestion, this will quicken your intellectual and social powers. Read aloud from the "Offering," and discuss the merit of its contents — *en passant*, always in the very best nature. Read paragraphs from the papers. Keep your eye on France, Italy, all Europe; and exult without stint, that the day is dawning upon the dark, damp places there. Especially let all this sociability attend and follow dinner, *the* hearty meal of the day. Or, if you prefer it to sitting and talking at table, go to your chambers, take a few stitches in your needlework, make a few strokes with your pen, or pencil, or read, or talk; but do not, *under any circumstances*, return to the labor, the confined air of the mills, until the bell calls you.

After supper, even in summer time, what with shopping, making and repairing clothing, reading, attending lectures, &c., the mill girl has little leisure for walks of exercise ; and even if she had a plenty of time, the darkness and the damp air of evening are unfavorable to the health. This only, then, is left for her. Her breakfasts must be made but slight repasts ; and the twenty minutes left her after they are over, must be devoted to out-door exercises every day, if the weather is not very unpropitious. Dr. Combe says, " Different kinds of exercise suit different constitutions. The object, of course, is to employ all the muscles of the body, and to strengthen those especially which are too weak ; and hence, exercise ought to be often varied, and always adapted to the peculiarities of individuals. Speaking generally, *walking* agrees well with everybody ; but as it exercises chiefly the lower limbs and muscles of the loins, and affords little scope for the play of the arms and muscles of the chest, it is insufficient of itself to constitute adequate exercise ; and hence, the advantage of combining with it movements performed by the upper half of the body, as in many useful sports. Such exercises have the additional advantages of animating the mind, and, by increasing the nervous stimulus, making exertion easy, pleasant, and invigorating." The Doctor, among other sports, specifies shuttlecock, graces, ball, calisthenics ; insisting that they be performed *in the open air*. The reader will see to what point I am aiming, what I am about to propose as one of the most important, if not the most important condition of health among mill girls, every-day exercises in the open air, by means of walking, ball, and grace-hoop throwing, &c.

But the *modus operandi*, the *modus operandi* ! Ah, this is the difficulty ; but I shall show in another number, that it is not at all impracticable, if operative and owner will each cast in just a mite of sympathy and effort.

Manchester, N. H.

A FAMILIAR LETTER

FROM "RUTH ROVER."

My Dear Friend : I have but just found time to reply to your welcome missives, having been hindered by a vacation and a wedding ; — don't start ! — the latter was not my own, only a family affair. Friend Sarah, the companion of my travels hither, has forsaken the calm land of Single Blessedness, and emigrated to the mist-veiled State of Matrimony. I could not but accept her invitation to witness her departure ; and was glad of even this opportunity to relieve the tedium of school-keeping.

I took passage in the neat steam-packet "Luella," for the "Mound City," where I met Sarah's prospective moiety, who conducted me to Belleville, where the happy event was to take place. It is but a two-hours' trip from Alton to St. Louis ; and you will rightly suppose that I chose to be a "deck passenger" most of that time. The Mississippi has little picturesque beauty, at least in the winter. Its

banks, or the small portion of them which I saw at this time, are low bottom-lands, and for the most part, lie in their native wildness. They are covered with trees, many of which are wound about and bent down by Anaconda-looking grape vines. Neither these nor the trees having received the earliest tint of verdure, the Father of Waters wears a sullen and dreary aspect, especially after he marries the muddy Missouri.

I spent a week with my friend; bestowing jokes, advice, and assistance upon her and her pedagogue husband, to, and a little beyond, their entire satisfaction. By that time, I was willing to go whither my heart was impelling me, to my sister's prairie home. Sister! Home! are they not sweet words? But I never felt all their power, nor that of the sacred word "*Mother*," until I became a wanderer.

Again I visited and left the Mound City, with its girdle of steam-boats and its coronet of bituminous coal smoke. The commencement of my journey home was dull; the coach slowly ploughing its way through the stiff mud of the American Bottom, and the passengers (three gentlemen) maintaining a moody silence, except when a sudden jolt shook from them a smile or an ejaculation. For an hour or two I solaced myself with *thinking*; but my thoughts, like naughty children, had got out of their every-day order, by going out visiting, and they would not mind me, nor *stay fixed* at all. I gave them up to their own course, and was becoming sleepy, cross, and *blue*, when, thanks to Nature or the aborigines, Monk's Mound hove in sight, and opened our eyes to wonder and our mouths to speculation. These mounds are almost always appropriated, probably on account of the wide prospect and airy situation which they afford. This one has a cottage built upon its summit.

At noon, we exchanged our coach for a lumbering covered wagon, which ourselves and our baggage filled to its utmost capacity. The oddity of being crowded together in this unexpected conveyance, together with the fact that, somehow or other, we had found each other out to be Yankees, kept us sociable. But now I was crowded into the back part of the wagon, and not a curtain nor a loop-hole was there, through which I might behold the goodly landscape. When they told me that the sun was setting gloriously, I could not help lamenting this; and a jovial M. D., who sat before me, extracted with his penknife two circular bits of the wagon-cover contiguous to my head, saying, "A pair of spectacles for you, madam." Just at dusk I left my fellow-passengers, who did not expect to reach their destination until morning. We felt quite like old acquaintances by this time, and among several very genteel parting compliments, the above-named gentleman expressed a wish that I "might remain, to lighten the tediousness of their journey." I informed him that I would do it most effectually, by removing myself and carpet-bag.

I was now at Bunker Hill, within three miles of Woodburn, the place of my sister's residence; and after waiting most impatiently an hour or two, I succeeded, by means of an "almighty dollar," to get a churl of a fellow to take me that distance in a two-horse wagon.

Alton, Illinois, March 25, 1848.

DEATH OF NAPOLEON.

BY M. A. DODGE.

"A dreadful tempest arose, on the day preceding that which was to close the mortal existence of this extraordinary man. The fifth of May came, mid wind and rain, while Napoleon's passing spirit was deliriously engaged in a strife more terrible than that of the elements without. The words "*tout d'armes*," the last that escaped his lips, intimated that his thoughts were watching the current of a heady fight."—*Scott's Life of Napoleon*.

'Tis fearful on the work of Death to gaze,
To mark the quiver of life's flickering rays,
Whether the tyrant's hollow footsteps fall
In peasant's cot or monarch's stately hall.
But, when great spirits from their thrones are hurled,
Whose footsteps echoed through the sounding world,
And shook men's hearts within them,—when these go,
Fiercely to grapple with life's conquering foe,
Like the wild war of chaos, dim and drear,
It sinks the soul with terror and deep fear.
Stretched silently on his lone bed he lay,
And Death was busy there. In wild dismay
The breakers dashed around that rock-ribbed isle,
His prison home; and, mournfully the while,
Hoarse roaring, as a boisterous ruffian sings,
While overhead the tempest flapped its wings,
The sad waves chant his dirge. That clammy brow,
Clad with the damps of death, tells plainly now
That fast the life-blood round his heart is chilling,
And fast the long death-sleep is o'er him stealing.
Fond child of Fortune! with the boisterous strife,
That swept the raging billows of thy life,
Thy spirit struggled in its kingly strength,
But this is thy last struggle; for, at length,
Rest, such as death brings, shall be thine;
And in thy narrow bed, through coming time,
Thou shalt sleep soundly as the peasant child,
And o'er thee shall the sweet stars beam as mild.
Thou shalt sleep quietly, but not forgot—
The memories of great actions perish not;
And, through the arches of Fame's sounding hall,
Where many a shade starts up at History's call,
Thy name for ages shall a watchword be,
And laurel wreaths twine round thy memory.
But see! that eye, which erst was glazing fast,
Gathers intenser fire, as do the last
Departing glances of the sinking sun
Flash brighter glory ere his race be run.
Now, by the workings of those thin, pale lips,
That beaming brow, whereon Death's angel sits,
The giant mind gives token of its life,
Strong, even in agony of deathful strife.
O for the spirit power, aside to roll
The gross material veil that shrouds that soul;—
To note what thoughts are deeply shadowed there,
Whether of grief, or gladness, hope, despair;
And mark what visions bright, of other days,
Come thronging round him, when the outward gaze
Views one dull blank. Say, does his spirit roam
A merry child, through his old island home,
Where the breeze whispers through the rustling shade,
By clustering vine and dark-green olive made?

Perchance upon that childish brow there rest
A mother's hands ; and by her voice he's blest,
While kneeling at the vesper hour of prayer,
Before one trace of sin was shadowed there.
Or, it may be, a brighter, ruddier flush
Of happiness steals o'er him, like a gush
Of music from the seraph lyres above,
When first his soul woke to the light of love ;
And memories of fond hours, when, bright and clear,
His star of fate, his Josephine, was near ;
Ere mad ambition quenched that love in night,
And round his pathway spread its withering blight.
Ah no, the dreams of love come not to bless
That dying couch ; no forms of tenderness
Are clustering round ; but fiercer, stormier thought,
With battle din, his passing spirit wrought.
He speaks ; his parting, livid lip reveals
The conflict which the dying warrior feels :
" Head of the army ! " Yes, strong even in death,
Ambition yields but with his parting breath.
Yes, that stern spirit now fiercely is rushing
To the thick of the fight, where the life-blood is gushing,
Where banners are streaming, and spears brightly shine
In the glorious gleaming of morn on the Rhine.
Mid the smoke of the cannon, the roar of the thunder,
Like the crash that shall rend the creation asunder,
He leadeth his host to the terrible fray,
Unheeding the dying that lie in his way,
And the jaws of the cannon are pouring forth death,
And the air groweth rife with their sulphurous breath ;
While fast, ever faster, the death-shots still fall,
And blacker that smoke-cloud unfurls its deep pall.
Yet he, the bold war-god, he rules the red storm,
With Victory's mantle spread round his proud form.
Alas, while he battles in fancy the foe,
Death pointeth his dart, and the chief is laid low.
We know that the tyrant is over him stealing,
By those veins where the life-blood is slowly congealing,
By those throbs faintly telling the sands yet to run,
We know that his victory is already won.

Now Heaven show him mercy ! his soul takes its flight
Through the dark portals of Death's fearful night,
And stands before its Maker. And this clay,
Pale, cold, inanimate, in shrouds doth lay,
Of him whose iron heel once trod on thrones,
And spurned them from their heights. Who towered alone
In his imperial greatness. In their woe
Looked down on kings beneath him, bending low
Before his lofty mandate. Power may come
And learn a lesson. Pride stoop o'er its home,
And turn away in meek humility. Yet deal
Gently, O gently, as by him ye kneel,
Who now has gone where praise or slander's blight
Reach not his ear. His was the eagle's flight ;
Ever high aiming at some purpose far,
Scorning ignoble deeds. Alas, that such a star
Should but have flashed a meteor's deathlike gleam,
Scaring the nations with its fitful beam,
And then sunk down in darkness. But the voice
Of mad ambition made his heart rejoice ;
Led him unmoved o'er carnage ; and to him could cease
But o'er an exile's grave. There rest in peace.

Middlesex Cor.

"THE OLD FARM-HOUSE."

BY NANCY R. RAINY.

That "old farm-house" it stands there still, defying the rude touches of art, which cannot disguise it. True, it has exchanged its old brown coat for a more showy one of red; but in these modern days who does not display a tinge of vanity? Then deride not the appearance of "the old farm-house," for it is very dear to many, who hail with delight these symptoms of rejuvenescence.

Even all the appurtenances are in perfect keeping with the *edifice* itself. That large willow tree in front has an ancient look, which *compels* — no, attracts — one almost to venerate it. This is true, dear old willow; not one word is flattery; I should rather term it gratitude; for those days, when the "great swing" was so kindly upheld by thy giant arms, are not forgotten. Under thy grateful shade a joyous group have often collected to spend a merry hour. *Could* we be so ungrateful as to forget past favors? Even now, when returning from an occasional ramble, are we strongly tempted to sport in the cooling shade afforded by thy friendly branches. But what change can be wrought by seven circling years! Now we must say, with regret,

"The shout and the romp, in the forest wild,
Are only meet for the gay, young child."

We are checked only by the fear of shocking by our rudeness a second Chesterfield; and far be it from us to disregard the Golden Rule.

The before-mentioned seven years have truly brought a change — but not to the "farm-house," neither to the old "willow tree," nor yet to those motherly hens, with their noisy broods. Dear me, I cannot distinguish them from their predecessors! But hush! There comes a purchaser, and I would not insinuate such an idea, for the world!

Now must we take a cooling draught from the old-fashioned well. How refreshing! I would sooner take a *dipper* of *that*, than a *glass* from the modern fountain; not that I should refuse the latter, for "everything is well in its place."

One question, dear reader, before we close. Dost think the "old farm-house" to be "our homestead?" Ah, no! We are not even so much as acquainted with the names of the fortunate occupants. Nevertheless it shall ever be dear, for the associations connected with it are too precious to be forgotten. May its household gods be never disturbed, but guard in peace that happy hearthstone.

Cabot Cor., Chicopee, Mass.

THE SORROWS OF SIMON.

BY "CHARITY DAWSON."

PART IV.

"Sorrow after sorrow, there is no end to sorrow," said Simon, as he approached his house one night, and beheld the blinds of his wife's parlor thrown wide open; a thing not thought of before since they had been married. And, O horrors! was it possible? Could it be a man's shoulder he espied near the window? It was; for a slight movement brought to view a cheek, a chin, and a pair of huge, black whiskers. "A man, in my wife's parlor! what on earth can it mean?" ejaculated Simon, with eyeballs protruding from their sockets; "what can it mean?" The poor, jealous husband dashed forward, fully believing he should find *that man* hid away somewhere; and was met at the door by his wife, all smiles and affection. "All deception," muttered Simon, as he stalked frowning past her into the supper-room. And that supper-room! what a change it had undergone! Instead of the smoky walls, the torn curtains, the oily lamp, and dusty table minus of aught eatable, there was the clean, nice room, with its snow-white walls, its cheerful fire; and the air of comfort that pervaded it was enough to compensate any old bachelor, excepting Simon, for all the trouble it might cost him to get married. But alas for the stricken man; he saw nothing in it all but "splendid misery." He could not appreciate the unobtrusive care and affection of his wife; one thought alone ran burning through his brain — *that man in his wife's parlor*; and on, on he stalked, regardless of all, to the parlor door; and there, by the window, sat the object of his search, very quietly chatting with a young girl on the sofa, whom his wife introduced as "sister Mary." And that man, after all, was nobody but just "cousin Frank." Little Georgy, with a joyous shout, sprang to meet the frowning man whom he called "father," and would have drawn him to "aunt Mary," had not Simon retreated to the kitchen to doff his overcoat and thick, wet boots. When they met at the supper-table, the frown had partially disappeared from his brow, yet he was moody and unsociable; the idea of *his* wife's having company, was not just the thing; somehow he could not digest it. If he appeared glad to see them this time, would they not come again? And then would not *her* relations be coming all the time? And then there passed before him, in gloomy array, a long list of expenditures for these social visits. "The truth was, he had married the widow, not all her relations; and he had better begin as he could hold out." This settled, he wrapped himself up in sulky reserve. Poor Simon! he appeared to be the only unhappy one at the table. His wife had not yet learned that it is a married woman's duty to forget friends, and cease even to exercise the common courtesies of life, if her husband bid her do so, and consequently conversed as pleasantly and freely as if Simon had not been in existence. Mary, a roguish, blue-eyed girl of sixteen, was not to be silenced by his frowns and crusty answers; and Frank, determined to find out what kind of a husband he made, exerted all his power to draw him out. He spoke of the discouraging prospect before manufacturers. "Yes,

yes," interrupted Simon; "hard times these, for poor folks; have to work hard for little pay. Can't get money; can't afford to visit. Such times as these people ought to stay at home, be saving, live on brown bread and potatoes, and dress less extravagantly. I don't know how other folks get along; for my part, I just dig, dig, and drudge all the time, and barely live after all." But little more was said till after tea; and in the course of the evening Simon suggested the propriety of Frank and Mary's going down to see his wife's brother, who lived just in the edge of Appletown, and who, of course, would feel very much slighted if they did not visit them. "Did 'nt I do that slick?" said Simon to himself the next morning, after they were gone. "Zounds! if I don't teach folks to come here and get a living out of me. I'll bet a cent my wife spent more than five dollars for her supper last night. There were her pies, her cakes, her custards — more eggs than a few in them; and her preserves — did 'nt know there was one in the house before. But I'll fix it; yes; I'll put a stop to this company coming; by the powers, I will!"

TO HARRIET.

BY CAROLINE M. WHITNEY.

O, how the word "farewell" will thrill
The anxious, yearning heart!
What agony the spirit chill,
When from the loved we part.

The scalding tears unbidden gush
From eyes all dim with weeping;
In vain we strive our grief to hush,
It haunts e'en in our sleeping.

I know that gentle heart of thine
Has felt this pang of sorrow,
I know this yearning heart of mine
Its sympathy can borrow.

I know thy worth, and highly prize
Such friendship as thine own;
I've gazed into thy soul-lit eyes,
To catch thy spirit's tone.

But ah! I know the hour *must* come
When farewell words are spoken;
Thou 'lt hie thee to thy distant home:
Shall friendship then be broken?

When other friends and scenes surround,
And happiness is thine,
Will thoughts of her who fondly loved
Around thy heart-strings twine?

Like summer twilight's pensive hour,
Or sunlight on the sea,
Shall o'er me rest that soft'ning power,
The memory of thee.

South Adams, Mass.

SPIRIT COMMUNION.

BY L. A. CHOATE.

[Concluded.]

"At the first glance, Edwin Monroe's image was stamped upon her heart, never to be erased. Being drawn into each other's society every day, no wonder his winning address should steal her young affections; but not one word escaped his lips, that she could construe into the language of love; yet still, to her fancy, his dark eyes spoke a language far deeper and more eloquent than words could tell. Day after day, for months, still found Edwin a visitor at Mrs. Seymour's; and yet he found some pretext for a longer stay. Might not Fanny imagine that her company had some influence in prolonging his visit, as day after day he sought her room for pleasant chat upon various subjects of nature and history?

"As their acquaintance ripened, she was painfully aware that he was far above her in every point of view; and that it was scarcely possible, and not at all probable, that he would think of wedding a girl like her; and she endeavored to overcome every feeling of preference for him; but the more she strove to banish his image from her mind, the more bright and vivid it appeared. He was perpetually before her, sleeping or waking; yet her strength of character enabled her to hide every feeling within her own breast, and appear to him merely as an agreeable girl; for she would not, for the world, have betrayed her heart to him. The day of departure came, but not one word to her, more than to a passing acquaintance, whatever might have been his feelings. Mrs. Seymour had watched their intercourse with a careful eye, encouraging his partiality, hoping that her favorite might find favor with him, and was much chagrined at his apparent indifference.

"One day, several months after his departure, Mrs. Seymour entered Fanny's room, with an open letter in her hand, saying, 'Miss Wyman, Edwin writes me that he intends taking up his residence in the city, so we shall be favored with his company once more.'

"'Indeed; how soon?' inquired Fanny, somewhat surprised.

"'Next week is the time specified,' replied Mrs. Seymour.

"This was the most unwelcome intelligence to Fanny; a thousand thoughts rapidly passed through her mind; she would gladly have given up her place, and retired to the country; but such haste might betray her feelings; upon a second thought, she concluded it best to remain, and meet him as best she might.

"The following week, Edwin Monroe's professional cards were duly circulated, and he soon gained an extensive practice as a very skilful physician. Scarcely a day passed but found him at the residence of Mrs. Seymour, and in Fanny's company, which served to rivet more firmly her affections, that had increased with his absence, for his image was ever with her. Gladly would she have retired from his presence, but could not with propriety. Cease to

love him she could not, but resolved it should be as a sister loves a brother. According to her theory of spirit communion, she was well assured that he loved her as tenderly, but for some reason refused to give those feelings utterance. From his studied coldness in her presence, she was almost staggered in her belief of spirit communion.

“Thus several years passed; but Fanny was not without suitors. Many promising young men sought her hand; she uniformly refused their offers, but with kind respect to their noble hearts, for she would not trifle with affection she knew how to appreciate but could not return, *because she was the spirit bride* of Edwin Monroe; resolving never to wed, save with her heart's chosen and best beloved.

“Rumor, with ‘her thousand tongues,’ reported far and near, that Edwin Monroe was to be married to his beautiful cousin; and many a fair lady's heart throbbed quickly at the intelligence, for he was a general favorite; perhaps this might explain why he was so popular a physician. But to Fanny, it came like a thunderbolt, crushing at once the cherished hopes of years; causing a dizzy faintness, like unto death; and it was almost a superhuman effort that controlled her emotions. No eye, save that of the Great Omnipotent, saw the terrible struggle that shook to the very foundations the whole fabric of her earthly hopes. But hers was a conqueror's victory; and her soul was renovated and purified by the conflict of that decisive hour; and she felt that she was a holier and happier being, in answer to the agonizing prayer that gave her the triumph. She knew that she was a better being for having been acquainted with Edwin Monroe; he had been the *beau ideal* of her youthful fancy; she had considered him a pattern of excellence, and therefore had aimed at a standard of perfect action, and what she thought would be most approved by him. She had ever been a gentle and amiable girl; but now her very thought and being was centered upon the high and holy duties of an active piety, casting a halo around her that savored of the blessedness of heaven; and hers was the adornment of a meek spirit's lustre.

“Abba Monroe, like Fanny Wyman, was an orphan; but, unlike her, she was the child of wealthy and influential parents. Cradled in affluence and nursed in the lap of luxury, her every thought and wish had been anticipated and gratified. She was a gentle and timid girl, leaning upon her friends for support and counsel, like the ivy about the sturdy oak. In face and form she very much resembled Fanny, and might have possessed the same strength of character, had she been thrown upon her own resources for a livelihood. Upon the death of her parents she became an inmate of her uncle's family, and very soon became the cherished favorite of all the family. To Edwin she had peculiar charms, and he loved her as tenderly as he did his own sisters. Though several years her senior, she was the companion of his youthful recreations and amusements; his college vacations were hailed by her as gladly as by his sisters. As she ripened into a lovely woman, he was fully aware of a deeper regard than sisterly affection; and he was well satisfied that in her he would find a devoted companion for life; and she was all that a

man of wealth and fashion could wish ; for she had been well taught in all the accomplishments of female education.

“ It was a delightful, balmy day in September, that was appointed for the bridal ; it was indeed a gala day for the many wedding guests that assembled to witness the ceremony. Abba was a joyous bride ; no cloud had shaded her young brow ; and being wed to the choice idol of her heart’s affections, she moved amid that vast throng of beauty, wealth, and fashion, combining all the magnificence of regal splendor. She was the fairest of the fair, dressed in a plain robe of white satin, over which a tunic of rich blond set off her fairy form to much advantage. Edwin was truly a happy man, as he gazed upon that beautiful girl, the admired of all admirers, and soon to be all his own. They thus began a life of sweet delight, with the expectation of long years of happiness in each other’s society ; but their cherished expectations were not to be realized. She had always been a delicate girl, and very soon her health began to decline ; and in less than one year from that splendid bridal night she was shrouded in her coffin, her last resting-place. Having given birth to a daughter, she had survived but a few hours. The stricken husband was as one bereft of reason, and would gladly have been laid in the cold grave beside her ; but his duty to his little motherless one demanded his utmost care ; for her sake he endeavored to compose himself. Mrs. Seymour, by the urgent request of Mr. Monroe, received the child into her family, placing her under the immediate care of Fanny Wyman ; and as she watched the infantile graces of little Abba Frances, who was the very image of her departed mother, her heart was filled with love to the little one ; she was a lovely, interesting child ; and Mr. Monroe watched that tender care with a fond father’s approval.

“ Only a few months had elapsed when he sought an interview with Fanny, whom he found with the little one gently nestled in her arms. The color mantled her brow as she rose to receive him ; it being the first time of meeting him alone since the death of his wife. He drew his chair close beside her, in playfulness with the child, and said : —

“ ‘ Miss Wyman, please excuse my intrusion ; I wished to speak with you upon a subject *dear* to me, and *near* to you, namely, the training of this little one.’

“ ‘ Yes sir, you are quite excusable ; I will endeavor to do as well by her while she may be under my care, as I have done.’

“ ‘ I have no doubt of that ; her beautiful appearance bespeaks it well. May I not hope, Miss Wyman, that she will find a kinder mother in so kind a nurse ? ’

“ ‘ I sincerely hope that she may find a kind and affectionate mother, and one that will truly appreciate the trust committed to her care, and train her in all that pertains to Christian grace and charity, as well as the elegant accomplishments of a *fine lady*.’

“ ‘ And who, may I ask, is better qualified for those offices than yourself ? ’

“ ‘ Very many. And certainly you cannot mean it, when you ask the question.’

“‘Yes, Fanny, if you will allow me the familiarity to call you by that name; and I do not mean to leave you, till you say that you will be a mother to her in becoming my wedded wife.’

“‘Certainly, Mr. Monroe, you are jesting,’ said Fanny, turning deadly pale; ‘surely it does not become a gentleman of your standing thus to trifle with a girl like me.’

“‘No, Miss Wyman, you wrong me very much by thinking thus; far be it from me to trifle with you or any other one. But in the ten years of our acquaintance, I have regarded you more as a sister than a stranger; and if I am not greatly mistaken, I have not been wholly indifferent to you; or at least have hoped, as much; speak Fanny, and tell me truly, is it not so?’

“‘Mr. Monroe——’

“‘Speak gently, Fanny; and do call me Edwin; it sounds so distant — *Mr. Monroe.*’

“‘Well, Edwin, if that will please you better; since you have appealed so directly, I will answer truly and candidly; far from being indifferent, your image has been deeply engraven upon my mind since our first acquaintance, and you have been as dear to me as I have supposed an own brother could be; but I have striven, O, I have vainly striven to overcome every feeling of regard to you, save that of true friendship! I loved that gentle, beautiful being, the mother of this sweet babe, with the true devotion of a sister’s love, and for her sake I would willingly sacrifice much for this little one; but I know that I am not competent to fill the place of a mother to her; therefore do not ask it. There are many ladies among your acquaintance who are far better qualified than I——’

“‘Stop, stop, Fanny; not quite so fast. I am sure that I could not name one among that number that could be preferred before you; I speak not to flatter, but with truth and soberness; you have been candid in your avowal, so will I be. Since our first introduction by Mrs. Seymour, I have been at a loss, at times, to choose between you and that departed one; being so like in almost every respect, in loving one I must almost necessarily love the other; but a previous engagement to her settled the question at that time. Now there is no earthly barrier to our union, and, by your own confession, our hearts are one; why then object?’

“‘Your friends would be astonished.’

“‘Not at all; but would be highly pleased; for you live already in their affections, from the representation of *one* that was dear to us both. Miss Wyman, will you be my wife?’

“‘I will,’ replied Fanny, emphatically, ‘and hope that you will never have occasion to repent your choice.’

“As his footsteps died away in the distance, the pent-up feelings of years, like the resistless lava tide of a terrible volcano, gave themselves vent in a flood of tears; not of disappointed grief, but of the joyfulness of a heart made glad. She wept long and freely, being thereby refreshed, as the parched landscape by the cooling summer’s shower. The varied emotions of many years came crowding through her memory in rapid succession, which only could be calmed by the most fervent devotion at the throne of Him who had ever been her

shield and protection. The event of the evening firmly fixed her vacillating theory. When Mr. Monroe married, his image did not fade and die away in the distance, but between that image and herself the form of his wife intervened, thereby demonstrating to her that she was not beloved at the sacrifice of those holy vows resting upon him. But upon the removal of his companion by death that image assumed an intense brightness, unsurpassed previously; and though she thought that she had triumphed, the vividness of the image told her that she had only subdued, not conquered, for she could not meet him without contending emotions. Why then wonder at her decision in accepting her *first love*? True, she might rather have accepted him as a bachelor than a widower; but she respected him the more for fulfilling his engagements to one who loved him as truly as herself. She well knew that the influence of the first wife's character would affect the well-being of the one that should presume to fill her place, especially where there are children concerned; for the duties of a step-mother are delicate and trying in the extreme, and but few are competent to discharge them. All these things were duly weighed; but the tender age of the child promised much in her favor; she would have the moulding and training of the little one, and in a measure she would be what she desired. Very soon after the first interview the marriage took place, in the most unostentatious manner, suiting her love of quiet and retirement. She is a happy wife, as far as happiness can be attained in this life. She, like all other wives, has found a great many unexpected peculiarities, which must be overlooked or fallen in with; yet he is the kindest of husbands and tenderest of fathers; one in whom she can place the utmost confidence; and confidence is the true source of domestic happiness. Mrs. Monroe is the happy mother of several interesting children. Abba Frances is a quiet, gentle girl, just ripening into womanhood. She is the confidant of her mother in all her household duties, and of great assistance in training the younger children; thus showing the happy influence exerted upon her by her step-mother."

Church Street, Lowell.

FISHERSVILLE. This is a beautiful place....There are two granite mills here. One of them is of medium size, close beside the road. You can hear the girls talk, and tell the names of the flowers on their window-seats, as you pass. The other is a large, splendid building. The entrance, the passages, and stair-cases are broad, well-lighted, well-aired, and tidy....There are plants in the windows, and beneath them on the outside is the green yard. It is kept free from cotton and every kind of clutter, *for them*, to make *their* mill-home fresher and more agreeable. You may know that the girls were neatly dressed, lady-like and respectful in their manner and their speech. This they were without a single exception. They looked on the "Offering" as something that had interest and worth in their eyes. They wanted it, they all wanted it.

E. J. C.

ROXY AND DORCAS: OR, ALL FAITH AND NO FAITH.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "ABBY'S YEAR IN LOWELL."

CHAPTER IV.

Dorcas was right; the overseer did hate her; but she had first disliked and distrusted him. With the assurance of this, and the suspicions of a mind always watchful for the worst, her future life looked gloomy indeed. But she soon became aware of another characteristic in Mr. Nelson; she knew that he was a just man. No actual instance of wrong, unkindness, or neglect, could she charge against him in her bitter conversations with Roxy. As for the latter, she was as perfectly delighted with him as is a fortunate Miss with her first beau. She knew nothing; she could not understand the silent, sullen attitude of defiance in which these two, whom she liked so well, stood towards each other. Dorcas's conduct, so perfectly stiff, correct, and attentive in the mill, was rightly understood by Mr. Nelson to mean this: "I know that you hate me, and that you are ready to take advantage of the first mistake to bring a formal charge against me, and discharge me; and that, if I give you an opportunity, you will represent matters so as to prevent my obtaining a place elsewhere. But, Mister, you have got to show yourself the downright villain that you are, to take this course. I shall give you no advantage. Come, sir, we'll see who plays the best game, you or I!"

Dorcas never asked a favor; she felt that it would not be granted. Sometimes Roxy asked one for her, but she was not always a successful applicant.

"May Dorcas and I go out, Mr. Nelson, and stay two hours?"

"Do none of the girls want your help?"

"No; they have not asked us to take their work."

"But you are not learning anything when you are out."

"O, we have learned now; and are both ready for work of our own."

"Well; *you* may go out."

"And Dorcas, too? Mr. Nelson."

"She has not asked to go. She does not wish to go."

"Yes she does; I am sure that she does."

"Well, she has got a tongue in her head, has 'nt she? Let her come and ask, if she wishes to go."

"I don't know that she wishes to go *very much*; but I would like to take a walk up to the powder mills, and I do not like to go alone."

"Well, you may both go; and you need 'nt come in again till after dinner."

"Thank you, sir; you are very kind;" and Roxy danced away.

And thus it was in the house, and among the girls with whom they worked. Roxy was the medium, the intermediate, who connected Dorcas by a bond of something like cheerfulness, with those around her. Neat, systematic, active, and intelligent, there was no cause for complaint out of the mill, or in the boarding-house. But no one loved

her but Roxy; and she loved none but the kind-hearted girl who was her constant shield and companion.

And was she really kind to her? Yes; there is in every human heart, and young people are almost always human, a need of love and sympathy; and Dorcas felt that the affection of Roxy was a blessing which she must not abuse, nor cast away. With an instinct, which some who are more experienced do not possess, she felt that the most kind and forbearing can in time be alienated, and therefore she never gave her friend one sullen look, one word unkind, or one motion of distrust. With her she could talk of her mother and her home, of her lot and her sorrows.

And Roxy could not understand why her reserve was always interpreted sullenness, and her watchfulness suspicion. Her harsh criticisms she attributed to superior refinement and intelligence; and many who are her superiors have made the same mistake.

Pawtucket Falls.

SONG OF THE CHICOPEE.

BY JANE B. HAMILTON.

"Brightly and gayly, I onward do glide,
To mingle my waves with a mightier tide;
My course windeth partly through broad, level plains,
On either bank waveth the thick, ripening grains.

"No dark, leafy foliage inweaveth between
The beautiful sky and my glittering sheen;
The noonday and midnight I faithfully trace,
And bright Nature's mirrored in my placid face.

"Yet I sing just as sweetly in yonder dark dell,
Where gurgling and purling my merry notes swell;
I love the dark forest, the cool, quiet shade,
To refresh the brown hillside, or brighten the glade.

"I stay not my course, but boldly I leap
The precipice huge, though fearful and deep;
And thus of obstruction a pleasure is made,
For what is more grand than the lofty cascade?

"Then upward again I merrily spring,
And onward, right onward, I cheerily sing;
Then kiss the fair banks, and rush on to the sea,
For this is the course that is traced out for me."

Now come, sage Reflection, and teach me to think
Of the lesson I learned on the Chicopee's brink;
When I saw its glad waters so happy and free,
Said I to myself, "Here's a lesson for thee."

Like the stream be content on the hill or the dale,
On Prosperity's mount, in Adversity's vale;
With cheerfulness ever thy calling pursue,
Till entered the mansions thus opened for you.

Dwight Cor., Chicopee, Mass.

EDITOR'S TABLE.

"WHATEVER MAN HAS DONE, MAN MAY DO;" and, whatever woman has done, woman may do. It is not true that, what some one man or woman has done, any man or woman may do; but that whatever has once been done has been proved possible, and may be accomplished again. Here is one use of history and biography; and another is to arouse emulation, to awaken aspiration; to encourage and advise. And so, to make all possible use of our apothegm, *whatever "factory girls" have done, "factory girls" may do.* It has never been an aim of the Offering (although the contrary has been asserted by one clique of its enemies) to limit the ambition of New England females to the factories. True, it would inculcate a calm and dignified demeanor in all mill girls, and all other girls. A continual grumbling and whining are, to say the least, in shocking bad taste; and a constant abuse of those from whom one is voluntarily receiving the means of subsistence, seems also to be something more than bad taste. But the eye may be open to every evil, and the mind active to devise remedies and ameliorations, without the whine of discontent, or the clamor of sedition.

In this communication we have room to refer to but one of the methods by which a factory girl may improve her condition. She may leave the mill. What girls have done, girls may do. She may become a teacher, to say nothing now of less influential positions. For the first time in our editorial life, we will allude to instances of intellectual enterprise among our acquaintances.

Miss R. was with us an operative in Lowell. She earned money in the mill to clothe and carry herself to Ohio, where she became a successful teacher, and, after some years of usefulness, was recently married to a merchant there. Miss B. was also an operative at our side; and she, in the same way, took for her motto, "Westward Ho!" and, after a short but successful career as a teacher, was married to a clergyman. But these were not wholly educated in the intervals of factory life, and they are examples of a large class, of which we have the happiness of a personal acquaintance with but few. Miss H., Miss T., Miss L., and Miss G., are still active and successful teachers out of New England, and have all been of our clique of contributors. Three, if not four of these, educated themselves while at work in the factory, or with the avails of mill labor. Miss B., now at one of the Normal Schools of this State, prepared herself to receive its advantages, on one of the corporations of Lowell. Teachers there are in our city, who can relate the reminiscences of their factory life, with the satisfaction of those who lived it well.

There have been writers for some of our best papers and periodicals, whose minds first gave the outward indication of their impulses, among the spindles.

Two of our contributors date from a missionary seminary among the "Choc-taw Nation;" and one of these has favored us, in the present number, with the commencement of a journey to the Cherokees. We thank her for the sketches,

and for the flowers so nicely pressed, and sent as visible tokens of what she saw, and what she took. At her urgent request we suppress her name, but her Lowell friends will not need it to recognize the "first poetess" of the "Offering."

But we have fulfilled already our intention — we have given a few instances, and in a few words, of what has been accomplished; and *what woman has done, woman may do*. If there had never been a "Lowell Offering," the public would in time have been disabused of the idea that "to work in the factory is sufficient to consign to infamy the most worthy and virtuous girl;" but still we are happy in the thought that this magazine is a concentrated and tangible fact, which has had, and still possesses, a powerful and happy influence.

We suppose it is understood that every article published in the "Offering" is "approved" by its editor; yet we do not always coincide with our contributors, and have sometimes failed to mature an opinion, where some of our friends have reached a decision. But we approve of freedom of thought and expression, and where there is nothing which we can now decide to be objectionable, we publish; leaving to our readers the liberty we reserve to ourselves, to investigate, reflect, and decide. In the chapter we now publish, upon the "Duties and Rights of Mill Girls," there is expressed the wish that our enlightened and philanthropic legislators will regard "*the need*," if not "*the choice*," of factory operatives, and labor for a reduction of the hours for work. But is not this rather a heretical idea, that the legislature shall decide that the laborer *shall not be employed but a limited number of hours*? What is the wish of the majority, we do not profess to know. One of our Lowell girls has expressed her violent opposition to the "Offering," fearing that it was to take a decided stand in favor of the "ten-hour system;" and an operative in a neighboring town has written to the same effect. The "New Era of Industry" seems to be succeeded by an era of apathy, and it is evident that "the hour is not yet."

A word upon another matter of some importance. The same writer says, "Let the dinner be the principal meal of the day." Why, after the evening's exercise, the fast of the night, the two hours' labor of the morning, and the two early walks, why not eat as much breakfast as dinner? Let temperance regulate both meals; but one seems to us as important as the other. We have not forgotten our old relish for it. Yet habit can modify our appetites, we all know; and that some nations never eat but two meals in a day. If we have anything to say against the breakfast, it is to reprobate those injurious and almost universal, yet tempting and excellent, *hot biscuit*.

One of the Boston editors wishes to know this contributor's opinion with regard to "the influence of 'candy shops' on factory girls." Will he not give us the benefit of his own with regard to the influence of restorators, oyster and ice cream saloons, &c., upon society in general? It seems to us that there is an analogy between the two subjects. By the "&c.," we mean dinner-table desserts, evening refreshments, and the fruits which come from the factory girl's distant country home.

TO CORRESPONDENTS. We have received some contributions, among which are, "Aunt Charity;" "Hope;" "A Leaf from Life;" "The Call to Prayer;" "The Factory Girl;" "I should like to marry," &c., but without the names or locations of the writers. Therefore we have not found a place for them.

THE
NEW ENGLAND OFFERING.

AUGUST, 1848.

THE WOUNDED DOVE.

AN INDIAN TALE.

BY "RUTH ROVER."

"Daughters of the red man, whither have ye wandered since the sun arose and smiled into the wigwam? Behold, his last red glance is upon the water, yet the brow of Sunny-Cloud reflects not its ray. And thou, Talking-Bird, what hath hushed thy ever-joyous voice? Tell me, have ye been upon the track of the wolf to-day?"

Thus spoke the Indian mother to two dark maidens, who came and stood before her as she rested at sunset from her labor.

Talking-Bird, the younger of the maidens, replied:—

"Nay; we were but thinking of a new-found friend. We are sad, because he is of a race that our mother loves not. Bending-Oak is a wise squaw. Her words are mild and fearless as the south wind over the prairie. Sunny-Cloud and Talking-Bird will tell their tale, and then listen to the wise words of Bending-Oak.

"The sunbeams had not warmed the stream when we entered the canoe to go and seek medicine-herbs in the great prairie far down the river. Everything was calm and glorious as the smile of the Great Spirit. Sunny-Cloud and I were very happy. We mocked the birds that sang above us, we repeated the wild legends of our tribe, and talked of all we had ever enjoyed or hoped to enjoy. So the time passed, till the noonbeams fell upon our heads, and the burning waters dazzled our eyes. We rowed into the shelter of a willow grove, and rested. As we sat in the canoe, listening to the low ripples of the stream, and thinking pleasant thoughts, there came a flash like lightning through the trees, then a sound quicker and sharper than thunder; and a pretty dove fell wounded into the canoe beside me. I took the poor bird and smoothed down its feathers. It panted for one moment, and its breath was gone. Just then, a tall hunter appeared under the shade of a papaw-tree. His robes were curiously fashioned, and he bore upon his shoulder a load of the choicest wild game. He was not like our chieftains; for his face was of the hue

of the January snow, when the yellow sun shines upon it, and his eye was bright as the depths of a moonlit sky in summer."

"A white hunter! Why does Talking-Bird use golden words when she speaks of him?" said the aged squaw, peering into the maiden's face. "The brows of our young men are like the wing of night; and methinks the dark forest-girl should admire them more than the bleached visages of her nation's foe."

The maiden turned and averted her eyes, and Sunny-Cloud spoke in her defence.

"The pale hunter was bold and kind. He laid his burden upon the grass, and spoke to us as a brother speaks. He smiled upon Talking-Bird, and told her that it grieved him to have killed a warbler gentle as herself; whose voice was musical and tender, like her own."

"And did the silly Talking-Bird return his smile? Those were not the words of a brother, but of a demon. The rattlesnake knows but too well how to lure the mocking-bird. His charm is bewitching, but he hath a deadly sting."

"Yet surely this was no traitor," persisted Sunny-Cloud. "He spoke of his home in a far-off land, as beautiful as the hunting-grounds of our dead warriors. And he called us sisters, saying that we had one Father. Then he laid dazzling ornaments into our baskets, and promised, before another moon, to bring richer gifts to the wigwams."

"Have ye put the white foe upon the Indian's trail?" said the squaw, angrily. "Doth the dove uncover its nest to the glaring eye of the hawk? Bending-Oak is rightly named. She is like yon tree that leans from the crag across the stream. A few more storms will howl round her head, and she will fall, broken and withered. But she will fall from a high place. She has looked over the tree-tops, and seen the tempest sweeping up the valley, while others stood quiet, nor dreamed of danger. And she can tell her simple daughters, that, in the track of the white man, the red race hath ever been swept away like leaves before the wintry blast. The tongue of the pale-face has two sides; one is smoother than oil, the other like coals of fire. If Talking-Bird listens to him, her fate will be like that of the bird that fell by his fire-arrows. It was a token from the Great Spirit, to warn her."

"But the Indian girls must not forget to be grateful?" appealed Talking-Bird, who had been standing a listener. "As I stood in the canoe, to turn its course down the stream, my blanket caught in a dead bough, and I fell. I could have swam to the shore, but the blanket choked me, and I hung like a weed in the deep water. But for the strong hand of the white hunter, Talking-Bird's voice might never again have mingled with the song of the youths by the wigwam fire. Surely, when he comes, we must give him venison and a shelter."

The Indian mother's heart almost yielded, but the frown lingered on her brow, and she departed, muttering, "Where is the brave, that once dwelt in the tent of Bending-Oak? He fell long ago, in the distant white village, and the buzzards have picked his bones. May the same fate come upon every son of the murdering race. The

curse of Bending-Oak is upon the white wolf, and on all who smile upon him."

The next day the aged squaw talked with the chiefs concerning the expected intrusion into their camp; and besought them, by removing to the borders of a distant river, to evade their visitor. But the girls of the tribe had preceded her with glowing descriptions of the treasures which the white trader had to offer in exchange for their furs; and curiosity and avarice overcame all her warnings and maledictions.

At the appointed time the boat of Elliott, the white hunter, was seen approaching the Indian encampment. He brought with him a supply of arms, beads, and such other articles as might please the taste of his red friends. His gifts won for him a gruff welcome from the men; but Elliott read a warmer one in the beaming glances of Sunny-Cloud and her young sister. But whenever, during their stay, he crossed the path of Talking-Bird, the keen, suspicious glance of Bending-Oak was upon them. His business was concluded, and he spoke of departing. The day was decided; and the evening previous, by some strange coincidence, Elliott and Talking-Bird were standing side by side, in a deep, woody glen, not far from the wigwams. The eyes of the dusky maiden were humid and sorrowful, as she said,

"You leave us too soon, my brother!"

"But I will not forget my forest-sister. Her memory will be like a sweet song from afar. May her life be peaceful and happy as yonder beautiful stream, that is quietly sparkling in the long, low sunbeams."

"But will the waters be bright when the sun has ceased to shine upon them? Talking-Bird's white brother has become the light of her life. When he is gone she cannot be glad, for it will be dark."

The young man started and trembled at this confession. His heart had yearned toward the gentle forest-girl, but he had not realized that the feeling was so deeply reciprocated. He knew the odium that a connection with her would attach to him, in the view of his kindred and acquaintance. But in the excitement of the moment he felt that he could bear it all, for the sake of her guileless love. He would be happy with her, and let the world take its own course.

"Will Talking-Bird go and make music in the lonely cabin of her white brother?" said he. "The holy man shall make us one, and, afar from both red and white, we will live for each other alone. Shall it not be so?"

The maiden laid her hand in his, and said, "I will go."

At that moment there was a sudden rustling—something flashed swiftly through the air, and Elliott fell to the ground with a deep groan. An arrow had pierced his breast. In frantic agony, Talking-Bird snatched it away and stanching the blood with her garments. But the wound was fatal. The hunter could only whisper, "Farewell." Just as the word died upon his lips, Bending-Oak issued from the shade, and muttered in a cold, satisfied tone:—

"The pale demon, that would lure the Indian fawn from her covert, is dead—and by a woman's hand. Leave his carcass, poor fool, and learn not to throw thyself again upon the coil of the serpent."

There was a wild stare in return, but Talking-Bird heard her not. An arrow had entered her own soul. Thought forsook its throne; and she became a quiet, melancholy maniac. The Indian girls changed her name, and spoke of her now as the "Wounded Dove." Day after day she would wander with her favorite, Sunny-Cloud, to the glen where the fatal event occurred, and together they would chant many a low, mournful song. After a few brief moons had waned, they laid her to rest beneath the turf where the white hunter fell, and the secluded spot was ever after called the "Glen of the Wounded Dove."

THE WIND.

BY "ELLEN CHANTRY."

Cease! cease thy wailing, wind!
 My heart is filled with sadness;
 Lonely and lone am I,
 O, drive me not to madness.
 Sigh less sad, thou wind;
 O wind, less sadly sigh.

When the even cometh,
 With a light and soundless tread,
 My weary spirit roameth
 With the early loved — the dead.
 Sigh less sad, thou wind;
 O wind, less sadly sigh.

'T is thy voice which bringeth
 That sweet vision to me then;
 'T is thy voice which wingeth
 That sweet vision back again.
 Sigh less sad, thou wind;
 O wind, less sadly sigh.

Ever, when it flieth
 Swiftly on its homeward track,
 Thy voice alone replieth,
 As my spirit calls it back.
 Sigh less sad, thou wind;
 O wind, less sadly sigh.

When my spirit yearneth
 To fly away, and be at rest,
 Thy voice alone returneth
 The deep sighs that rend my breast.
 Sigh less sad, thou wind;
 O wind, less sadly sigh.

But cease thy wailing, wind!
 My heart is filled with sadness;
 On earth no friend I find;
 O, drive me not to madness.
 Sigh less sad, thou wind;
 O wind, less sadly sigh.

Boston.

DUTIES AND RIGHTS OF MILL GIRLS.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "LIGHTS AND SHADOWS OF FACTORY LIFE."

CHAPTER III.

Our Duties — Channing on the Laboring Classes — Dignity and Uses of Labor — Means of Improvement — Reading — Diffusiveness of Kindness — Treatment of the Unhappy, of the Erring, of the Ignorant.

We are accustomed to speak distinctively of our duties to ourselves, to our neighbors, and to our Maker; as if these were separate departments of ethics, each with its boundary line; as if we were not all members of the same body, and of the social life of our world; as if it were not like the life of the ocean-wave, forever undulating, swelling, breaking, mingling wave with wave, drop with drop, and particle with particle; as if wave were not forever impelling wave, drop impelling drop, and particle impelling particle. However convenient this classification may be in the matter of systematic arrangement, we all see that it is far from being philosophical. We all know that we do not speak a word, or perform an act, whose consequences do not move onward, and onward, before and all around us; in a greater or less degree elevating or degrading ourselves and others; giving pleasure or pain; separating us from God, or bringing us into a closer and more endearing fellowship with Him. We cannot think of this too often, or too much, my young friends. We none of us realize it as we ought, how important it is what words we speak, what works we do or leave undone; what spirit in us goes, with its subtle but all-powerful influences, to the spirits of others. We will think of this now. While we are considering what duties the mill girl owes herself, we will reflect that she owes the same to society, and to God.

In the first place, it is for the mill girl to see to it that her intellect is strengthened, her moral sense quickened, her manner refined, her whole character elevated and improved, by the privileges and discipline of her factory life. This may seem "a hard saying" to those who, forgetting that their hours of labor may also be hours of study and improvement, divide and allot their time in this wise: Twelve hours of labor in the mills, *plus* five hours of repairing wardrobe, shopping, and eating, *plus* seven hours of sleep, equal to twenty-four hours; and twenty-four hours *minus* twenty-four hours, *minus* all hours of improvement. This reckoning is as hurtful in its tendencies as it is erroneous in point of fact, if it is made the plea by which the mill girl exonerates herself from the obligation so to curtail her hours of shopping, and wardrobe repairing, that she may get one or two hours each day for reading, and so to regulate her thoughts while her hands are busied, that what she reads may be well digested and applied. By this same process of reasoning, varied in some points as circumstances vary, almost every woman in the land, who is out of the schoolroom, might demonstrate it clearly, that her days of mental labor and mental acquisition are over. Her needle, her domestic

cares, fashion, society,—these beset her on every side with demands at once exorbitant, clamorous, and *apparently* just and reasonable, considering the present order of society; and she might divide her time between them and sleep; when in society, engrossing herself in scandal, idle chit-chat, and all sorts of common-place remarks upon the weather, and other things that be; and when out of society, leaving her thoughts to float without direction around the three main points of interest, what she shall eat, what she shall drink, and where-withal she shall be clothed. “I speak what I do know, and testify what I have seen,” in this. I have spent years, at intervals, in the mills, years in my father’s farm-house in the country, and months in the fashionable society of the large towns; and in all these conditions, when I did not set myself apart expressly for writing and study, I have found, not the same, certainly, but nearly equal hindrances to study and solid intellectual acquirements. In all, I have found temptations to unprofitable conversation, to idle reverie, and to overmuch thought for the “treasures which moth and rust corrupt;” and in all, when I pleased to exert a strong will to that purpose, leisure, and varied opportunity for rational thought, reading, and social intercourse. I know well that there are difficulties in our way of duty, let us be where and what we may; ordeals, and severe ones too, for the strength of our nerves, the soundness of our patience and faith, the energy and perseverance of our wills. But if we meet and master them as we are able, these become our highest good. Let me quote Channing, “On the Elevation of the Laboring Classes.” His remarks are so true, so encouraging, and at the same time so appropriate in this connection. “Manual labor,” he says, “is a school, in which men are placed, to get energy of purpose and character; a vastly more important adornment than all the learning of all other schools. They are placed, indeed, under hard masters; physical sufferings and wants, the power of fearful elements, and the vicissitudes of all human things; but these stern teachers do a work which no compassionate, indulgent friend could do for us; and true wisdom will bless Providence for their sharp ministry. I have great faith in hard work. The material world does much for the mind by its beauty and order; but it does more for our minds by the pains it inflicts; by its obstinate resistance, which nothing but patient toil can overcome; by its vast forces, which nothing but unremitting skill and effort can turn to our use; by its perils, which demand continual vigilance, and by its tendencies to decay. I believe that difficulties are more important to the human mind, than what we call assistances. Work we all must, if we mean to bring out and perfect our natures. Even if we do not work with the hands, we must undergo equivalent toil in some other direction. No business or study, which does not present obstacles tasking to the full the intellect and the will, is worthy of a man. The uses of toil reach beyond the present world. The capacity of steady, earnest labor is, I apprehend, one of our great preparations for another state of being. When I see the vast amount of toil required of men, I feel that it must have important connections with their future existence; and that he who has met

this discipline manfully, has laid one essential foundation of improvement, exertion, and happiness in the world to come. You will see that to me labor has great dignity. It is not merely the grand instrument by which the earth is overspread with fruitfulness and beauty, and the ocean subdued and matter wrought into innumerable forms, for comfort and ornament. It has a far higher function; which is to give force to the will, efficiency, courage, the capacity of endurance, and of persevering devotion to far-reaching plans."

Accustom yourselves, my good readers, to this view of labor. Have faith in its efficiency, and exult in its dignity. Make for yourself a pure and lofty aim, and then labor in its accomplishment; and respect yourself that you labor, that you are a factory girl. Thus will you keep yourself apart from everything that can degrade you, or hinder your progress. Thus will you believe that the brick walls which enclose you, do not in the least shut you out from improvement, usefulness, and comfort; and hence be ready to catch at every means for their attainment. You will be careful of yourself all along; what you think, what you say, and what you do. You will be kind to all around you, and try constantly to do them good in every way. And you will read, if you must on that account deny yourself of some desirable articles of clothing; and you will find time to read, if it leaves you none for idleness, none for unnecessary attention to your wardrobe. I know that confinement and labor in the mill, for so many hours in the day, weakens the body, lessens the energy of the mind, and sometimes indisposes one to mental effort. But after the labors of the day, after the pleasant social walk, or other useful exercise in the open air, one hour's reading, and then a little time spent in animated and agreeable conversation upon what has been read, will wonderfully refresh and improve both the body and the mind.

Almost every mill girl has one, who, above all others, is her chosen companion and her friend; and, upon considerations of self-gratification alone, she prefers her society to that of any other one. She should not, however, allow herself to be actuated uniformly by this attachment. She should have her eyes open to the troubles, the errors, and the wants of all around her. And if there is one whom she can comfort, one whose errors she can correct, let her forego a pleasant chat with her pleasant friend, and seek out this one. Let her take her to her side, feeling in her heart that they are sisters indeed, born to the same life of struggle with temptation and sorrow, and to the same fate of "dust to dust." Under this view, precious to her is the well-being of all her associates, warm are her sympathies in all that helps and all that harms them. She rejoices for them and for herself, that they are enjoying together such a beautiful life; that there is a Father in Heaven, and that there are beings on the earth for them to love and to serve; that friends, and flowers, and sunshine are in their way. She mourns too for them, and for herself, that "death is in the world," and that hence they must often weep; that the trail of the serpent is in their gardens, and that hence they must meet temptation, and sin, and sorrow. And then she longs

to do them good. She would fain cheer some of those hearts upon which enough of trouble will fall in this life, if no unkind or neglectful act of hers add to its weight. 'Tis good to feel thus. But not enough for her, or for others, that she feels that her heart swells, that her eye fills, as she looks upon one who is pale and ill, upon another whose "eyes are red with weeping," and yet upon another who has erred, and suffered the iron to enter her soul, sear her conscience, and harden her features; or who, it may be, sits now and weeps over her sin. No. Let her go to the pale one, and assist her, and speak encouraging words in her ear. By the sorrowful one let her pause a moment. And here let her preserve that delicacy and tact, without which her attentions will wear the character of officiousness, and wound rather than heal. She need not ask her why she is weeping; she need not tell her that it does no good for her to weep; that it is her duty to bear all things with an equal mind, and to thank Heaven continually that things are no worse. She need not even mention sorrow, or tears, or duty. Her words may be few, and these mere chit-chat about the pleasant weather that is or is to be; about the birds she heard, or the flowers she saw on her way, or about the spring and the summer that are coming when the cold, stormy, but invigorating winter shall have passed. This may be all; and yet how much there will be in these few words, provided only that she who gave them felt the true spirit of love in her heart. The glance of her kind eye, the tone of her kind voice, and a beautiful harmony that pervades her whole being, make their way to the desponding heart; and, she cannot tell why, but her own spirit grows light and cheerful; everything about her becomes clear and pleasant, and she wonders that she can ever be utterly disconsolate in a world where there are such good, kind people.

From the erring, the benevolent, self-sacrificing mill girl dreads no contaminating influences. Nor has she any deference for such as said, in the olden time of our Saviour, He eateth with publicans and sinners. And here let me be correctly understood. By *the erring*, I do not mean those who are guilty of any gross violations of the decalogue; not those who steal, or bear false witness, or take the name of the Lord their God in vain. During my mill experience, I knew but one instance of sin that came under any of these heads. This was one of paltry theft, in a young, ignorant, and very stupid girl. She was immediately discharged, and so are all flagrant offenders. Hence to give rules for the treatment of the really vicious, would be an act of supererogation. Who, then, are meant by *the erring*? Those who heed not God in any of their ways; those whose altar is their vanity, and who sacrifice upon it their money, time, and thought; those who love not their neighbor, who halt not at any species of scandal, if it only lower an envied or a hated superior to their own scale of estimated worth, or if it occupy time that would else hang heavily on their hands, or gratify their morbid passion for excitement; those who violate the Sabbath by spending its holy time apart from the sanctuary, in strolling about, reading worthless books, in idle, perchance ill-natured gossip, or empty list-

lessness ; those who render only eye-service to their employers, who insult and annoy their overseers, their hostess, and their fellow-boarders. Towards such as these, the intelligent and amiable mill girl has a duty to perform, at once sacred and difficult. She knows that her ways are not as their ways, nor her thoughts as their thoughts. But she also knows who it is that has made them to differ ; and this thought sheds a sweet humility upon her spirit, which manifests itself in a quiet dignity and kindness of manner. These, in their turn, make their way to every heart, winning the friendship of the good, and the affectionate deference of the erring. Who that knows much of factory life, has not seen in every room, in almost every boarding-house, girls that held this high place ? Who that has recognized herself in this picture, does not think now of warm and trembling hand-pressures ; of tearful, imploring eyes upraised to hers, and of a sobbing voice saying in her ear, “ O, if you could only tell me how to be good, and kind, and happy, like you ! If you would only be to me just like a sister, and tell me when I do wrong, how thankful I would be ! I even love to be reprovèd by *you* ; and who knows, who knows what you might make of me ? ”

Heaven help those who trust, and those who are trusted thus. It is a fearful thing to be looked up to, as if one had indeed the words of a new and better life ; and yet a blessed thing, if one can be the good shepherd to bring just one stray lamb to the fold of the shepherd's Shepherd. And you may do this, my young friends. Channing says truth : “ One great thought breathed into a man may regenerate him.” Scarcely a human being has such moral power in her hands as you have. God help you to use it well, and in his love and fear. Let go the friend you love best, and go to her whose heart is “ a lighter thing than vanity.” Do not alarm her, by any sudden attacks upon her strongholds of error ; but invite her to call on you, to walk with you ; and then, when her feelings are softened by the influences of nature, when she is away from the cool eye of scrutiny and conjecture, point her to the sky and the flower, and gently lead her thoughts on to Him who made the sky and the flower. Talk with her of her home-friends, of those she has lost ; and then turn her to the instability of all earthly possessions, to the dying hour that must come to all, to her ; to the comfort of having one's treasure in heaven, and of doing one's duty on the earth, in cultivating kindly affections for all, in doing all one can find to do, in the way of making other people's and one's own life beautiful and happy. To the ignorant, unfold, gradually, as they are ready to receive them, the mysteries of science. Point out to them some of the most beautiful constellations, and tell them their history. Show them the planets, and tell them their courses. Tell them how the dewdrops and the showers rise, gather, and fall ; how the bud swells and bursts ; how the seed germinates ; and how mountains, valleys, coals, crystals, and petrifications are formed. Explain to them the nature of light, of sound, of heat and cold, so far as their natures are known, or conjectured ; and it may be for you to see it demonstrated, that “ one great thought breathed into a man may regenerate him.”

MY PALM-LEAF FAN.

WRITTEN ON A SICK-BED.

BY L. A. CHOATE.

Full many a weary hour of pain
Has tried its cooling power ;
A faithful friend it will remain,
To cheer each tedious hour.
And invalids may love it well ;
A treasure rich indeed,
If none be had the breeze to swell,
To cool the brow in need.

When morning light proclaims 't is day,
And busy footsteps pass,
All hastening to their work or play,
My faithful fan I clasp.
And when the burning, noonday sun
Pours his refulgent rays,
How doubly cheering is the breeze
That from it round me plays.

And when the evening shades prevail,
To close the eye of day,
It seems to lift the parting veil
And speed the hours away.
Through all the watches of the night,
When sleep my eyelids flies,
That cooling fan gives sweet delight,
And comfort strong supplies.

When its refreshing breezes play
Upon my burning brow,
My wandering thoughts roam far away
In query where it grew ;
To lands of many a fabled song,
Far, far beyond the wave,
Where palm-trees bright, in beauty strong,
The desert's fury brave.

Was it beneath its stately shade
Some Arab chieftain, bold,
E'er sought his wily foe, and made
Him lick the dust, of old ?
Had it a tongue, my willing ear
A stirring tale of dread,
Of thrilling scenes, would wond'ring hear,
Where mortal foes have bled.

Or did it grow on Egypt's plains,
Wet by the fruitful Nile ?
Where marvellous ruin now remains
To tell of ancient style.
The land of many a daring deed
Of honor and renown,
Where learning wore her fairest meed,
And gained the victor's crown.

The goodly land where wealth untold,
And princely palaces,
All stood, some thousand years of old,
In proud magnificence.
But they are gone, and in their place
The stately palm-trees grow,
And sons of a poor, meager race,
A tyrant's pleasures know.

It might have grown where Afric's sand
In burning torrents flow,
And sweep o'er all the sterile land,
Save where the palm-trees grow ;
Some bright oasis in the wild,
To cheer the traveller on ;
Where, 'neath its shade in rest beguiled,
He eats the fruit thereon.

My thoughts no longer need to roam
O'er wastes of burning sands,
For my dear fan to find its home
In barren desert lands.
But of its virtues long I sing,
A faithful friend in need ;
Such sweet, refreshing breezes bring
A grateful treat indeed.

The dainty hands of ladies fair,
Bedecked in jewels glad,
May sport their fan as light as air,
In golden feathers clad ;
May gaily wave the fairy wing,
Begemmed in pearly rays,
And proudly pass a meaner thing,
As something 'neath their gaze.

But still, to me, my palm-leaf fan
Will have a charm most dear,
As long in after years I scan
The scene that's passing here ;
The tedious hours of restlessness,
Of lingering, withering pain,
Which called for soothings more or less,
To calm the fever's reign.

THE GNARLED TREE. I saw a gnarled tree standing in a little stream, on a tiny island which was partly formed by its own jagged roots. Its branches were bare, and looked as though they had not grown cheerfully, but had thrust themselves forth in spiteful crookedness, daring the sunshine to smile upon them. But the small island at its roots was covered with tender twigs, and soft, green moss, and the dimpled waters reflected its smiling verdure.

Hard by, in a rustic cottage, lived a lonely, crabbed old man, with one bright little son. And I thought that if he would but cast a glance from his threshold toward this tree, on its isolated, mossy island, he might see his own portrait daguerreotyped by Nature there.

Alton, Illinois.

JAIRUS'S DAUGHTER.

And, behold, there came a man named Jairus, and he was a ruler of the synagogue; and he fell down at Jesus' feet, and besought him that he would come into his house: for he had only one daughter, about twelve years of age, and she lay a dying. *Luke, 8: 41, 42.*

The young Hebrew girl lay cold and silent, and over her rigid brow the damps of death settled. In the midst of the buoyancy of youth, this cherished one had drooped and died. Deep were the sounds of grief and mourning, heard in that stately dwelling, when the stricken friends, whose office it had been to nurse and to soothe the weary sufferer, beheld her pale and motionless in the sleep of death.

O, what a chill creeps through the breaking heart, when we look upon the insensible form, and feel that it no longer contains the spirit we so dearly loved! How difficult to realize that the eye which always glowed with affection and intelligence; that the ear which had so often listened to the sounds of sorrow and gladness; that the voice whose accents had been to us like sweet music, and the heart, the habitation of benevolence and truth, are now powerless and insensate as the bier upon which the form rests. Though faith be strong enough to penetrate the cloud of gloom which hovers near, and to behold the freed spirit safe, *forever* safe in its home in heaven, yet the thoughts *will* linger sadly and cheerlessly upon the grave. And thus the Jewish parents wept their precious, only one. The dark, rich flowers of autumn which she had last gathered were scarcely faded; the sound of her joyous laugh had hardly ceased to vibrate upon the air, and the impression of her last, affectionate, endearing kiss had scarcely vanished from their lips, ere she was gone. Nature *must* mourn a severed tie like this, one of her strongest and holiest, though the will may bow with meek submission to Him who gave, and who has also taken away.

But look! a noble stranger enters the chamber of death, and stoops over the unconscious form; it is the far-famed, holy Prophet of Nazareth; a meet place for Him, this house of mourning, who knew so much of sorrow and of grief, and whose delight it was to instruct, to comfort, and to bless all who bore the likeness of his Father. The stranger speaks, and the loud wailings give place to a deriding laugh, and scornful words; again the voice of Jesus is heard, and lo! at his command, the spirit once more illumines the inanimate image, and the grateful parents again clasp to their bosoms the living, breathing form of their loved child. The hushed, bewildered scoffers look upon the scene, and ask if this is real, or are they dreaming? It is no vision — they can no longer doubt; and falling low before the feet of the humble, despised Nazarene, they own, in him, the power of ISRAEL'S MIGHTY GOD.

PENTUCKET.

BY M. R. GREEN.

The early history of Pentucket (now Haverhill) is rife with incidents of a very thrilling and romantic character. It was settled as early as the year 1640, only twenty years subsequent to the landing of the Pilgrims at Plymouth Rock. For more than seventy years it remained a frontier town, and for about thirty years suffered all the depredations and cruelties ever attendant upon a savage warfare. The earliest pioneers into this wild region were from Newbury and Salem; men characterized by much integrity and moral courage; having Mr. Ward, their "beloved pastor," for leader, and who was in fact the father of the town.

Pentucket was purchased of two sachems or chiefs, and the tribes that inhabited it were under their jurisdiction.

Their principal village stood upon the eastern banks of Little River, near its confluence with the noble Merrimack, or Monomack, as they were wont to call it. I seldom pass this spot, rife as it is with traditional interest, without thinking of the red children of the soil who once dwelt here in peace and security; and the question involuntarily recurs, Where are they,—“Great nature’s happy commoners?” Were they mercilessly butchered by the hands of ruthless invaders? Were their wigwams, that clustered upon the vale to shelter their wives and tender offspring, torn down above their defenceless heads, and all their implements of war and husbandry scattered to the four winds of heaven? Why were they doomed by Providence to be driven from the land that gave them birth, and the graves where their forefathers sleep?

As by the wand of the magician a new scene has risen upon the stage of being. Where once echoed the savage yell, and shrill scream of the wilderness bird, now rise the mellifluous tones of prayer and praise. The hunter’s shout is exchanged for the boisterous “heave-bo” of the shipbuilders on the Merrimack, and where once the war-song mingled upon the evening breeze with the Indian mother’s lullaby, is heard the “organ’s loud-resounding peal,” and the melodious tones of the piano, as its keys vibrate beneath the touch of delicate fingers.

When we look back “through the dark postern of years long elapsed,” to the time when “no sound of axe had taught the monarch oak dire principles of revolutions, or brought down the pine,” what a change do we see! Then these vales were unshorn of their primal beauty, the flowers sprang and fell at the sceptre of the seasons, and the hills reverberated alone to the shouts of the tawny hunter as he followed with bow and quiver the swift-footed deer through the green fastnesses of uncivilized life. Now we behold the towering mansions of the opulent, the more humble dwellings of the unpretending laborers, the numerous buildings erected for trade and traffic, and the tapering church-spires that shoot forever upward from our midst. Ay, and our ears too are saluted by the constant creak and jar of

the giant mill-wheel, the musical and life-giving chime of the forge and anvil, while the air is made vocal by the mingling of many voices from those who throng our busy thoroughfares.

It is a source of much consolation to the reflective mind, that our forefathers came not among the Indians of Pentucket in hostile array, but in a peaceable and unassuming manner. Mr. Ward and his colleagues purchased of them their goodly inheritance in this vicinity, and paid them their price ; moreover, lived with them for many years upon the most amicable terms, frequently exchanging hospitalities and the productions of the soil. If we may rely upon historical veracity, "the whistle of the bullet armed with death for the red man was not heard till they began a work of extermination with the infant settlement."

Notwithstanding this, the dispensations of Providence with regard to the Indians has ever been to me a great mystery. This was their home ; they were the original proprietors of the soil. Here they were taught to launch their birchen canoes, and chase the antlered deer through the unpruned forest. They delighted in the sport of the chase, they loved to rehearse their deeds in story and song to the inmates of their cone-roofed cots ; and *home is home*, even to the swarthy aborigines.

It seems to be the design of Him who rules all events, that the Indians should disappear before the bounds of civilization, like the early dew before the rising dawn, for thus it has been throughout our broad country. Wherever the sacred temple has been reared for the worship of the Most High, the red man has ceased to resort, and every stroke of the woodman's axe has sounded a death-knell to his race.

This would not be a theme of so much conjecture, had the fair sons and daughters of Columbia retained uncontaminated the spirit of their noble ancestry ; but alas, who can look abroad in our growing country, and not have occasion to sigh over her desecrated shrine ?

Vices of every kind have been engendered and cherished among us, until our nation has become as it were a volcano, ready at any moment for an eruption that may bury beneath its lava the happiness of its thousands.

Behold and be astonished at the giant strides the "hydra-headed monster rum" has made from Georgia to Maine, and from the shores of the Atlantic to the Rocky Mountains ; crushing beneath its iron car the proud successors of a noble inheritance ! Here, too, the sin of slavery, in its most formidable aspect, has found a home and nestling-place in the very sanctuary of freedom, and deluged with blood the land that was consecrated to worthier deeds. Shall I go on and enumerate the grades of crime that have been ever springing up in our midst, to show the degeneracy of American citizens ? Methinks it is needless ; anything that is so palpably demonstrated by every day's experience, requires but little comment or remark. Yet amidst all these afflicting circumstances, we, as a people, have abundant reason to thank God, and take courage, for the elements of national greatness and goodness ; moreover, that the spirit of philanthropy is waking up in our midst, to protect the shrine of our liberties. We trust ere

long its salutary influence will be realized in every department of corruption, and this yet be a land that God shall emphatically delight to dwell in and bless. We will now return from a long digression to the history of Pentucket.

The pioneers into this unexplored region were not solely actuated by a love of adventure, or a desire to be released from the forms and ceremonies of social life; neither did they manifest a propensity to dye their hands in the blood of the natives, or to have their names blazoned forth upon the page of history with the conquerors of the earth. They courted no carnage nor plunder, yet when duty called them to defend their rights, and confront the blood-thirsty savages, they evinced the same indomitable patriotism, perseverance, and intrepidity that characterized the heroes of '76.

They came here, unattended by the pageantry of hostile armies, to make the wilderness about Pentucket assume the smiling aspect of civilized life, and ever had a watchful eye to the welfare of the rising generation. "Like Israel, who sojourned in the desert to possess Canaan," did they labor; or like Penn, who gathered the people of his peculiar faith together on the banks of the Delaware, to "make room for posterity."

Is it not grateful and wise to refresh our minds often with the reminiscences of noble predecessors? Does it not beget a spirit of commendable emulation? But to return to the point.

The first lawful town-meeting that was holden in Pentucket was in 1643; "and it is remarkable [History of Haverhill] that the first vote was passed to prevent an unnecessary destruction of timber."

This is presented for a specimen of their earliest doings with regard to the welfare of posterity, and we think a pretty good illustration of their noble aim.

The first birth recorded was in the year 1641; thus soon they obeyed the injunction of holy writ, "Go forth and multiply."

The first marriage was in the year 1645, a Job Clement and Margaret Dummers. No doubt Job had a comforter after this.

The first church was organized in 1645, consisting of fourteen members, eight males and six females. At this early period the male proportion of church members was greater than that of our sex, in contradistinction to the present order of things.

1657, Richard Green was presented to court for "being drunk." Alack-a-day, I am sorry for my namesake that it should be him. It reminds me of what Franklin was wont to say, namely, that he was afraid to inquire about his great-grandfather, lest he should hear that he was a sheep-stealer. It is not a very pleasant idea, that

"One's ancient but ignoble blood,
Has crept through scoundrels ever since the flood."

The first house for public worship was erected in the year 1658. It is supposed that the people had assembled for that purpose alternately in the dwelling-houses; and tradition tells us that in pleasant weather they convened beneath the spreading branches of a large tree to listen to the preaching of their "beloved pastor," Mr. Ward.

As they had no bell to this meetinghouse, it was voted that a man ycleped Richard Littlehale should beat the drum on the Lord's day, to call the flock together for worship. Necessity has ever been the mother of invention. In 1660, "there had been recorded nineteen marriages, one hundred and thirty-five births, and thirty deaths."

In 1661, the road near "Huckleberry Hill" was laid out. I suppose it is well enough to give a sample of their orthography. One would like to know where "Huckleberry Hill" is, so as to go there and pick some on a fine summer day. I opine the hill referred to is under a high state of cultivation, and dotted over with neat cottages.

Wolves are much spoken of about this time, and the premium of forty shillings was given for a single head.

1668, the court authorized Captain Nathaniel Saltonstall to "joyne persons in matrimony."

It appears that our ancestors were not wholly exempt from the stigma of Blue-Lawism; for it is evident, both from history and tradition, that they had a law which prohibited a man from living a single life, or, in other words, without taking to himself a better half. All bachelors will coincide with me in pronouncing this a legitimate bantling of the Blue-Law spirit. In the year 1672, one of these *wickedly* unfortunate beings was sued at the law for — what do you think? sheep-stealing? no; not that. What then? Why, for living a "solitary life." His name was John Littlehale; doubtless he was a brother to Richard Littlehale, who beat the drum on the Sabbath to call them to church. He (John I mean) had lived to the amazing age of twenty-two, and even then betrayed no symptoms of matrimonial intentions. The court ordered that the said John, "who lived in a house by himself," should remove to some "orderly family, and *bee* subject to the orderly rules of family government in said family, or *bee* carried to the house of correction, there to *bee keptt* and *sett* to worke *untill hee* shall *bee* freed by order of authority."

Notwithstanding this untoward state of affairs, John managed to continue a life of celibacy till he was near seventy years old, when he got married, and became the happy father of two children! In view of this, we think all of the "half-pair-of-scissors" craft may take courage. Truly there is hope as long as there is life. About this time, two daughters of Hanniel Bonvarth were fined ten shillings each, for wearing silk. Hannah Button ("bachelors button?") was also sentenced by the court to be severely whipped, or pay a fine of forty shillings, for misdemeanors, &c., &c.

In the year 1665, the settlers of Pentucket began to be seriously alarmed on account of the hostility manifested by their red neighbors, and to take means accordingly. Antecedent to this, a fortification was constructed round the meetinghouse, but as the Indians had been so peaceable, it was suffered to go to decay. Near forty years the relations of amity had been unbroken, and the laws of hospitality recognized and respected on both sides; but now the Indians began to show evident tokens of dissatisfaction, such as would in all probability create an open rupture, therefore the infant settlement apprehended the most fatal consequences.

[To be continued.]

SKETCHES OF A MIDSUMMER EXCURSION SEVEN HUNDRED
MILES IN THE SOUTHWEST.

BY AN EQUESTRIAN.

Nitak atukla — (Second day.)

Having crossed the Kaimeshi River early next morning, we took breakfast by the wayside ; hoping thus to gain some time for longer rest at mid-day. We soon after met loaded wagons, of whom W——— asked if there was much prairie ahead. “ Yes sir, there ’s right smart, right on,” was the brisk reply. And we soon found there was “ right smart, right on.” The “ Five-mile Prairie,” so called from the length of road that runs through it, though it is more than five miles in width, is finely diversified in surface, with gentle swells and little hillocks, and dotted over with many a clustering grove, not to name the drapery of wild flowers it puts on and puts off, as the seasons go and come. The more gorgeous, but less delicate ornaments are worn in summer and autumn,— the fairest, frailest, purest, adorn these vast plains in late winter and sweet spring-time. On an elevation over which we passed, happening to glance around, the eye took in a most magnificent prospect. “ Look !” I exclaimed ; and simultaneously checking our horses, we turned slowly about and *looked* intensely and long at a scene strange and new, unique and majestic ; forgetful that the burning sun was pouring his almost noonday rays upon our shelterless heads. Would that I could transcribe that view for my friends, in all its stupendous loneliness,— not a stained canvass, but a living landscape ! A circlet of mountains, and our insignificant selves in the midst. Wild and irregular they are, as mountains ever are, yet dwelling together in unity ; in such numbers, in such stateliness, in such varieties of form, in such originality — if the term is admissible — of position ; and all bearing such relation to that single prairie ; as if bound by one common tie, and each content to protect in person his lovely charge. At the only point where the horizon is not met by mountain top or mountain slope, the prospect is bounded by a cluster of trees on an elevated and very distant corner of the prairie ; as if it were a massive gate, closing the avenue to the great world, between two of the highest portions of the walls, and in perfect keeping with the whole. On the one hand, a vast, consolidated mass stretches itself along in the blue, hazy distance, forming a wellnigh mathematical straight line of one said fifteen, another thirty miles in extent,— the ravines and irregularities in the slope towards us being distinctly perceptible in the deeper green of the perspective,— while at the left of the gateway rises, in imperial majesty, the crowned emperor, from his shoulders and upward higher than any of the mountains. Mark him well, fellow-traveller, and see if you do not descry a sprinkling, as if gray hairs were here and there upon him, few and sparse. ’Tis not so ; ’tis an artificial baldness, and man hath been guilty of the sacrilege. Those few locks have been shorn from his abundance, that “ you and I, and all of us,” may ascend to the topmost stone of his palace, and

look thence upon others like himself, ere we descend the "winding staircase" that leads us adown the "Dividing Ridge,"—for he gives no passport through his dominions by any other route.

Yonder stand the "Potatoe-Hills," and those who have never seen *sweet* potato-hills, would get no definite idea of these from the name. They resemble, rather, ant-hills, sugar-loaves, or the straw bee-hives in the picture of industry. They are a motley group; alike, and yet not alike; of various sizes, thrown most fantastically yet most tastefully together, rearing their pointed heads aloft in the very atmosphere of aristocracy. They seem to have been placed there by the great Architect, to relieve the mind from too prolonged a contemplation of greatness; and the effect is fine. Rapt in the spirit of the scene, the eye wanders, aweary, from massive height to towering peak; but before it can complete the circuit of "nature's nobility," it is caught by this merry-making band, and the spell is broken, for there is a counter-charm in the blithe company who seem to be keeping holiday in the very antechamber of royalty. O, that one in this wide circumference of mountains were a *granite hill*. What would I not give for a hearthstone or a doorstep of that emblem of New England character,—that foundation rock in "the everlasting hills." Not an atom of it have I seen since parting with "thy rocks and rills, thy woods and templed hills," thou land of my early love.

If this prairie, with its environs, could be transferred to the vicinity of some of the northern cities, it would be thronged "from morn till dewy eve." And if it were possible to monopolize these best of nature's gifts, some Yankee speculator would coin such magnificent beauty into dollars and cents, from sheer gratification of his enterprising, money-loving propensities. Far be it from me to admit the truth of the opinion everywhere promulgated, that New England people, as a class, are a selfish, cold-hearted race, "searching for gold and silver." What benevolent enterprise but, with a thousand tongues, will refute the scandal? Where do we meet oftenest with asylums for the unfortunate, with the schoolhouse, and the church? Where do we see most evidence of public and private, moral, social, and civil improvement? And where dwell the industrious many, who, in the silence of their own homes, bestow upon the needy a generous portion of the pittance obtained by the sweat of their own brow? But it was not my purpose to eulogize that land whose worth is above all praise of mine; I only meant to show the fallacy of that reasoning, the disingenuousness of that wit, or the profoundness of that ignorance—there are three horns to the dilemma—of those who are forever harping upon that broken string; because, forsooth, such of our Yankees as do love money and fun better than truth and honesty, have more shrewdness than those of their stamp elsewhere; and, in the exercise of a tact, ingenuity, and enterprise that are thoroughly Yankee, and worthy of far nobler pursuits, can make capital from empty purses and inventive brains, to the utter chagrin of those whose commodities enter more naturally into the former than the latter treasury, and whose title-to respect dwells there. The allusion is to no section of our own or any other country. But this glance at the bubbles upon society's ocean is no part of that trip to the Chero-

kee Nation ; yet let us linger a moment at the spot from whence we wandered, and express our heartfelt gratitude that the choicest treasures this earth affords are wild and free,—*free* beyond the grasp of avarice ; though they do not, as they should, turn every eye that beholds them in devout thanksgiving to Him who in wisdom made them all. They do not, as they should, imbue us with love to Him whose power and skill are alike displayed in the veriest atom that floats in the air, and the painted wing of the gay butterfly ; in the rugged mountain cliff, and the starry coronet of worlds that encircles the brow of night.

Passing on, we marvelled that no living thing was visible in so vast a prairie, save the insect throng, our horses, and ourselves. A very extensive prospect, in which neither fence nor house is seen, is no rare sight. The buffalo and deer have fled, long ago, before the bow and arrow, the plough and axe ; but to see no immense herds of domestic animals in so wide a “range,” surprised us. They had probably retired to some distant shade ; we saw plenty on returning. Ere long, however, we descried an object advancing, which proved to be an equestrian. The pleasure seemed universal ; our horses all stopped, as of their own accord, though probably of *ours*. “We meet in a very warm place,” said the stranger, who might have seen the perspiration pouring from every face of us. My heart said, “Yes sir, though a very beautiful one ;” but my lips were silent, for he chanced to be on the wrong side of a very muddy riding-dress, despite my efforts to meet him upon the other side of the way ; and there being no intervening object, I chose that the conversation might lead his attention to something farther from him. Having been on this road often, he discoursed of it. “You will have to pass over that highest mountain this afternoon,” was one of the consolations he offered. I ventured to ask, if it was as difficult of ascent and descent as were the Seven Brothers of yesterday. “Much more so,” was the comforting answer. “It is the worst one in all the route. You’ll travel three miles upon the mountain, and it has no top at all.” The same gentleman made one of our party in returning, and pointing out the place where we met, said, “I remember it well, for I thought if we were only under the shade of yonder tree, the interview might have been prolonged.” But the hot sun hastened us ; gentlemen who stopped to breakfast at the hotel we left, passed us while dining at a more public table ; and, stopping at the next house till we were some distance in advance, overtook us again before we reached the “Dividing Ridge.” At its foot we all dismounted, and N—— and I, gladly relinquishing to other hands our bridles, made new trial of our pedestrian powers among loose rocks. As we neared the summit, we came occasionally so close to the brink of a deep ravine as to obtain an unobstructed and enchanting view of the chains of lofty mountains beyond ; which, with these, are said to form a part of the Ozark Mountains, and all of them covered with trees. Were not this a military road, the descent would be almost impassable ; but “Uncle Sam” is a thorough workman, and in this case he practised upon the theory of *levelling upward*, the road in many places being supported upon one side by a deep, firm, perpen-

dicular wall,—an artificial precipice. It at first assumes a zigzag form, making a right angle once in a few yards; then, as if this were getting over the ground too rapidly, it performs a semi-circle about as often, taking you back and forth, as if you were an invalid travelling for exercise, and your route were shorter than your doctor's prescriptions. It is appropriately called the *winding staircase*. There is a bridle-path leading directly down the steep, and I attempted to save one angle by taking it, but gladly returned to the wagon road, convinced that the farthest way round was the safest way down,—for we had remounted at the summit.

We were, for once, quite early at our lodgings; where we were left in quiet possession of a house of one room and piazza. To this piazza our supper was brought, and a torch held up near by, while we ate. Our host, an intelligent white man, passed the evening with us here, and was very social. In my next, I will give you a legend of the "Dividing Ridge," a tale of murder, which he assured us occurred there a few years since.

TETE-A-TETE OF THE MILKMAIDS.

BY "ANGELINA ABIGAIL."

Becky, see the sunset glowing,
O'er the fields a radiance throwing
Golden, pure, and steady.
O, its beams illumine my spirit!
(That's our cow-bell! don't you hear it?
Get the milkpails ready!)

Yes, dear Sally, look and listen!
Now the dew begins to glisten;—
Hark! the night-bird's sonnet!
What a balmy breeze is blowing;
(Head the brindled cow! she's going!
Run—I'll hold your bonnet!)

Becky, does the twilight hour,
By its bland and soothing power,
With sweet musings fill you?
Peace hangs round us, like a mantle—
(Soh, now, Sukey! come, be gentle!
Stop that kicking, will you?)

Earth with music is o'erflowing,
(There, the hungry calves are lowing!
How these tins do rattle!)
But I fain would wander, Sally,
To some green and quiet valley,
Minus horned cattle.

Becky, life's a fleeting hour!
Joy brings grief, and cream *will* sour,
Yet 't is vain complaining.
Mortals *now* get milk and honey
Only by hard work or money!
Vine Lodge, Illinois. (Set the pans for straining!)

A M O R N I N G ' S R A M B L E .

'T is seldom I indulge in the luxury of an early morning's ramble upon the soft, green carpet that Nature has spread over all her vast dominions, and beneath the open sky, where the free and happy birds sing their short lives away ; my walks at that hour being necessarily circumscribed within the four walls of my home, where I am regaled with music of quite a different character from the flute-like tones of the birds, which, though it be not quite so pleasing to the senses, is still considered very essential to health and happiness. But occasionally do I break away from these narrow bounds, and my freed spirit bathes with delight in the glory and freshness of early morning. It is a morning in May,—sweet, sunny, fragrant May.

“Night's candles are burnt out, and jocund day
Stands tiptoe on the misty mountain-tops.”

The trees have donned their green coronal of leaves, and some are teeming with snowy blossoms ; in the words of another, “Nature has thrown aside her pearls, and put on her emeralds.” No sound *disturbs* the sweet and solemn stillness of the hour, but from an hundred tuneful throats, glad, joyous, heart-thrilling music is pouring, and mingling with the roar of a distant waterfall. The glorious king of day has not yet concentrated his beams upon our revolving planet ; but from the watchtowers upon the western hills has he hung out his gilded banners, to warn the world of his near approach. O glorious morning ! How many eyes are now sealed with slumber, that should instead be gazing upon thy beauties ! Ascending a hill, I look out upon the vast panorama around me. To the north, Moosehillock towers majestically, its summit veiled in a mantle of mist. From the east the gentle flow of a river falls on my ear, and beyond it lies a broad, green meadow, that extends to the base of another lofty mountain range, whose steep sides are covered with the maple, hemlock, and pine, with here and there a broad track that shows where “the devouring element” has passed. To the south lies the village ; but the tall church-spire, and the curling smoke rising in various places, alone mark the spot to my vision. Here, too, far in the distance, loom the everlasting hills, with a few white cottages scattered along their rugged sides, making them appear less gloomy and solitary. To the west stands my home, surrounded by green fields and fertile pastures ; and still against the western sky arise an amphitheatre of hills ; so that, turn which way I may, my vision is bounded by these enduring monuments of the Creator's strength and power. But see ! a flood of golden light is bursting upon the newly awakened earth ! The mists from the mountain-tops gradually disappear beneath the fiery glance of the king of day. The busy bee is humming his song of industry, and the birds no longer sing amid the trees, but are flying round from place to place, as if they had some work to do. Happy birds ! how free are ye from the petty cares and vexations that follow in man's pathway ! No sorrowful reflections of the past,

or dim forebodings of the future, ever haunt or oppress ye. Into the listening ear of the present do ye continually pour your joyous melody. But still I envy ye not, nor would I willingly change places with ye, even though my life be not all sunshine, and distrust and unkindness often fill my heart with sadness; for the possession of one true friend is worth more than all the pleasures of your transitory life. But adieu to ye now; I must away to the performance of my own humble duties.

Wentworth, N. H.

MARIA.

A S K E T C H .

BY L. E. LEAVITT.

It was a beautiful day; a fairer could not well have dawned over the bright bowers of Eden. All nature seemed smiling in loveliness, as if to invite the weary spirit to cast aside for awhile its cumbering cares, and taste, unfettered, its delightful charms, thus freely spread around. Where, kind reader, do you imagine I am to tell you that I was, on this bright day? Seated, like the heroines of romance, in some vine-clad bower, listening to sweet strains of delicious music, as they floated around; or wandering amid shady groves, with those I loved? It was not thus. No; my situation was far different. I was busily engaged in a large, and I need not add, *noisy* weaving-room; and my loom seemed determined that I should not lack employment. But having for once succeeded in getting it in order, I could not resist the temptation to look for a moment from an adjoining window. O, what a beautiful scene! There a little stream glided, as slow and noiselessly as though it were fearful of disturbing the calm repose of all around; while the graceful trees upon its banks, that bent lightly over it, looked like anxious watchers of its lone meanderings. Beyond it lay fair, green fields, covered with flowers and interspersed with shady trees. It brought to mind my own dear home, the humble cottage of my father, half concealed by trees, and the bright, clear waters of "Pleasant Pond" sparkling in front of it. How often had I roamed there with the dear friends of my happy childhood; culled flowers upon its banks, and twined them into garlands to deck our hair, or to present to our elder sisters, on our return. There Fancy had painted bright scenes of the future, without one cloud to dim their brightness. But where now are those dear friends? Some, like me, are toiling among strangers; others still remain at their homes; while some have been called to another world, where all those bright dreams will be realized, and "parting is no more." And who knows, thought I, but even now their happy spirits may be gazing from some aerial cloud upon those bright scenes, and watching the footsteps of those dear friends they have left behind? And perchance some one may have wandered even here, and is now—— At this moment some one touched me, and brought my mind back again, by saying, "Your work is all stopped!" And I hastened to my long-forgotten toil.

Salmon Falls, N. H.

THE MOUNTAIN BOY'S SONG.

FROM THE GERMAN.

I am the mountain shepherd's boy ;
 On all the castles down look I ;
 The sunbeams shine the earliest here,
 And me they linger longest near.
 I am the boy of the mountain !

Here is the torrent's rocky source ;
 Hence speeds it on its mighty course ;
 My arms reach o'er the whirling brink,
 And from cool stones fresh draughts I drink.
 I am the boy of the mountain !

Mine is the mountain's giant form ;
 Around it draw the wind and storm.
 From north and south with howlings strong
 They sweep ; then louder sounds my song ;
 I am the boy of the mountain !

Beneath me, in the azure high,
 The thunders roll and lightnings fly ;
 I call to them, and bid them cease,
 'Leave ye my father's house in peace !'
 I am the boy of the mountain !

And when the tocsin loud doth sound,
 And signal-fires are blazing round,
 Then I descend ; my sword I swing,
 And in the ranks I proudly sing,
 I am the boy of the mountain !

Alton, Illinois.

L. L.

THE MOTHER'S PRAYER.

BY J. L. BAKER.

Cradled on a mother's breast,
 Lay a little child at rest,—
 Lay a precious human flower,
 Sent to bless her for an hour.

Cradled in the mother's eye
 Was a love that could not die,
 As she asked this high behest
 On her little one to rest.

"Holy Father, hear my prayer !
 Throw around my babe thy care,—
 Let no mildew blight, of sin,
 Crush the spirit-life within.

"Let no stain rest on its heart ;
 Let not innocence depart ;
 Bless the seeds by virtue sown,—
 Make my babe, O God, thine own !"

The mother's prayer by Him was heard ;
 Her heart by grief was sadly stirred ;
 For that little, sinless head
 Was cradled in a coffin-bed.

Middlesex Cor.

EDITOR'S TABLE.

INDEPENDENCE DAY. Since writing our last epistle to our readers, we have united in the festivities of our summer and national holiday,—the day of feasting and frolic, of song and speech, of all sorts of gunpowder-plots, of flowers and fancies, of party and poetry, of music and dancing. With all its enthusiasm, the cynic and misanthrope might possibly question its patriotism, and declaim upon the want of substance where there is so much shadow. But, spite of cynicism and misanthropy, spite of the foundation for their sneers and cavils, there is much of truth in all outward manifestations,—they are all that we can judge by, all that we should judge by. July Fourth made us her annual visit, as usual, with a halo of radiance around her brow, a mantle of serenest azure, flecked with slight cloudlets, a robe of the richest green upon her form, embroidered with flowers, and sandals gemmed with pearly drops. But to attempt to *poetize* all her advances and manœuvres, would demand a mightier pen or pencil than we can manage in this little editorial corner. In plain, sober prose, she was welcomed in our good city by the cannon and bell, the merry boy and active man.

"The Floral Procession" was the first public festivity of the day. Children, horses, cars, and men, garlanded in honor of the queen of flowers, displayed a "line of beauty" unlike Hogarth's. "The Temperance Procession," in which thousands of our Lowell girls well represented the womanhood of New England by thus displaying themselves as "Daughters of Temperance," was also a gratifying spectacle. The civic procession was, like all of that kind that we have ever seen, arranged with good taste, and much imposing effect. Our "Fire Companies" will soon outdo our military in interest upon these occasions, if they do it not already. The temperance and civic dinners were excellent, and fully attended. And last, but not least, our "Hamilton-Mill Picnic," in which twelve hundred mill girls met their friends in their own "mill," was the most characteristic of the place. A grand display of fireworks closed the day, and threw over the retiring July Fourth a mantle of changeable magnificence.

One pleasant fact we cannot fail to notice; that the next morning after "the Fourth" there was not a single complaint before the police of our city; and during the day, and we walked back and forth often, we saw not one instance of intoxication.

THE,
NEW ENGLAND OFFERING.

SEPTEMBER, 1848.

THE HAWAIIAN GIRL'S APPEAL.

You call me sister ; yet your lofty brow
Is white and fair, like Mauna Loa's snow :
You call me sister ; yet your kihei flows
Round your whole form, nor e'en your arms expose ;
You wear no ohia blossom in your hair,
Nor halanut around your neck so fair.
You call me sister ; yet we have not played
Beneath the cocoa or the hau tree's shade :
You call me sister ; yet I saw you come,
O'er crested waves, from some far-distant home ;
A land away, where Kilauea's light
Ne'er lighted up, with brilliance, one dark night ;
Where round, and o'er them, falls the wintry snow
In wreaths and billows, as o'er corals flow,
When winds are high, the fine white dashing spray,
Laving its showers o'er Waikiki's bay.
You call me sister ; see the bright bird flowers
Which wreath me when I deck for festal hours :
You call me sister ; show me then the tie
Which gives you right this name to call me by !

MISSIONARY MAID'S REPLY.

Sister ; for but one God is thine and mine ;
He, who demands our worship at one shrine :
Sister ; one God reigns high in heaven above,
Who asks obedience, and our grateful love :
He who has made us, and a Father's name
Grants, with the blessings that a child may claim.
O, say, if sister should so strangely sound
To those who are by holy links thus bound ?
Then call me sister, thou of gentle mood ;
And come with me, for "I will show thee good."

Ho.

THE LITTLE ORANGE-GIRL.

[Concluded.]

Florilla had now attained her eighteenth year. But Mr. Bradley and his wife could not consent to part with her, so they persuaded her to remain. Merton had ever evinced a brotherly regard for her, and had, by a thousand delicate attentions, manifested the interest he felt in her happiness; but he had given her no reason to suppose that he felt for her any stronger attachment than that of a brother for a sister. On the other hand, he had of late shown marked attention to Salome Butler, the daughter of a wealthy merchant, living in the same street. Mr. Butler had arisen to wealth in the course of a few years, and Salome was consequently courted and admired by all the admirers of mere wealth and beauty.

She was indeed quite pretty; but she was proud of her wealth, and vain of the attentions paid to her. She often passed Florilla in the street; although she had often seen her at Mr. Bradley's, where Florilla was always admitted into company, as belonging to the family; yet Salome never deigned to notice her, especially if in company with her young associates; nor ever invited her to call and see her.

Mrs. Bradley had noticed this with dislike; for she considered it a mark of disrespect to herself, to show a slight to any one whom she admitted to her own company; and most of the persons who visited her, set too high a value upon the good opinion of the wealthy Mrs. Bradley, to forfeit it for a mere prejudice.

Mrs. Bradley had made a splendid ball, in honor of her son's birthday, (he being just one-and-twenty,) to which all the fashionables were invited, and a few of her choice friends, who were less fashionable. Florilla, as a matter of course, was present, dressed as splendidly as any young lady in the room; and either from choice, or out of regard to her feelings, Merton made a frequent claim upon her hand for the dance; and introduced her to several of his friends in such a manner, that, even had they felt disposed to offer one, they would have been at once convinced that the least slight shown to her would be considered as a serious insult to himself.

Mrs. Bradley seemed pleased with the attentions bestowed upon Florilla by her son; and Florilla received them with an expression of deep gratitude and happiness. She understood her position, and fully appreciated the honor conferred upon her by the wealthy family in which she lived.

Salome Butler saw all that passed; and she could scarcely conceal her mortification and resentment at seeing a man that "might be a real gentleman," as she said, "placing himself upon a level with a poor servant girl."

A few evenings after this, a ball was given by the Butlers.

"There," said Salome to her mother, "I suppose Mrs. Bradley will think that I must invite that Florilla May; but I can't help it; I'm not going to have servant girls, and such trash, at my ball; would you, mother?"

"You don't think Mrs. Bradley would be offended, do you, Salome, if you did 'nt ask her?" inquired Mrs. Butler.

"I don't see how she can," answered Salome; "for I'm sure I wonder how she could imagine we could associate with such creatures. And, then, if she should be here, Merton Bradley would pay his whole attention to her. Aint it strange, mother, that any one should have such a fancy? But there, I believe he is getting to be really vulgar in his tastes; and I should 'nt be at all surprised if he married her, yet."

"Nonsense, Salome; what absurdity! Folks of such high standing as the Bradleys, would 'nt suffer such a thing. But I think it is very strange that they should countenance any intercourse at all, on the part of their son, with such low creatures."

"I tell you, mother, you know nothing about these Bradleys. They have got money enough; but such a strange set of unfashionable people, as were at their ball, I never met with anywhere. There was Mrs. Hart, had on her dress that I have seen her wear all of half-a-dozen times, at balls and parties, the present winter; and then there was that Doctor Somebody's wife, from somewhere in the country, who appeared as ignorant of city manners, as a donkey is of dancing. And when one goes where such people are, they are expected to treat them as if they were something. For my own part, I don't like to be forced into such company."

"It is 'nt pleasant, I know, Salome," Mrs. Butler replied; "but then it is better to submit to it sometimes, than to offend those who *are* really good society."

"Yes, when we go to their houses; but we are certainly under no obligation to invite everybody here, because they choose to associate with them."

"Well," said Mrs. Butler, "you know I shall not interfere with you at all; you can include whom you please, in your invitations."

The cards of invitation were accordingly sent to the Bradleys, and to all the rest of their acquaintances who were thought sufficiently fashionable; but Florilla was not invited. Three days before it was to take place, as Merton Bradley was sitting in his mother's parlor, looking with a thoughtful air into the fire, Mrs. Bradley seated herself beside him. "Well, Merton," said she, "you have an invitation to the ball; you will go, I suppose?"

"Why, in truth, my dear mother, I have just been trying to find some excuse for *not* going."

"Have you, indeed?" said his mother, with some surprise; but at the same time her manner showed that she was not displeased with what she heard. "But for myself," added she, "I think I have sufficient reason for declining."

"What reason have you?" asked Merton, eagerly, as if he hoped that the same excuse might answer for him.

"It is well known to the Butlers," said Mrs. Bradley, "that we, at all times, admit Florilla to our society, in public as well as private; that she is the same to us as a daughter; and yet they have invited the rest of the family, but her they have slighted."

"And that is the very reason that I did not wish to go," said Merton.

"I am glad to hear you say that, Merton," said Mrs. Bradley; "but I feared you were becoming so partial to Salome, that you would not be sensible of the slight offered to our poor Florilla."

"Me partial to Salome Butler!" exclaimed Merton, in surprise. "How could you suppose me to be partial to *her*, mother?"

"Have you not, lately, been rather particular in your attentions to *her*?"

"It is true, I have called there frequently, of late, and have sometimes accompanied her to places of amusement; but it was only to divert my mind. It is certain, however, that I have but little even of respect, for Salome Butler. Her views seem to me to be too narrow and selfish."

"And what do you think of Florilla, Merton?" inquired his mother. "You have had every opportunity, for many years, of becoming acquainted with her principles and disposition; tell me, candidly, what you think of her."

"I think," said Merton, slightly coloring, "that she would adorn any station in which she might be placed."

"So I think," replied Mrs. Bradley; "and I should not be ashamed to own her for my own daughter."

"Would you be willing to acknowledge her as such?" asked Merton, looking earnestly into his mother's face.

"I should be proud to do so," answered his mother.

"As the wife of your son, mother?"

"Yes; it would be my greatest happiness, Merton, to see you united to so lovely a girl as Florilla May."

Merton grasped the hand of Mrs. Bradley. "I thank you, my mother," said he, "for these words. I will confess to you that I have ever loved Florilla; but I have hitherto carefully concealed the fact from her, and from you; for I dared not believe that you would ever consent. But my father;—do you think he would not object?"

"On the contrary, I have heard him say that he earnestly desired such a thing might take place."

"Thanks, my good mother. There is now only one thing wanting—the consent of Florilla." That was easily obtained; and preparations were immediately made for the wedding. Invitations were despatched to a large number of their acquaintances, and the Butlers among the rest.

"There!" exclaimed Salome to her mother, the morning after their ball, "I believe Merton Bradley is just going to marry that Florilla May out of spite, because she was not invited to our ball; and they got out their invitations yesterday, so as to have some excuse for not coming. I think their invitation to us is really insulting; and I sha'n't stir to the wedding one step. What will folks think, I wonder, when he used to come here so often! But he need'n't think that I want him, for I don't."

"It is well enough to say so now, Salome; but I thought at one time, that my daughter would have had the good sense to secure so good a husband; and I am sure she will never do better, if so well."

“ Well, I don’t know as I could do any more than I have done,” said Salome, pettishly ; “ what would have pleased any one else, would always be sure to displease him. I could see it, if he did ’nt say anything.”

“ Well, I suppose she has bewitched his senses away ; but seeing it is settled, you know the Bradleys are respected by everybody, on account of their wealth, and it will not answer for us to stand out. We must affect to forget that she has been a servant, and remember only that she is the wife of Merton Bradley.”

Acting upon the above rule, the Butlers were all present at the wedding ; and there were none louder in their compliments of the fair bride, nor any before them in soliciting the notice of both bride and groom.

Years floated along, bringing unchanging prosperity and happiness to the Bradleys and Mays. The elder Mr. and Mrs. Bradley rejoiced in the society of a sweet little grandson and granddaughter, the exact images of their happy children, Merton and Florilla ; and the young couple delighted in the training of their lovely offspring.

Florilla’s eldest brother continued in the mercantile business until he had accumulated sufficient money to purchase a handsome farm ; and then, becoming tired of the business, he went to farming. But Edwin, the youngest brother, continued in the business until he became a wealthy merchant.

Emily, the sister, married a respectable physician ; so the good fortunes of the whole family were thus secured by a single act of honesty upon the part of the little orange-girl.

As for the Butlers, their wealth was little more than nominal ; and in a few years they found themselves again reduced to poverty ; and Salome, notwithstanding her pride, was actually obliged to accept the place of chambermaid in the house of the once despised Florilla May.

ELOISA.

COME, SWEET ROBIN.

Come, sweet robin, gaily sing ;
To my weary, lone heart bring
Tranquil peace ;
Joy increase,
By thy song.

Thoughts of other scenes and days
Come, while list’ning to thy lays.
Robin sing,
Gladness bring,
By thy song.

The shades of dreamy twilight
Are deep’ning into night ;
Seek thy nest,
Sink to rest,
Bird of song.

FAREWELL TO NEW ENGLAND.

BY L. LARCOM.

Farewell to thee, New England !
Thou mother, whose kind arm
Hath ever been my shelter ; —
The stern, and yet the warm !
Amidst the grief of parting,
Each pulse is beating high
With pride that I'm thy daughter, —
Best land beneath the sky !

And thou, old Massachusetts,
At bidding thee farewell,
My caged heart shrinks and flutters
As in some wizard's spell.
In brighter hues may blossom
The valleys of the West,
But, should they rival Eden,
I'd always love thee best.

O, spirits of the Pilgrims !
Suns, beaming from the Past !
Upon your wandering daughter
A warm reflection cast !
Like wind-borne flowery odors,
Air of the Pilgrims' home, —
Still breathe around my spirit,
Wherever I may roam.

Farewell ! thou little village,
My birthplace and my home,
Along whose rocky border
The moaning surges come ;
Thy name shall memory echo,
As the exiled shell its wave.
Art thou *my home* no longer ?
Yet, keep for me a grave.

Farewell ! thou busy city,
Amid whose changing throng
I've passed a pleasant sojourn,
Though wearisome and long.
My soul is sad at leaving
The dear ones, not a few,
I've met within thy mazes,
So noble and so true.

O, friends ! upon love's altar,
Still doth a taper burn ?
Then keep it, bright and golden,
To gladden my return.
And if the distant prairie
Must hide the wanderer's tomb,
Unto that shrine of radiance
Will my freed spirit come !

DUTIES AND RIGHTS OF MILL GIRLS.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "LIGHTS AND SHADOWS OF FACTORY LIFE."

CHAPTER IV.

SIMPLICITY OF DRESS.

Upon the subject of dress, let me quote the good Dr. Channing. He says: "Unhappily the laborer, if prosperous, is anxious to ape the rich man, instead of trying to rise above him, as he may, by noble acquisitions. The young in particular, the apprentice and the female domestic," — and he might have added, the factory girl, — "catch a taste for fashion, and on this altar sacrifice too often their uprightness, and almost always the spirit of improvement, dooming themselves to ignorance for a vain show. Is this evil without remedy? Is human nature always to be sacrificed to outward decoration? Is the outward always to triumph over the inward man? Is nobleness of sentiment never to spring up amongst us? May not a reform in this particular begin in the laboring class, since it seems so desperate among the prosperous? Cannot the laboring class refuse to measure men by outward success, and pour utter scorn on all pretensions founded on outward show or condition? Sure I am, that were they to study plainness of dress and simplicity of living, for the purpose of their own true elevation, they would surpass in intellect, in taste, in honorable qualities, and in present enjoyment, that great proportion of the prosperous, who are softened into indulgence or enslaved to empty show."

You, my not well educated friends of the mills, what might such self-denial not do for you? It may be that there are some among you who cannot write a legible hand, who misspell a half-dozen words in writing a short letter; who know little more than a child about the heavens above or the earth beneath you; indeed, about anything, save the fashions; and yet, who cannot spend a single session at school, because you need every farthing you can earn in purchase of the costly clothing you wear. But what, let me ask, does this inconsistency profit you? Your pretensions, founded upon this display, a natural gracefulness of manner, together with the kind indulgence of the well educated, may gain you admission to their society. And thus you may take the place you covet beside the wealthy, the respectable, and the intelligent. Yet who among them does not understand the false tenure by which you hold this station? Who does not know, that, with all your tinsel-show, your intellect is but a blank, and half pity and half despise you? Ah! keep yourselves back from this position. Be content to wear a simple white dress on every pleasant summer Sabbath. For cloudy Sabbaths in summer, and for spring, autumn, and winter Sabbaths, keep one good dress of dark colors, or black. It may be silk, or de laine, or alpaca, or Oregon plaid, or anything you please to wear, only let it be becoming; not too costly, nor yet too cheap; for true economy in dress consists in purchasing a few good articles, and wearing them with care. Of jewelry, wear not an item. Do not purchase a muff, when you really do not need one; a circular cloak, when you already have a good tunic; a *visite*, when you have a good summer shawl or

mantilla ; a lace or gauze veil, when in your green travelling veil you have all you need. Do not purchase all, or any of these articles, because they are to be the *mode* a season, or because you have opportunities of getting them cheap. Beware of those bits of finery which pick your purses not the less effectively that they decoy only a half dime to-day, a dime to-morrow, and a quarter of a dollar next day. If you are susceptible of temptation on this point when out shopping, repeat often to yourself a homely but true saying of your grandfathers, "Many littles make a mickle ;" or this good proverb of Dr. Franklin, "Nothing is cheap that you do not want." Be simple ; be true to your real condition and your real wants. By and by, when you have stored your intellect, your library, and your purse, then, if you please, store your wardrobe. By that time you will have little inordinate love of parade in dress. You will be able then to estimate its value correctly ; and you will be governed by a correct taste, instead of a grovelling, feverish love of display.

TREATMENT OF HOSTESS.

For your hostess have none but pleasant looks and pleasant words, my friends of the mills. She has so many cares, so many perplexities, it is hard indeed for her, if she must have added to these the petulant and unnecessary complaints of her boarders. She is all along performing for you, and your fellow-boarders, a thousand little kind offices, not included in your bill of "bed and board ;" offices which cost her no light sacrifice, poor and fatigued as she almost always is, which tend in no small degree to make up the daily comforts of your factory life, and which demand from you a constant gratitude, and occasional assistances in her heavy duties. You can lay, with others, a plan of assisting her Sabbath mornings, that she may be in season for morning services at church ; for having a cold dinner, that she may not be kept at home to cook meats for you. Sit down occasionally and help her an evening, when other duties do not press you, and when she is hurried and fatigued. Avoid all complaints not incurred by a habitual course of infidelity in the discharge of her duties, and discountenance all such complaints in others. If, through any moral or mental obliquity on her part, she persists in neglecting your comfort, reason with her in perfect kindness. If this fails, you will be justified in leaving her house, unless there is a chance that things may be better through your remaining. But remember this. If her bread is sometimes heavy and sour, if her steak is sometimes over-done, and her pork under-done ; if sometimes her coffee is troubled, if her dishes are cold because her meals were too early, or if you must be kept waiting because they are too late, still remember that thus it must sometimes be with you, when you come to have the complicated machinery of a household in charge ; and, by the unruffled brow, the polite forbearance with which you would have your husband, your sons, and your daughters, meet your failures, your delinquencies, do you now show the same to your hostess. Wait in patience. Receive her apologies with a polite bearing ; that is, if she offers them. If she does not, supply them for yourself and others who wait with you, who are less considerate and benevolent.

THE SORROWS OF SIMON.

BY "CHARITY DAWSON."

PART V.

Notwithstanding Simon's heroic resolution to put a stop to company-coming, his friends and his wife's friends would come. Somehow or other they were just like all the rest of the world, and just as unlike Simon as potatoes are to pigeons. "What under the sun sent folks a visiting so much," was an item in philosophy that Simon could not understand. He did not wonder so much at his own folks coming, but his wife's relations,—who ever heard of such a thing! "Faith, I *can't*, and, what is more, I *won't* stand it!" exclaimed Simon. "Here is everything going to destruction; and it is a pretty story if my wife's to help it on as fast as possible. Did 'nt I marry her to save money? I did, and money *she shall save*, or, by hoky, I'll raise such a dust as the wind never raised yet. There's Jim, *the lazy scamp*, he shall go to 'Squire Jones's to work to-morrow. I earned my living before I was as old as he is, and he shall do it, and the other boys too; I won't have them romping round here; and my wife, if she has any more company, unless my name is changed from Simon, they'll go to her brother's quicker than Frank and Mary did." This mighty resolution once formed, Simon repaired to his shop with a lighter heart than was his wont. But alas! alas! scarcely had three hours elapsed ere his two brothers, their wives, and children called upon him. Of course, he must go up to the house with them; and, to his utter consternation, he found they intended to stop several days. They had scarcely gone, when his wife's father and mother arrived. Never did human being suffer more than Simon, at this terrible juncture. All the evils of poverty stared him in the face. He saw plainly his wealth taking to itself wings to fly away; no mistake but that something must be done, and that quickly. The fact was, he must have an eye to things indoors, as well as out, or he was a ruined man. "Never will do to trust these women," muttered Simon; "so wasteful, so extravagant, so prone to give away what does not belong to them." And accordingly everything in the house, from the ridge-pole of the attic down to the cellar floor, underwent a thorough examination. True, he did not find so many things wasted as he expected to; but, to his horror, what should he find stowed away in the pantry, but a basket full,—yes, a whole basket full,—of delicacies for old Mrs. Brown, who had been confined a long time with a lingering illness, and a whole cheese,—not a small one, but one of the largest in the cheese-room,—wrapped up for his wife's mother to carry home with her in the morning. This was too much. Simon never recovered from the terrible shock. Creeping stealthily from the cheese-room, he threw himself into a

chair before the sitting-room fire, and began to mutter to himself: "So much for getting married. It was the blindest step you ever took, Simon. You began to be a fool when you got the new coat and teeth. Then you began to spend money, and have done nothing but spend it ever since. What a sight it cost you to fix up this confounded old house, and that wedding party! I'll be shot if it did 'nt nearly ruin me, to say nothing about what I paid the minister. And then those plaguy boys; what a round sum they have picked out of my pocket,—more than their necks are worth. And my wife, too; O, who would have thought it? Ah! wretched man that I am, who shall deliver me from the terrible bondage of woman?" And the poor man groaned aloud in the anguish of his troubled spirit. None may know what dreadful visions haunted him during that night, nor how the fell demons of poverty mocked his misery, and beckoned him on to the dark abyss yawning to receive him. Two things only are certain: first, the boy Jim, as he passed through the room to retire for the night, saw his father sitting by the fire, his gaze riveted on the glowing coals, his lips were moving, and through his clenched teeth a piteous, moaning tone oozed out, which sounded strangely like — cheese. Second, he did not retire that night, but was found the next morning in his chair, with a woebegone expression resting on his features. The sorrows of Simon had ceased forever. His sordid spirit had gone where stringless dickeys, buttonless shirts, washerwoman's ninepences and shillings, together with a wife's extravagance, could assail him no more. A coroner's inquest was held over his remains, and the jury returned a verdict of *death from the blues*. Poor, sorrowful Simon, peace be to his ashes!

L I N E S,

*Suggested by the recent Lecture delivered in Lowell, by the celebrated Author of
"The Raven," and other marvellous Effusions.*

And sae they say a chiel's been here,
A' our gude folk enlightening;
And now a poet we can spier
When ane our sky is brightening.

And yet lang syne sma' need were there
O' lecturing proofs and prosie;
The proof within a' hearts ance bear,
And knew at sight the musie.

The poet drew a' hearts abune,
As Sol draws vapors round him;
They kenn'd that poetry fu' soon
In them, yet far beyond 'em.

That something linking man to man,
 Adorning humblest woman,
 And showing true that Bible plan
 Angel just o'er the human.

But times are changed, and manners too,
 The ark, wae 's me, is captured;
 And poetry, if lecture 's true,
 Its conquerors hae raptured.

It li'es in mony a slypet place,
 'Neath nameless chieks' direction;
 Ane now appears to gie 't a chase,
 And catch it for inspection.

If merit 's his wha, 'neath disguise,
 Finds out ane sairly sought,
 What vastly mair to him applies
 Wha finds him *where there 's naught!*

And here our great Parnassian priest
 The "gude time coming" hastens;
 He sets the high beneath the least,
 The mighty thus he chastens.

There 's ane, wha 's name we 've treasured lang,
 Shawn up a scaithing thiever;
 That ither ane is just as wrang;
 And ane, we now must leave her.

Anither ane, ance idol dear,
 We write him down a craven;
 His white-winged muse, wi' voice sae clear,
 Is naething to a RAVEN.

Ane, what tho' he "*Lang-fellow*" be?
 He 'll find his fame is short;
 To placad a' his thievery
 Is but a gilpey's sport.

Ane, ance we honored as he stood,
 But "*poet*" was misnomer;
 His "*THANATOPSIS*" unco gude,
 But stown belike frae Homer.

But then, in lieu o' those we 've lost,
 Anither list is given;
 A rising, shining, mighty host,
 Coming frae — is 't frae heaven?

Here 's ane, Fame soon his name wi' tell;
 He 'll stand high o'er Lord Noel;
 Here 's J. R. L., and J. E. L.—
 How art thou honored LOWELL!

Here 's ane, wha 's name we 've heard; why here,
 Our lang-known F. E. O.?
 Here 's ane, high up, wi' nane for peer
 King o' them, Edgar — Poh!

PROSE POEMS.

BY L. LARCOM.

III. THE WEB IN THE PATH.

Walking in the woods one bland May noon, I bent my footsteps up a rural pathway that led to the breezy summit of a hill. A tiny gleam of silver, flashing before me, caused me suddenly to pause. A spider had drawn his gossamer bar from one green limb to another, and I must break it, or leave the path.

Flimsy as the barrier was, hanging there in the sunlight, I involuntarily dropped the hand which had been raised to destroy it, and turned aside into the long grass. Groping through the thick, wild shrubbery, I became bewildered, and at length found myself far down the tangled hill-side.

Ah! thought I, as I strove to retrace my steps to the upland, how often are mortals beguiled from higher aims, and their whole course of life changed, by hindrances as trifling as this. A gay joke, a meaning glance, an idle presentiment,—something we might dissolve with a breath;—but there is power in its very weakness, and to this power we yield. Had an armed warrior disputed our passage, we should have grappled with him fearlessly; but we *will not* destroy the spider's web, and, happy for us, if darkness and a maze are not our reward.

IV. THE WHIPPOORWILL.

Why are the whippoorwill's notes more soothing than those of gayer, daytime warblers? Because he sings at eventide.

Our hearts bound to the light carols of birds that sing amid the sunbeams; and when day fades, we sigh at their departure. The pensive notes of the whippoorwill are in unison with our farewell thoughts, and we unconsciously come to love them better than the merry strains that are hushed.

So is it with our hopes, as the evening of life draws on. Less gay and musical than those which rang thrilling amid the morning dew of youth, they chime in with our sober memories, and subdue, while they cheer our hearts.

And so is it with the friendships of mature years. In our early days, we laugh and sport with creatures giddy as ourselves, and think that we love them as we can never love again. But our winged friends fly away with the sunshine, and leave us regretfully plodding upon a solitary road. Then a low, thoughtful voice, that ever speaks mildly to us of the past and the future, touches a chord of sympathy that lay hidden in the "deep within," and its tones become dearer to us than the music of early joy and love.

Alton, Illinois.

GOOD-BY TO NEW ENGLAND.

Good-by to thee, New England,
Good-by to thee and thine ; —
My heart hath almost worshipped,
In childhood, at thy shrine.

Good-by to rock and river,
To forest, vale, and plain ; —
Good-by, perhaps forever,
Perhaps we 'll meet again.

Good-by to rill and fountain,
To grassy rock and dale ;
Good-by to hill and mountain,
And deep, sequestered vale.

Good-by to echo ringing,
Thy rocky coast along,
To bird and insect, singing
Thy eve and matin song.

Good-by to sweeter music,
The sound of Sabbath bell !
Remembrances so hallowed
This heart shall cherish well !

Good-by to friends, that gather
To weep and say farewell ;
How much, how well I love them,
These lips can never tell.

I go where flowers are blooming,
More beautiful than thine ;
Where Nature, in her bounty,
Doth richer garlands twine.

I go where songs in winter
Shall fall upon mine ear,
And where the vine-clad forest
Shall glad me all the year.

But 'tis not these that win me,
From 'neath thy "sunset tree ;"
My heart will love them *dearly*,
But ne'er as it loves THEE !

I heard my sisters calling, —
"Ye that can teach us, come !"
And O, I love **THEIR WELFARE**
Far better — than my home.

Adieu, then, to thy treasures,
And they were never small ;
But **DUTY** hath its **PLEASURES**,
And they are worth them ALL.

Good-by — I go to culture
Flowers of immortal bloom ;
I leave thee sadly, gladly,
My dearer, dearest home.

ROXY AND DORCAS: OR, ALL FAITH AND NO FAITH.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "ABBY'S YEAR IN LOWELL."

CHAPTER V.

It was their first pay-day with Roxy and Dorcas; and here, perhaps, as well as anywhere, we may say that in all affairs connected with money, there was a great difference between the two girls. Even in receiving it at that time, and on all casual occasions, their characteristics were displayed. Dorcas never took a bank bill without the most careful inspection of every name and mark upon it. If it was a stranger, she applied to a bank detector for the necessary credentials, before she granted it a passport to her purse; and, even if an old acquaintance, she must be assured that it was still worthy of her confidence. She never took a piece of silver without a due degree of sounding, and thumping, and ringing, that she might not be deceived by the spurious; and she earnestly enjoined the same observances upon Roxy. But she, poor girl, was utterly intractable; and the consequence was that she sometimes came home with a counterfeit bill, sometimes with one that had been good, but alas! possessed now but false pretensions to its former worth; and once she found herself the possessor of a provokingly bright pewter dollar. Then, the fourpenny pieces which she could never pass off for more than five cents, and the ninepences which she was afterwards assured were but ten cents, and the "quarters" which in her hands depreciated to twenty cents,—the names of these, in time, were Legion; but she could not do better; she felt as though it were an insult to her trader to stand and question, inspect, and decide upon the merits or demerits of bills or coins, as they were passed to her, and would rather have been cheated a dozen times, than to have found herself once suspecting another without great cause.

But we will go back to that first pay-day. Their wages were the same, and there were three dollars, besides their board, due to each.

Dorcas had determined to send her mother one dollar, as an earnest that she still remembered her, and that in the best sense of the word. She had delayed her first letter until she could give this tangible evidence of regard. And here, again, we will digress to say that the bill, which came so surely with every letter, and which increased in value after the first months had passed, was received and appropriated with as much consideration as it was given. Dorcas had thought of the ounces of tea and pounds of sugar, the pints of oil and quarts of molasses, which even this one dollar could procure. But it was laid aside until another, and another, and still another, and then a double one, was added; and then a Bible, in large print and handsome cover, was laid upon the widow's table, and over its holy pages she every morn and night held converse with her absent child. Again came a letter, and a still larger sum of money, and then another, and so on, until the widow could purchase a nice clock, with a mirror below its *face and hands*; and its constant tick was the

best of company, and an unceasing encomium upon the love of her child. But that first pay-day; we must go back, for there is an event connected with its close.

Dorcas had studied all day what to do with her remaining two dollars. There were so many things of which she stood in need;—a warmer shawl, a pair of thick shoes, some cloth to make into under garments, some yarn to knit, another gown, and some mill aprons and towels; and but two dollars for all these wants. Roxy wanted nothing, only to lend her three dollars to her friend. But Dorcas had resolved never to borrow—not even from Roxy. However she might suffer, still she would not spend until the money was her own. She could wait, she could do without things, only she did not know which she could wait for best. The shoes, and the yarn, and some cheap cotton cloth, she thought she must get. The girls came home at night, ate their supper, and then, as Mrs. Smart passed through the room, handed her the payment for their board. They then went up stairs, put the rest of their money aside, and then went down to do a little washing together. They returned, and Dorcas enclosed her extra dollar in the letter already written to her mother, and carried it to the postoffice. Roxy was wearied, and did not go out with her. The next morning Roxy missed her three dollars. Dorcas was the first that she told of her loss. She had rolled the bills together, enclosed them in a small piece of paper, and thrown the roll into her trunk. But she did not lock the trunk. Here Dorcas blamed her. She had always cautioned her to do this,—never to leave the trunk unlocked for a moment; *she* “never did.” Roxy had obeyed at first; but it was so tedious always to lock and unlock. And who was there to meddle with the trunks? Nobody but Nora, whose honesty she did not doubt, and Sophy and Hannah, their room-mates. She could not suspect them. So she had for a long time neglected the warning of Dorcas, and until now, with impunity. And now her money was gone. “Don’t make a stir about it, Dorcas!” she entreated. “I will be careful in future; I will not lose any more; I will always lock my trunk.” But, severely as Dorcas blamed Roxy, she looked upon her carelessness as no excuse for the thief. And she did make a stir. Upon inquiry, it was ascertained that Sophy was in the room a few moments while Roxy and Dorcas were washing. Hannah had gone out shopping, without going to their room; and Dorcas felt sure that Sophy was the guilty one. In the most vindictive manner, she went to her and charged her with the theft, in the same breath expatiating upon the meanness of searching their trunks, trying the locks, and taking anything and everything which might not be identified. It was in vain that Sophy denied. Dorcas would hear no defence; the case was clear against her. But Roxy believed her protestations when, in tones that seemed to all like the accents of innocence, she declared that she was not a thief,—that she wanted only her own,—that she had never opened trunks, or known but that Roxy’s was always locked as tight as that of Dorcas. She seemed grieved and injured, and Roxy was unhappy. She had been the cause of all this trouble; and how she wished to repair it! She

assured Sophy, and all the girls, that she was convinced of her innocence ; she begged her to forget the whole affair ; she drew towards her as to a friend whom she *would* trust, spite of suspicious circumstances. She begged of Dorcas to suspect her no longer ; and then she tried to explain her loss. She knew that she had raised the lid of her trunk and thrown her money in. But, as she raised herself from the trunk, the corners of her pelerine might have dragged the paper away. She thought she could remember the hanging of her cape into the trunk, and brushing it out with her hand ; and the money perhaps came out with it ; and then the draught, or her clothes, or feet, might have carried it out of the room ; and then how easy for it to get out of the house. Dorcas rejected all these explanations. The pelerine story looked improbable. Roxy's kind fancy had conjured it up ; and it was still more improbable that paper, *rolled up*, could have disappeared from the room ; and she was willing that Sophy, and every one else, should be assured that she was not imposed upon by such a supposition. Which was right, Roxy or Dorcas ?

CHAPTER VI.

Sophy did take the money — but not from the trunk. The pelerine did brush the money out, and it fell on the floor, between Roxy and the trunk. She did not perceive it as she rose, and went out. Sophy came in, saw it, opened the paper, found the money, and, in that moment of great temptation, appropriated it. She had been out the evening before, to look at cashmere shawls. One just suited her fancy, but the price was fourteen dollars, and she would have but eleven when paid the next day. The importunities of the shop-keeper overpowered her better judgment, and she had it laid aside until the next evening. She thought she could borrow the money. But the acquaintances in the mill, upon whom she had depended, were unable to accommodate her. She had not asked Roxy, for she supposed she would want her first earnings to spend ; and, if not, she knew that Dorcas needed them. She concluded to go out and resign the shawl, or ask to be trusted for it ; and to do either, was mortifying to her, as the store-keeper was a stranger. It was at this moment that she found and took the money. She did not stop to think ; though, as she returned with her shawl, she would have given all she had to undo the whole affair. She had never stolen before, and she was now very miserable. Then came the discovery and accusation ; but the latter was connected with so much that was false and unkind, that she threw herself back upon the points where she was innocent, and there made her defence. Against the indictment, as she heard it, she felt that she could plead “ not guilty.” But then came Roxy's forgiveness, support, and friendship, which wounded her to the bottom of her heart. She would have confessed all to her ; but that would be the same as a confession to Dorcas ; and that she could not bring herself to do. Her whole evil nature had been aroused by the unjust suspicions to which there seemed to be no limits, and she was not yet

good enough, nor great enough, to confess and repent before her enemy and accuser. She felt that she was punished; suspicion was upon her, spite of Roxy's kind regard; and the shawl she never dared to wear until after another pay-day. But she could not rest without making amends to Roxy; and, when another month's wages gave her the means, she enclosed a five-dollar bill in a letter, and in a hand which trembled so that it needed no effort to disguise it, she wrote, "From a repentant girl," and sent it to the kind-hearted friend whom she had wronged. Perhaps a suspicion of the real transgressor then forced itself upon Roxy. But she said nothing to any one. She might be wrong,—at all events, the matter should not be referred to again. Whoever had stolen it, had also returned it, with more than interest. She was more than ever a friend to Sophy, and her faith was undiminished. Which was right, Roxy or Dorcas?

Panotucket Falls.

ADDRESS TO NEW ENGLAND.

BY A. H. WINSHIP.

Hail, loved New England! matron highly blest!
Gladly we greet thee. Thy maternal breast
Hath been our pillow. From thy lips we learned
The love of Heaven, and at thy bidding spurned
Dark-visaged crime. 'Tis long since last we met.
Oft have we thought of thee with fond regret,
And cherished memories of thee and thine,
Which, round our heartstrings, closely interwine.
We hear thy name extolled, thy praises sung;
We hear thou sit'st in dignity among
The great of earth, in comely robes arrayed,
Where deference due is to thy goodness paid.

Thou'rt rich in mental gold, and gems of thought;
The clustering virtues are thy jewels, brought
From that fair casket filled with goodly things—
With moral wealth, which never taketh wings.
Thy pearls, transparent, are thy tears for woes
Of human creatures, be they friends or foes.
Kings do thee homage from their stations high,
And queens fall back when thou art passing by.

Thou art of noble ancestry, and well
Thine honors ripe become thee. Time will swell
The story of thy worth: thy cherished sons
Shall rise and bless thee, and thy gifted ones
Will add fresh laurels to the chaplet fair
Upon thy brow, while none to soil it dare.

Bagtown, Ark.

THE CONSUMPTIVE.

"Gently, calmly, we laid her to rest,
And placed the green turf over her breast."

Beautiful as the last rose of summer, was Alice H——; fair, and frail as the lily which bends to each passing breeze; none knew her but to love, none saw her but admired. The only daughter of wealthy parents, no means were left untried to make her happy. How we loved her! how much we prophesied for her! She should walk hand in hand with Joy and Happiness; Plenty and Prosperity should attend her steps, while meek-eyed Piety should guard her from the cold storms of sorrow. But she was in the hands of one whose ways are mystery, and He, in infinite wisdom, thought best to pluck the dear flower ere the leaves had fallen, or the stem withered away. One day in August, I was hastily called for by the father of Alice. She was very sick: in a few moments I was standing by her side. Her eyes were bright and lustrous, while the bright-red spot on her cheek fearfully showed the work of death. "How kind of you to come," she murmured, as I pressed my lips to her burning brow. I spoke a few soothing words, and she slept. "Doctor, is there no hope?" the mother said, as kind old Doctor Gould stood bending over her. He shook his head and left the room. "Oh! must she die?" groaned both parents aloud; and falling on their knees, they prayed the Father of Mercies to spare her,—to spare her for a month, a week; and then with trusting hearts they said, "Father, not our will, but thine be done." That night came a sad change. We did not think death so near, although in expectation of it, and were wholly unprepared. While watching over her, greedy to catch the slightest symptom that should presage hope, I heard her faintly murmur, "Mother! Father! where are they? Call them quickly; I am dying." Hastily summoning them, we all bent over her. "I shall never see brother Harry again," she said. "Tell him from me, not to grieve too deeply; we shall meet in heaven. Say farewell to all my dear friends; and now one kiss of each. Farewell, farewell." She added, "We shall all meet in yonder bright world." One choking sound, and sweet Alice was an inhabitant of another world. "Oh! Father, this is indeed a bitter cup, but thou hast sent it, and I will not put it from me;" and the father and mother knelt at the foot of the cross, and besought help in this hour of trial.

Sweetly she looked, in her coffin; her hands laid over her breast, the eyelids closed gently down, as if just dropped to slumber; the beautiful mouth slightly closed, the same as she was in life, only more pale.

The aged minister, with trembling voice, while the tears ran down his cheeks, spoke of her youth, her beauty, her many virtues, her resignation in the hour of death, closed the Bible, covered his face, and wept aloud. One by one we took a last look, and they bore her to the church-yard. Slowly they lowered her into the deep, cold

grave; while we mournfully sang, "Sister, thou wast mild and lovely," the earth settled upon the coffin's lid, the minister repeated "earth to earth, and dust to dust;" one sob from the bereaved parents, and we returned home to weep over our loss.

Reader, this is no fiction, but a true sketch of what I once witnessed. Years have elapsed since the event, yet it is as fresh in my memory as if it were but yesterday; and should you ever pass through one of the most beautiful villages in the north of Vermont, and remark a plain slab, with the simple word "ALICE" engraved thereon, know there resteth one whom I loved as a sister.

ANNA.

Cabot Cor., Chicopee, Mass.

VIRGINIA AND NEW ENGLAND.

VIRGINIA CONTRASTED WITH NEW ENGLAND. Everything here is new and strange to me. I enjoy it now, and am quite happy; but don't think I would like to live here always, unless I could have all my friends, and — and, unless it was New England. I have engaged to remain here "one session," but my heart is in New England, and "I reckon" its *case* will be there too, within one year. But, for the present, I am quietly settled down in this little *bit* of a place, surrounded by mountains, looking, for all the world, like a ground-bird's nest in tall grass, where everything is so still and quiet that we can *almost* hear a body think. The scenery this side the Blue Ridge is beautiful, the climate delightful, and everything looks as if *it might have been so Eden-like* had not a blight rested upon all. But here, among the mountains, where we have pure air, good water, and *such glorious thunder-storms*, even here Indolence, Slavery's oldest daughter, hath many worshippers. * * * *

I do feel *interested* in the school, and am very much rejoiced to see any improvement, but my heart *yearns* sometimes for communion with the dear ones behind, and yet I love to be here, for I feel that I may be useful.

They talk very queerly: one hears "I reckon" as often as "I guess," in Yankee-land. They have "mighty good," and "mighty bad," "mighty big," and "mighty little" things; a "heap of work," and a "heap of lessons." They have "right smart showers;" and in truth they do. 'Tis *real thunder*, no mistake, and seems sometimes as though the very heavens were splitting, and the frightened fragments come crashing down upon the trembling earth. The evening and the morning make the day here. "Good evening" commences as soon as dinner is over. I like it much better than the "good afternoon," but it is not so sweet as our "good night." I love that.

R.

Extract from a letter.

PENTUCKET.

BY M. R. GREEN.

[Continued.]

At a town meeting called for the purpose of consulting measures to prevent a surprise, and defend themselves from the scalping-knife and tomahawk, it was voted, that the before-mentioned fortification should be reconstructed; also three men were appointed to designate what houses should be garrisoned. To the pioneers of civilization this must have been a season of the greatest anxiety and serious debate. We who live at this remote period, surrounded as we are by every temporal and spiritual blessing from the munificent hand of our Creator, can have but a faint conception of the days of darkness and danger that enveloped our ancestors like a dense cloud. Yet their faith was strong in the God of battles, and the light of his benign countenance was to them a holy Shekinah, to cheer and illumine their wilderness home.

In 1676, a man was slain by the Indians, who is supposed to be the first person in Pentucket that fell beneath their hand of barbarity.

Prior to this the General Court passed a law which prohibited the Indians from going a mile from their wigwams.

This year, however, the pale-faces made a *peace-offering* to the tawny tribes, by giving them permission to gather "chestnuts and other nuts in the wilderness," provided two white men went with each company, whose charges were to be borne by the Indians. This stinted immunity, which followed the Court restrictions, as an amendment, doubtless, appeared to the red rangers of the North American forest like insolent mockery from those who had arrogated to themselves their own green lands in the broad fastnesses of the wild wood.

Probably the selfish policy of the General Court was what first exasperated the Indians to commence that bloody warfare which lasted over thirty years, almost without intermission. From 1675 to 1689, there is no murder on record committed by the Indians, yet they were constantly on the alert for plunder and carnage, hovering around the settlement in such a menacing manner, that the inhabitants were kept in continual excitement and alarm.

It was in the summer of this year, [History of Haverhill,] that they commenced the work of murder and desolation in good earnest. The tawny savage sharpened his knife and tomahawk for the work of blood, and glutted his imagination with the atrocities he should commit. The war began,—the fierce and inhuman contest on the part of the savages. It proceeded, and what deeds of valor were performed,—what acts of chivalry graced the lives of our fathers! The plaided Highlander, armed with his claymore and battle-axe, was not more heroic; the stern and determined patriot, who rallied beneath the banners of Wallace, was no braver; the enthusiastic crusader, who fought and bled on the plains of the Holy Land, never exhibited a more fearless and undaunted spirit.

Families that lived any distance from the village had to abandon their houses and lands, and betake themselves to a garrison for safety. The people always went armed to their daily avocations, and on the holy Sabbath wended their way to the house of God, with a psalm-book in one hand, and a loaded gun in the other.

Some of the most heroic deeds were performed by women; for instance, the case of Mrs. Dustin, killing and scalping her captors, and then making her retreat in so courageous a way. Also the case of Mrs. Bradley, who treated the Indians with scalding soap; and likewise that of Mrs. Swan, who is said to have thrust a prodigious long spit through the body of her assailant, and killed him on the spot. Many stratagems were put in practice by them, and proved quite as effectual in defeating the bloody machinations of the enemy, as did the firearms of the hardier sex. One of the most tragical conflicts that ever took place in Pentucket, was in the year 1708, occasioned by the combined attack of the French and Indians, in a body, four hundred strong. The French were commanded by De Chaillons and Hertel de Rouville, the infamous sacker of Deerfield in 1704, and the Indians by La Perriere. The attack commenced about the break of day on the Sabbath, the 29th of August. As the Indians had been peaceable for some time, the inhabitants began to be less vigilant than they had been heretofore, consequently they were taken by surprise, not having time to betake themselves to the garrisons, or prepare for defence in any way whatever.

On this memorable day, about forty were slain and carried off captives. Among those that fell by the ruthless assailants were the Rev. Benjamin Rolf, his wife, and one child; also other members of his household. Hagar, a colored girl, who lived in Mr. Rolf's family, saved the lives of two of his children by hiding them in the cellar beneath two tubs.

As soon as she heard the first alarm, she sprang from her bed, took the children, and flew to the cellar, where, after concealing them in the way before mentioned, she concealed herself behind a meat barrel. The Indians entered the cellar for plunder, and several times passed the tubs; once treading upon the toes of one of the children, and took meat from the barrel behind which Hagar was concealed, without becoming aware of their proximity.

The children lived to mourn the untimely and tragical end of their parents, and the scene of desolation around them. One was afterwards married to Col. Hatch, of Dorchester, and the other to the Rev. Samuel Chickly, of Boston.

Mrs. Bradley, so conspicuous in history for her sufferings in savage captivity, we think must have been a thrifty progenitor, if we may draw an inference from the many among us that bear her name. They form as great a proportion to our population as did those bearing the name of *Smith* to the beleaguers of Ishmail upon the Danube, when commanded by the barbarous Suwarrow. Byron tells us that there were of *Smiths* (among the English volunteers of pith) Jacks, Gills, Wills, Bills, Toms, Harrys, and Peters.

Mrs. Dustin, whose name is so well known to the world, was car-

ried away by the Indians in 1697, and in the fortieth year of her age. She was the daughter of Michael Emerson, and the eldest of *fifteen children*. She was born December 23, 1657, and married to Thomas Dustin, December 3, 1677. At the time of her being taken captive, she was the mother of eight children,—one an infant, whose brains were dashed out against an apple-tree, in sight of its heart-stricken mother. The captivity of Mrs. Dustin was distressing in the extreme, but not of long duration. She was taken the 15th of March, and on the 31st of the same month, that world-famous and truly heroic deed was accomplished, namely, the slaying and scalping of the tawny captors, at which time she made a precipitate escape, and reached home without being pursued by the savages, or molested in any way whatever. The time when Mrs. Dustin died is unknown, as well as the place where she was buried. We are informed that she lived to become the mother of thirteen children, and also that her descendants are quite numerous in this State and in New Hampshire. Here there is but one scion of the “household tree;” and this *individual* still owns and resides at the “Dustin Place,” where a part of the notable garrison remains, contiguous to the more recently constructed mansion.

* * * * *

In 1737, the settlement of the divisional line between Massachusetts and New Hampshire, created a prodigious sensation among the rival inhabitants. However, it was settled by commissioners appointed by the Crown. The Governor rode in state from Boston to Hampton, where the assembly met to adjust the controversy; and the “pomp and circumstance” of his bearing, and “train attendant,” produced the following unique lampoon from some of our worthy predecessors of the tuneful nine. Here it is:—

“Dear paddy, you never did behold such a sight
 As yesterday morning was seen before night.
 You in all your born days saw, nor I did 'nt neither,
 So many fine horses and men ride together.
 At the head of the lower house trotted two in a row;
 Then all the higher house pranced after the bow;
 Then the Governor's *coach* galloped in like the wind,
 And the last that came foremost were troopers behind;
 But I fear it means no good to your neck nor mine,
 For they say 't is to fix a right place *for the line*.”

This will give an idea of the colonial parade of magistrates, and I trust will serve for a specimen of the poetical powers of our forefathers. It is all I can afford to give you.

In 1739, the sycamore-trees now standing before the mansion of the late widow Duncan, were set out. “The work was done by one Hugh Talant, a wanderer from the green fields of Erin, and who was a famous fiddler. He lived with Col. Richard Saltonstall, in the capacity of a servant; and tradition says that he frequently made harmonious sounds with his catgut and rosin, for the gratification of the village swains and lasses.”

[To be continued.]

EDITOR'S TABLE.

NEW ENGLAND.

"Land of the Pilgrims' pride,
Land where our fathers died."

In the present number of our magazine, we give several communications, in poetry and prose, which prove — what is also evinced by numberless letters from our correspondents — the deep and enduring attachment felt by the New England female emigrant for the land of her birth, her education, her toils, her joys, and her sorrows. Two of the poems have been previously published, but not where most of our readers could have seen them; and it has ever been our intention to republish and preserve them in this manner.

To return to New England, to "go back to the Highlands," seems almost invariably to be the future intention of the emigrant girl, and one which does credit to her own heart, as well as to the land which inspires such attachment. To this feeling, we doubt not, we are indebted for many of the kind favors forwarded from the West, and South, both of a literary and pecuniary nature. And when we also may leave this

"Land of the forest and the rock,
Of deep blue lake, and mighty river,"

may our exertions, and our life, like theirs, do honor to the influences and institutions amid which we have been nurtured.

We take this opportunity to acknowledge recent communications from Alton, St. Louis, Eagletown, &c., which shall have a place in our next number.

We have been called to account by some of "our girls," for alluding, in the July number, to some one else than L. L., as the "first poetess" of the Offering. The word *first*, we used as relating to precedence in time, not merit; leaving that, of course, to be decided by our readers; and now take leave of the subject by saying to them, as an acquaintance of ours said to the little rebels in her school, when they appealed to her to adjust their differences, that they must "settle it among themselves."

WHAT'S IN A NAME? Very much, our contributors seem to think; and very few are willing to allow us to use their distinctive appellation in connection with their contributions to our pages. When we commenced this publication, it was our wish to give the real name as the signature of each writer; but very few were willing to submit to this. The real date of location we have always persisted in giving; but these liberties have caused the only difficulty we have had with our writers. One or two have strongly objected, and almost all have *begged to be excused*. Our wish is founded upon the suspicions, which seem not even yet to be wholly overcome, that the articles are not contributed by those who profess to write them. But we have contended against this long enough. To acknowledge it as presumptive evidence against the good faith of

our writers, would be to suppose them destitute of that sensibility which has been shown by many female writers, upon their first appearance before the literary public. Some have endeavored to overcome their shyness, in consequence of our wishes and representations, and some have not. In future, we shall let their own wishes decide the question; but we shall always connect, with a date or signature something, to distinguish the fictitious from the real.

From a gentleman in a Southern State, we have received a letter, with comments, and a criticism upon some things which we have published against **SLAVERY**. The contents of that letter, and the courteous, manly tone in which it is written, demand more of our attention than we can accord it in this public notice. We were aware when we published those objectionable papers, that we might be depriving ourselves of many Southern friends and subscribers; but we regret much that we are shutting our periodical out of Southern manufactories. We can appreciate the difficulties of those who are accused of establishing "Abolition-shops;" but we cannot give the pledge required.

We once edited a magazine in which it *was* understood and pledged, that *nothing should appear upon disputed topics*. That was when our "factory girls" thought it a task sufficient to convince the public that they could write at all. We now assume that we have accomplished that, and go upon a higher ground. In publishing a **NEW ENGLAND OFFERING**, the writings of those who are and have been factory operatives, we feel that it is due to ourselves and the public, that we should allow them the privilege of indicating their position upon all the great moral questions of the day—Temperance, Slavery, &c., &c. To some in this country, and others, this is, or may be looked for; as we have reason to feel that we excite some interest abroad. By the moral philosopher at home, this would be looked for; and we could not feel that we were doing justice to our own cause, while restricting our writers by any pledge to refrain from allusion to those subjects. But we have not room for discussions, controversies, &c., and cannot have them. Our own taste and judgment must decide what is fitting in tone and manner for our work; and we are willing to discard everything unreasonable and abusive. In conclusion, we are desirous to be fair; and will publish anything, even on the other side of the question, which this gentleman will send us, with the assurance of his own word that it is written by one who is now, or has been, a female operative in his mills.

We have received from the publisher, **LECTURES TO YOUNG LADIES**, by *Rev. Daniel C. Eddy*, of this city. The work consists of ten lectures, delivered at first to crowded assemblages of the factory operatives of Lowell, and now collected and presented them in a permanent form. Among the topics on which they treat, are these: "Attention to Health, a Religious Duty;" "Improper use of the Tongue;" "Profitable and Unprofitable Reading;" "A Glance at the Theatre;" "The Influence of Evil Associates," &c.; and it will readily be seen that the lecturer devoted himself to an important work. We have not had time to read the book, and will refer to it more fully in some future number. Published by B. C. Sargeant, of this city; neatly bound; and printed by B. H. Penhallow, upon good paper and good type.

Notices already written, of **BROTHERS AND SISTERS**, by *Miss Bremer*; **THE TENANT OF WILDFELD HALL**; **THE ABANDONED**, a poem; **THE SELF INSTRUCTOR**; &c., are deferred until another number, for want of room. We must have a *third leaf* to our *table*.

THE
NEW ENGLAND OFFERING.

OCTOBER, 1848.

DEATH OF THE MISSIONARY MAID.

Brightly, on Waikiki Bay,
The evening glow of sunlight lay ;
And sea and shore alike were still,
For Zephyr slept beneath the hill.
Within a cane-roofed hut was laid
The dying form of that loved maid :
Hawaiian pupils pressed around
In silence, broken by the sound
Of smothered sob, or low-breathed prayer,
For her who lay so calmly there.
She saw their forms like shadows pass,
Their smiles like mist breathed on a glass ;
Then fell thick darkness, like a veil,
And cheek and lip alike were pale.
Death came, and leading Memory
With quickened step and brightened eye :
He came, a messenger of love,
To guide her to that home above.
Again she hears the old church-bell,
Its merry peal, its funeral knell ;
While voices, that were once most dear,
Steal gently on her listening ear.
'Tis but a wave of Memory's wand,
And groups of loved ones round her stand :
A mother's hand is on her brow,
A father's blessing hears she now ;
A sister's low and gentle tone
Is mingled faintly with their own.
One glance, and Memory has sped,
And she with Death from earth has fled.

Ed.

LITTLE RICHIE AND THE GOSSAMER.

BY "JENNIE."

It was a warm day in spring, and gladness was in the air we breathed, and all around us. What sounds there were! and with what intense happiness they thrilled our nerves! The waters tinkled in all the joy of new-born freedom, as they ran loose from the snow-banks that so long had prisoned them. From the creatures of the farm-yard, low bleatings and lowings were heard, as, ever and anon, they lifted their sleepy lids, stopped chewing their cuds, and looked away to the woods and pastures. Chanticleer, mighty in his strides and evolutions as a corporal, looked well to his dames; saw to it that all were comfortable, that all kept near him, and tipped their heads this way and that way, and looked with this eye and that eye for grubs which, *malgre* all his scratching, he did *not* scratch up from the turf. And every minute he poured himself in crowing; then chatted loudly, while answers were coming back to him from the echoes of the woody hill away there, and from the farm-yards, near and remote. From sparrows, golden robins, and robin red-breasts, wrens, jays, etc., etc., that year after year people our orchard and "roof-tree," came an unintermitting song; now low and hurried, as if in plans of repairing and building homes, and then gushing in gladness over the spring, in welcomes, congratulations, and thanksgivings. We sat and listened to it all, and looked away through the thin, silvery mists, and thought of all the delight in the spring, which we saw and heard; of that which was in the hearts of the poor; and we were so happy that we could scarcely breathe. But soon there came painful longings for heaven; for nearness to the Author of all that beauty and joy: for the purity that is meet, in creatures made, endowed, loved, and watched over, by such an infinitely great and good Being. We talked of life; of what it is, and what it ought to be. We wished that we were less gross; that other people were less gross; that *Art* would do more for things around us, where *Nature* had done so much. We were glad that soon the grass would spring up, and that the blessed flowers would soon open their eyes to us. We would have such delight in working among them, and in new arrangements! We must have new arrangements, if father and brother did say, as so often they had said already, that every spring we undo all we had done the spring before. We wanted our turf to look greener and heavier, the flowers to be grouped with some taste and sentiment, and the whole to be glorious as a picture. Ah; if we might only have dark, rich olives, oranges, "the feathery palm," myrtle groves, jets, fountains, and statues! If, better still, we might only go away from "the stormy North," somewhere — to Italy; if we might only go to Italy! where the sky is so deep, the air so full of inspiration and balm, where people float in gondolas, and sing from the soul; where one may sit in the shade of mighty ruins, and

listen to "the sound of days that are no more," and take their walks amongst sculptured marbles, paintings, vineyards, volcanoes, by the tomb of Virgil and along the Appian way, with *Ave Marias* in their ears, and convent bells, and *Te Deums*, and the National song:—

Roma, Roma, Roma!
Non è pin come era prima:—

and the National cry, *Carita per l'amour di Dios*, which, coming as it does from jolly lazaroni, only helps make a rich shading for the foreground of the picture. If we might only—only something, we could not tell what! Richie was a baby, then. And while we wished, and planned, and hoped, and longed, he scrambled from lap to lap, teasing me until I gave him my pencil, and S——, until she gave him her thimble and ring. And, all the while, the more we indulged him, the more restless and exacting he became. He had trouble with his new possessions. The chain of the pencil plagued him. He could never do anything, from its getting snarled and wound about his wrists; and neither ring nor thimble could he keep on his fingers. Still he would not part with them, but, grasping them with painful effort in one tiny hand, he began stretching the other into empty space, shutting it firmly, and getting every moment more and more impatient. We were so busy with our own reachings and graspings, that we did not attend to Richie until he was ready to go mad with his disappointment and effort.

"What does our baby want?" at last said S——.

What can the reader suppose our baby wanted? Nothing but gossamer. A sunbeam came in through a hole in the curtain, and he was diving here and there, and shutting his hand close, to catch the shining "motes that peopled it." We laughed heartily at baby's folly; but does not the reader see that we two grown-up children, not less than Richie, were reaching after gossamer?

In a degree, our wishes were just and rational; and just so far capable of being realized. We, and others, have need of striving after purity; and day by day, hour by hour, we may be getting supplies of it, if we are busy; if we act with good and sincere intention; if we cherish no passion, no thought, which would make us blush, if it were to go forth in words and deeds; if we wrong no one, but deal justly and gently with all. We all know that there are obstacles in this way; in the flowers that line it, and tempt us to loiter and trifle; in the lions, which alarm us and hinder our progress, not the less that we know they are chained, and have no power to harm us, if we do not offer ourselves to their jaws; in the quicksands which sometimes lie quite across the way, which hence we must tread, and which scorch and grind our feet as we go; in the thorns, which tear us on one side, while we are looking to clear those on the other; and in the weakness and weariness of the flesh, which so often falters, while the spirit is yet strong and willing. Still the road is left us, and the guide-book is in our hands. Still we know that the good country lies beyond, and that the good King is graciously waiting for us; guarding us with his angels, pitying us when we suffer, yet seeing

with his omniscient eye that we need to suffer, to be tempted, and sometimes to stumble; that rightly, and in our souls, we may feel our need of him; revere and love him as our kind Preserver, our All; that we may look to him in thanks for what he has given, and in prayer for what still we need. These are not the struggles which end with disappointment in the heart and emptiness in the hand.

As I looked on Richie, I thought, how many in this world, negligent of the substantial blessings that fill one hand, and thankless for them, waste their years and their energies, and embitter their lives, in their struggles after gossamer! How many of us, my good readers, whose aim it is to follow the true and the real, yet often find ourselves turning away, straining our eyes, stretching out our hands, wasting our strength, for the unreal and the false! We know what it is that constitutes real beauty and excellence of human character. We know that it is to keep our intellects well stored by reading and thought, and clear and strong by vigorous exercise; to keep our affections warm, pure, and well-directed; and to make our manner and our speech the genuine and attractive expression of the strength, the benevolence, the peace within. But we forget this often, and sleep. Else, waking, we rock and dream. We go into society, forgetting that, travellers to the eternal world, we commune with those who are journeying with us there, and speak not one word of feeling and sense. We talk about the weather, the snow and the mud, and decide that they are really unbearable; about the shocking outrage upon all the principles of good taste, which Miss A—— commits, every time she wears that *outré* bonnet; about the “pity ’t is” that Miss H——, so *contre le mode*, still wears that everlasting pelisse, and muff of sable. We regret it exceedingly, that we could not, at any shop in town, find just the shade of ribbon we meant to have for our new winter bonnet; and are provoked, absolutely beyond endurance, that that pert, ill-dressed Mrs. G—— has come out in hat and ribbon exactly like ours; or with this difference only: her braid is the Coburg, ours the Rough-and-Ready. We are so glad we don’t know what to do, that there is this difference in them. But we all think it too bad, this fog and warm weather so far into the winter, when one has all one’s winter clothes ready. We expect that, before we can have a chance to appear in our new circular, there will be forty others just like it, ready to swarm the first day of really winter weather. In faces long and blank with condolence, our auditors listen to us; and their too bads! and sure enoughs! their ahs! ohs! and other like expletives, as well as the energetic and unqualified assurances, that they know how wretchedly disappointed and annoyed we *must* be, give us ample demonstration, that, in deed and in truth, they compassionate us. They have had just such trials, they say; and, even now, Mrs. M——’s new Parisian style tippet, and mouse-colored hat, for which she sent expressly to Boston, that she might have them before anybody else did, are lying there in the closet, and there are likely to be, for all she sees. She don’t see that there is any more prospect of cold, clear weather, than there was a week ago. And she can’t endure wearing them out the first time, in a

mouse-colored day ; it would give them such a frightfully foggy look. O, it is too bad, this !

Well, we make a half-dozen calls, and go through the same round of common-place at them all ; or they may vary in a few particulars, if one lady happens to have plants in the room, if another has worsted-work on the table, and another tidy knitting. And when we get home and open our hand, we find that, with all our walking and talking, we have gathered nothing but gossamer. We feel disappointed. We are dissatisfied with others, with ourselves, with our whole life. We have indeed reason to be dissatisfied ; and well for us that we are, if we gather from it the lesson we need to have repeated so often, that, in much mercy, the human heart is so constituted as never to be satisfied with that which is not, like itself, immortal and heaven-born.

Franklin, N. H.

W H A T I L O V E .

BY J. B. HAMILTON.

I love some lonely path to tread,
When summer's breath hath clothed the bowers ;
Hath waked the violet from its bed,
And sweetly decked the earth with flowers.

I love to hear the wild bird's voice,
With sweetest music in his song ;
He bids my pensive heart rejoice,
And cheers me as he flits along.

I love to hear the whippoorwill,
While pouring forth his evening lay ;
As if he felt a grateful thrill
For many blessings through the day.

I love the music of the rill,
As swift its water rushes on,
Down-leaping from yon distant hill,
Refreshing all it smiles upon.

I love the elm and maple shade,
'Neath which I sat in childhood's day ;
Where many, many hours I've played
In cheerful, childish mood so gay.

I love to read, from Nature's book,
The works of wisdom and of love ;
And from them I am led to look
From Nature to its God above.

Chicopee, Dwight Cor.

EPISTOLARY EXTRACTS

FROM FAMILIAR LETTERS.

June 7. "The citizens of Alton are getting up a great indignation against the people of St. Louis, for trying to make the 'Father of Waters' turn aside from his course to suit their convenience. There is an island in the centre of the Mississippi, opposite St. Louis, which divides the current of the river almost equally. But lately, it is thought that the tendency of the current is increasing towards the Illinois side of this 'Bloody Island.' So the authorities of the Mound City are constructing dykes between it and the Illinois shore, that the river may not leave them. This is thought to be an act of intrusion, and they talk as though it would injure the navigation of the upper river. It has caused quite a war of words in 'the papers.' I don't understand the 'politics' of it, but I thought I must give you at least one item of public news.

"Our quiet life passes on as usual. The tinkling of the cow-bells and the singing of the lark wake me in the morning, (not *always* before sunrise,) then I plod off to school; and, after losing and regaining patience with the 'young ideas' any number of times, plod home again, see the last sunbeam shine through the 'trees of heaven,' inhale the fragrance of the honeysuckles, hear the whippoorwills sing, and am asleep again, awaiting another just such a day.

"But we do have a little variety occasionally, in the shape of a woodland ramble. The other day our family party took a most delightful walk to the river. We followed the course of a little streamlet to the Mississippi, walking in its empty bed most of the way. It was romantic enough to suit the wildest fancy. It seemed to me like recalling the memory of some loved, departed friend. Like the soft waters that played through this open space in the sunlight, the gay years of childhood were passed. Here, a waterfall once poured over the mossy rocks, far down beneath the overarching boughs, and a few of its cool drops yet linger there:—like the manly thoughts that made music in his own bosom, and burst forth in eloquence upon the ears of admiring friends;—and still, 'though dead, he speaketh.' And here the waters gushed on, clear and free, in sunlight and shade, as the even current of his life ever flowed, alike pure in the solitude of his own thoughts, as in the cheerful circle of friendship. And here, the streamlet and the river are one;—so calmly his spirit passed into the world of spirits, and left us only the melancholy pleasure of remembering the beauty and harmony of his life.

"O! what is there like Nature to drive away care and vexation? You may laugh at me, but I must *sometimes* 'babble o' green fields.' Here are my concerts, my panoramas, my parties. Indeed, I know not how I *could* bear to be shut up in a town again!"

July 22. "I think I described this place to you in a former letter. It is quite a pretty cluster of cottages, with its locust-trees, (the universal shade-tree here,) and its wide, green common in the centre; where the village boys, large and small, are almost constantly displaying their skill at playing ball. The ground is so tempting that we girls have been threatening to take possession of it with our grace-hoops; but as yet we have not ventured from the yards.

"Two stages pass through our village, and stop at our 'hotel,' daily; occasionally a travelling museum, a monster from Borneo, a Mexican warrior, or some such ninth wonder of the world, pays us a visit; and these are the principal stirring events. It is a place to be quiet in; but yet I do not like it quite as well as I do a still more secluded place. Vine Lodge, for instance. That is just about retired enough — in no town at all — and but one house near enough for us to hear the babies cry; and with this more important requisite, a few choice friends, without which life anywhere would be insipid."

Aug. 7. "I broke off suddenly, to take a journey with my brother, and am but just returned. I have spent a very pleasant week visiting Western friends, in the different sections of the country where I have sojourned during my residence here. I could not easily translate into language, the emotions which filled me when gazing once more, after the lapse of a year, upon that beautiful ocean of verdure, Looking-Glass Prairie. Its scenery is most grand, in my humble opinion; and I saw it just in its summer splendor. The late rains have kept the grass green, and have given the flowers an uncommon freshness. The American centaury, the lichnidia, and the purple and yellow Rudbeckia, are among the most common, at present. The former grows in great abundance, in some parts of the prairie; it has a bright pink blossom, which contrasts finely with the green grass. Modern improvements add very little to the beauty of our wild scenery thought I, as we came upon the stiff posts of the Magnetic Telegraph, and saw its long wire stretching away over this majestic prairie; and I almost wished Professor Morse had kept his great discovery for the next generation, and let my prairie alone.

"Our way home was, for some thirty or forty miles, through the American Bottom. This is yet a wilderness, in many places. You may see here gigantic trees, whose trunks are embraced by grape-vines almost as gigantic as themselves; and the long, dead branches of these vines, hanging down and entwining themselves among the tangled underbrush, give the appearance of a Banyan grove. Then you may look up some forty feet, and see the deep-red trumpet-flower glowing amid the dark foliage, while the white down of the cotton-wood is sailing through the air around you. There is much of picturesque beauty here; but the green, slimy pools that are now and then visible in the openings of the forest, and the sallow, sickly faces that greet you from the lonely cabins, do not tell a flattering tale of the habitableness of this region.

"I have lately attended the anniversaries of two institutions of learning in this vicinity; Monticello Female Seminary, and Shurtleff

College. The exercises at the former were very interesting, and highly creditable to those who were concerned. They consisted of compositions, criticisms, music, and calisthenics. Reports were made by committees who had previously examined the young ladies in their different studies. These were all favorable; in their attainments in mathematics, the higher classes were represented as equalling, if not surpassing, the young men at West Point Academy. I will send you a *programme*, which will give you some idea of the manner of conducting the affair, though not of the high order of talent which was frequently exhibited.

"I cannot tell you much about the Commencement at Shurtleff College, as I was prevented by the rain from getting there in season to hear many of the students' speeches; though I liked what I did hear. There were no graduates there, this year, and I am told that they are generally few, in our Western colleges.

"I suppose I may now venture to mention an Independence celebration in my own little A-B-C Institution. We had a variety of speeches, poems, and dialogues, suitable to the occasion, spoken by the boys and girls, besides listening to an address and the Declaration. After these were over, we had a collation under the trees before the schoolhouse, which the "bairns" seemed to enjoy very much. Few were present besides the parents of my pupils, yet these formed quite a respectable collection, for so small a neighborhood; and what with our cedar-trees, our patriotic flags, and our evergreen wreaths, I think you would really have known that 't was '*Independent Day*.'" L. L.

A S E R E N A D E.

BY A. E. WILSON.

Come out to me, my love! and night
Shall crown thee with her gems of light;
And the sweet moon herself shall own
That thou art queen: yes, thou alone.

Come out, my love! the trembling vine,
Tired of the winds, would fain entwine
Thy brow; and from its leaves would shed
A thousand diamonds on thy head.

Come out, my love! each radiant star
That decks the earth, both near and far,
With drooping head, breathes forth the tale,
That thou art fairest in the vale.

Come out, my love! my heart, e'en now
Bound firmly in Love's chain, would bow
A willing captive unto thee,
My own, my soul's divinity.

Be still, my soul! my voice, be mute!
Alas! that neither song nor lute
Can make her rise and ope the doors; —
For, mercy on us — *how she snores!*

St. Louis, Mo.

LETTER TO A FRIEND.

My Friend: It is difficult to decide for one's self always, what course to pursue; much more is it to take the responsibility of advising another. But, as you request that I should consider the subject, and give you my opinion, I will do it; not, however, without considerable reluctance. Far be it from me to say, "This is the way, walk ye in it;" for mine is but human judgment. Then as mutual friends, and as I also have had experience, though limited, in the course in which you solicit my advice, I will give you a few plain hints, which your good heart will receive, all in good part.

What then is your first interrogation? This: "Shall I enter upon the factory life?" You say, "I must leave my home, and seek to gain my livelihood by the labor of my own hands." The tone of your letter is deep and sorrowful. Why should it not be, after spending so many years in that loved circle, among the green fields and wild forests, beside the murmuring brook and on the mountain-side, where the mild zephyrs play, and the gay young birds tune their gladsome notes. Why, then, but mourn, to leave all these. But half a heart that one would possess, who could abandon all without one tear of regret. What can we expect from so cold and unfeeling a heart, when its possessor is launched forth into the busy world? Then, I say, cherish those lovely scenes and those familiar faces in thy heart, and strive not to overcome those holy feelings, which rise irresistibly from that sacred fount. When we come to look back upon our past life, nothing will give deeper regret than a conscious want of sympathy for our fellow-men, for our own family. And while the sacred tie of affection is kept bound fast, joys will constantly spring up, full and satisfying.

Going forth into the world! No doubt you will feel like a wanderer in a strange land; ushered, at once, into that world which you have been taught to look upon as so full of besetting snares and foul deeds. But, if necessity compels you, go; go forth, with a firm hand and stout heart. This world is not all wrong. Dost think it brings forth naught but evil? Can no good thing spring from it? Ah, yes; good there is in it, and all may sip of its sweets, if they will. But still, let me say, go with firm resolves, not made in thine own strength, but with entire reliance upon the great Author of our being.

You are about to enter a community of people not like your society at home. In the place where you anticipate laboring, there are thousands of one class, and on one common level as to labor; all brought together from different sections of adjoining States, coming from far-distant homes, and for what? For the same reason that you are about to leave your quiet home and mingle with this vast throng. In your own romantic village and quiet cottage, you have lived, trusting and trusted; all there are familiar friends; they know each other's joys and woes; they impart and receive consolation, with faithful hearts. What a contrast in this and the factory community! Individuals may mingle together, for months and years, without learning

even the story of each other's homes and friends. It ought not to be so.

Now, my friend, you are about to become one of this society; and you may accomplish much, in your connection with it, towards ameliorating their condition. And you can be most successful by studying human nature,—thus becoming acquainted with different dispositions and various developments of character. Be kind and affectionate to all; let your heart warm towards those in distress and trouble. Your actions will be appreciated, when prompted by just motives. Those surrounding you will be led to confide in you, and you can do them good; physically, intellectually, and morally.

Very many with whom you will meet, will seem to have no thought for anything higher than their labor; no longing for intellectual improvement; and time, which might be devoted to this, is spent in low amusements and foolish conversation. I do not say all are thus, by no means. There are those who possess cultivated tastes, high moral character, and whole souls; who aim to do good, and to live for others as well as for themselves. Seek the company of these; let your influence be felt, with theirs, upon the minds and hearts of the selfish and low. Work among the latter class; endeavor to instil right thoughts and principles of action. Teach them to elevate themselves; to expand their hearts; to arouse from the lethargy of ignorance in which they have been slumbering, and to awaken to newness of life.

Some you may find, who have some right notions with regard to themselves; but still they labor not for improvement; deterred, they say, not from disinclination, but by want of time and health; pleading that the labor required of them debars them from every means of cultivating their minds. But is it so? Are there no leisure moments to be devoted to reading and reflection? If not, what a lamentable fact! What! no time for the most valuable and precious labor,—preparing the soul for never-ending eternity! It cannot be so. There are fragments of time which can be employed for this object, in which a vast amount may be accomplished.

Try then, my friend, to disseminate this thought; entice into this way of improvement the cold and indifferent, and endeavor to render it attractive. And, after one taste of its sweet waters, they will not turn away, but continue to drink. But I have written a longer letter than I intended, and will now close, promising to address you again soon.

Yours,

A. M. J.

Chicopee.

SOUTH BERWICK—is pleasantly situated. It is one of the first settled towns in Maine.....Flora's subjects held quite a contest here during the months of June and July, to see which would gain the "supremacy in the field" opposite my window. I watched them with some interest, for a long time; but one day the mower came and quietly settled the dispute.

THE WAVE.

BY E. L. SMITH.

I stood on the banks of a rolling tide,
And watched a wild wave play,
As it kissed the willow which hung by its side,
And the lily pale, arrayed as a bride,
Then wandered along its way.

And my heart said, "Wave of liquid light,
Thou of the joy-toned voice,
Why murmur thus, in wild delight?
Art thou not doomed, with all things bright?
Wilt thou for aye rejoice?"

"Tell me, thou glad wave, bright and free,
So madly, wildly gay,
Dost know the port thou near'st with glee,
Or what thy future fate will be
Another, a distant day?"

The answer came; it was soft and clear,
Deep melody it gave;
It fell like music on mine ear,
Like half-remembered tones, still dear,
And this the song of the wave:—

"Maiden, now, while thou art speaking,
I my ocean-bed am seeking,
Where the stormy petrel's note
O'er the waters wildly float.

"I shall hear the mermaids singing,
While the caves below are ringing
With their voices, sad and deep;
'Tis a dirge for those who sleep.

"Far beneath the stormy billow,
Seaweed shroud and coral pillow;
There the sea-bird, passing o'er,
Drops a tear, then comes no more.

"When 't is night, and all are dreaming,
There the sea-star lamp is beaming
Far below, to guide me on
'Till the sun again shall dawn.

"When the day-star hails the morning,
All the eastern sky adorning,
I shall fall in gentle showers
On the fairest of earth's flowers.

"I may fall, when I have rolled
In my wildness uncontrolled,
'Neath the shade of willows green,
To my ocean-bed again."

And fainter, still fainter grew the sound,
'Till it died on the air away,
And the wave passed on, still ocean-bound,
While the sun's slant rays on the greenwood round
Shed its soft and latest ray.

A LEAF FROM MY JOURNAL.

All day long had the rain been falling upon the dry and parched earth. Vainly did I sit by my window and watch the dark, massive clouds, in hopes to catch a glimpse of the blue sky that lay far back of this sombre curtain. Still poured the rain, and still darker grew the clouds, as I gazed. So I turned me from the world without, to my own little world within—my books. The first that my eye rested upon, was a book of poems; containing within its lids a wealth of thought and feeling, a fountain of truth and beauty. What a blessing to the world are our poets! How dull and common-place would this earth of ours appear, were the spirit of poetry to be banished from it. It comes to us like the glad presence of a friend, alleviating our sorrows, and making our enjoyments more perfect. To the flowers they impart new grace and beauty; the bright stars seem to shine with a softer and milder light when reflected through the transparent medium of poetry. It adds a charm to the song of birds, and even in the howling winds there is music to the poet's ear. All Nature, indeed, is made more beautiful. Mountains, hills, and valleys, dark-waving forests and swift-flowing streams, the deep blue sky and ever-changing clouds, have all passed through the refining fire of the poet, and come out brighter and with a glory all unknown before. But still, in many a soul these glad voices from Nature's quiet dominions awaken no responsive chord. The music of birds and flowing rills, finds no echo in their hearts. The balmy fragrance of the flowers, and the holy light of the stars, leave not its benediction upon their spirits. They pass through the world without perceiving half the beauty that is scattered so profusely around them. I envy not the feelings of him who can gaze, unmoved, upon the brilliant clouds as they follow in the train of the setting sun, or look upon the varied hues of the "bow of promise," without a thrill of pleasure pervading his breast. But in this money-loving world, such spirits often cross our track, that have an eye for nothing but the *best end of a bargain*; who worship only at Mammon's shrine, and from whose hearts the glorious creations of the poet are forever sealed.

But the rain has ceased, and in the west the clouds are rolling up their dark curtains, and the sun is taking his parting glance of the earth, ere he goes to irradiate other climes. A beautiful rainbow is resting upon the brow of yonder mountain. I will lay aside my books for a time, to enjoy the beauties of the outer world.

Wentworth, N. H.

MARIA.

We receive our books seasonably, and they are perused with satisfaction by all.....Nearly all the girls here take the Offering.....Our Bobbin-boy thinks them "very interesting," and said he would subscribe soon. I think we ought to dub him *Knight of the Basket*, for his gallantry.

BERWICK.

SKETCHES OF A MIDSUMMER EXCURSION SEVEN HUNDRED
MILES IN THE SOUTHWEST.

BY AN EQUESTRIAN.

Nitak atuehina—(Third day.)

On Thursday morning we took leave, promising to repeat our visit, should we return by the same route. The Arkansas River lay in our pathway, a few miles from the Agency; and it was not fordable. The ferryman lived on the Cherokee side, and our call was vociferously responded to, though we stretched our eyes in vain to get a glimpse of the boat. There was much noise and glee on the opposite bank. Three or four jolly ones sprang into the river and made their way toward us, swimming, walking, and "ducking" each other like so many waterfowl. At last they reached the boat, upon this side, and dragged it through the shallow water, seeking out a landing. We were as busy, meanwhile, in attempting to approach the river; but every effort brought us into quicksand, and we gladly withdrew to await their bidding. We walked a plank into the boat, which we shared with the horses; the sun-dried floor admitting the water into the neighborhood of our feet. We took up a tin cup and commenced bailing it out, much to the amusement of the party; nevertheless, we had "a right smart chance" of it, though not enough to endanger the safety of the capacious boat. The boatmen sometimes plied the oar, and sometimes, from necessity, jumped into the river and shoved us onward.

Passing by such events as getting lost, and hiring a colored man to take us into the direct road, I beg you to consider us a mile from Dwight, inquiring the way thither. It was just at night, and we had left the road to find some one of whom we might ask at the back-side of a house, not accessible from the road. The lady, who spoke good English, told us to go to "yonder dead tree," and we would see the plain way. We did so; and it was so plain we were content, till another equally good road ran directly across it. We hesitated but a moment and went *forward* till we knew we had rode more than a mile; and the repeated "halloos" of "the speaker" having elicited no response, we knew we must be "on the wrong track." Wheeling suddenly round, N——'s horse, young and clumsy, hit something with his foot, and stumbled and fell, throwing her backward, nearly off the saddle, without disengaging her from it. We could not see distinctly; and, alarmed at her position, we cried, "Jump off, jump off!" springing, both of us, to the ground. "My foot, my foot!" she groaned; and before either of us could render her any assistance, she had freed herself and was safe, trembling in every limb. "Snow-ball," perfectly gentle, had repeatedly attempted to rise, and she, clinging to his neck, had as often prevented him; till the foot,—which had been shoved by the fall too far into the stirrup,—stirrup and all were drawn over his back,—could be extricated.

She refused to exchange horses, and had to be coaxed a long time before she would trust the treacherous fellow again. But a shower was rising, we were benighted and lost, and knew not how far we

must travel ; and she, after such a shock to her nerves, was unable to walk. "Snowball," after throwing her, had treated her well, and she allowed him to be led up to a stump and resumed her seat.

Arrived again at the cross-roads, we decided upon the uphill one, as the most eligible for a mission-station. There were many openings in the woodland, through which the moonbeams peeped laughingly in ; and ever and anon we were confident that we saw the environs of Dwight. Then would we listen for the barking of dogs, the lowing of herds, or the cackle of domestic fowls ; but the footfall of our horses, the whispering of evening's breath among the tree-tops, and the notes of some wandering warbler not yet "sunk to rest," were all the tokens we had of proximity to a habitation. Then would a shout swell upon the calm air, long, loud, full, and clear ; but echo's only answer was, "O, no." Still this hill seemed so much more fitting for a residence than any other place, and the moonlit glades were so deceptive, that we proceeded. And again loud tones rose and fell upon the air, in earnest cadence ; but echo replied, "All go ;" and we returned. When we had enacted the same drama upon the only remaining road, W—— proposed that we tarry at the corner, while he returned to the house for directions. I had serious objections to a dead pause by night, in a strange country, and offered an amendment, which was unanimously adopted, by which we followed at our leisure, he making as much speed as he chose. At length we heard him call us ; and learned that at the "dead tree" we ought to have turned round into the road we had left ; our informant, forgetting our ignorance of the locality of Dwight, only pointed out the way to the road, without warning us not to take the most direct and plain one. We here procured a guide, and soon found ourselves at our much-desired haven,—not, however, till the heavens had long been shrouded in black, and we had dreaded, what we had not experienced, a dripping shower. We were so long detained that, had our friends been well, they might have been "not at home" till roused ; but sickness kept them up unusually late ; and we were as well entertained as one could wish under more favorable auspices.

—
Ainsha — (Fourth.)

The rain fell abundantly during the night and Saturday morning ; but in the afternoon we resumed our ride, wishing to make the most distant visit first. We had seven times to cross the Salisan, now swollen to a river ; yet found no difficulty in reaching Fairfield by evening. Sabbath we listened to Cherokee preaching, Doctor B—— being absent. The rain detained us till Tuesday ; and we were shown some specimens of Doctor B——'s mechanism, while in the Georgia Penitentiary, imprisoned for fidelity to his labors as a Christian missionary. The names of the two thus incarcerated for conscience sake, assumed a sacredness in my eyes, when a child, though I did not then cherish the hope of ever looking upon these venerable persons. The Doctor returned at evening. In his absence we had sought and re-read the whole proceedings published in the *Missionary Herald* for 1831, I think. We also solicited a little corner

from the remnant of a coarse garment he wore, his own clothes having been stripped from him when he was thrown into prison. The fabric resembles the coarse cotton cloth formerly manufactured in the Carpet Mills at Lowell.

On Tuesday our riding party consisted of six, one of the two white Cherokees who accompanied us acting as guide. They were both intelligent, and spoke good English. A white Indian is one more white than red, descended from the Indian race, and enjoying all the privileges of nationality. There are many such, of different shades of complexion and various degrees of intelligence, both in the Cherokee and Choctaw country.

The streams were greatly swollen by a succession of rains; and when we came to the Illinois, it was thought unsafe to attempt fording until our guide should first pass through. We saw him drawing up his feet; yet from the other shore he called to us to follow. Knowing the timidity of our new lady companion, and the awkwardness of N——'s horse, added to the fact that one of the gents was riding a low pony, and could not swim, I begged that the pilot might return, which he readily did; and taking "Snowball" by the bridle, he and N—— led the way, followed by the other lady, under good protection. So rapidly was the river rising, that in half an hour we would have found it impossible to ford, it was thought. Gold could not tempt me to enter such a stream alone; the ford is generally narrow, the water swimming above and below the ford, and the current so swift and strong that if I were obliged to look at the water sufficient to guide my horse, my head would reel and I should stagger into the stream. In fact it might be impossible to keep the direction; it is seldom straight, and if it were, one seems to be going up stream sideways, in the swiftest part of the current. It was long before I could feel at ease in crossing a river at such a stage, even with my bridle in the hand of a gentleman perfectly at home in such scenes. But before I ever saw the Illinois, I had learned to fix my eye on some tree-tops ashore, and follow closely one on whose knowledge and skill I could rely; taking good care to adjust my feet and drapery above "high-water mark," to hold the reins firmly "in my own hands" without restraining the liberty of the horse, and to *enjoy* the excitement.

THE LONE BIRD.

Sang a wild bird on the spray —

All alone;

Mate and nestlings flown away,

Sadly swelled his gentle lay;

Ever, with unvaried tone,

Singing, "Gone! Gone!"

Thus, when Sorrow's depths are stirred,—

Glad Hope flown,—

Mourning for loved notes, once heard,

Sitteth Memory's pensive bird,

And with low, unceasing moan,

Singeth, "Gone! Gone!"

L. L.

P E N T U C K E T .

BY M. R. GREEN.

[Continued.]

This place is a very fashionable resort for the pedestrians of our village, and well it may be, for there is no pleasanter spot in the world. The sycamore-trees, or "buttonwood," as they are more frequently called among us, stand on the bank of the beautiful Merimack, overlooking its sparkling waters; while upon the opposite shore are the green and gently undulating hills of Bradford, with their neat white cottages peeping up here and there, for a foreground in the picture.

Revered and sage-like sycamores,
How gracefully you stand,
So nobly stationed side by side
Like some fair household band.

Ye mute, majestic, hoary trees,
Most loftily you rise;
Your branches nodding to the breeze,
Your tops salute the skies.

Long years have circled since that hand
Had mouldered back to clay,
That stationed you where still you stand,
And flourish fair and gay.

Why not your treasured knowledge speak,
As with a vocal tongue;
Tell us the changes you have seen
Since time with you begun?

Long have you watched the silvery stream,
And heard its murmuring sound,
Its ebb and flow you long have seen,
Its barks glide up and down.

A hundred summers you have seen
These hills with verdure crowned;
A hundred winters seen them wrap
Their snowy mantles round.

How many brilliant schemes upreared
By Time's eventful scene,
Have glittered, danced, and disappeared,
Like bubbles on the stream!

The child hath passed its infant stage,
And manhood's active noon,
And tottered on through wrinkled age,
And mouldered in the tomb.

Man after man, with life outworn,
Has lain him down to sleep;
Yet you, upon your solid throne,
Succeeding seasons greet.

Yet, after all your splendid reign,
You'll fade and fall away;
You cannot boast; for Nature's claim
Will work your sure decay.

May 1, 1841.

These lines I have copied from my manuscript of unpublished articles, and they were written several years ago, as the date will show. These "sycamore-trees" have always possessed a peculiar charm to me,—their delightful location upon the bank of the river, the green hills which smile around them in the distance, the old Saltonstall residence, to which they are an appendage and ornament, and above all, the interesting associations connected with their origin, render them objects of interest. Since the foregoing lines were written, the sycamores have ceased to "flourish, fair and gay," as they were wont to do, but have shown, by their leafless branches, that "Nature's claim" will soon, very soon, "work their sure decay."

There is an amusing tradition concerning the first use of tea and coffee in Pentucket. Perhaps it would not be superfluous to give you an idea of the culinary exploits of the good mothers a hundred years ago.

A party of gentlemen, says our informant, arrived from Boston and "put up" at a tavern kept by one Ebenezer Eastman. "They brought their coffee with them, and requested the landlady to cook it. The good lady, not being particularly acquainted with the article, nor the manner of cooking it, hardly knew what to do. But, having a little self-confidence with her other good qualities, she scorned to ask advice, and proceeded to cook it in her best manner. Accordingly she took her big bean-pot, put the coffee into it, filled it up with water, and boiled it as she would beans." When the repast was ready, the gentlemen gathered around the old circular table, but lo, and behold! the coffee was not prepared for a beverage, but placed before them all in the kernel, like a platter of baked beans. This was too innocent a joke to provoke anything but their risibility, and no doubt it passed off with much pleasantry and jesting by the wit-crackers, if there were any with them.

Now for the *first dish of tea*. I suppose you are expecting to hear something about it, as I have given you an inkling. A Mr. Gile had a present of one pound of tea, sent him from Boston. His wife knew not how to cook it; but, like the other lady, concluded to hang on the bean-pot. This done, she partly filled it with water, turned the whole pound of tea into it, and set it to boiling away like a witch's cauldron. But stop, I forgot to tell you she put in a *large piece of beef*; probably she confounded the *making* of tea with the boiling of greens for dinner. When it had boiled long enough, as the good woman thought, the pot was taken off; "but the tea was so *desput* strong that they could not drink it."

These may not seem like just samples of their "cookology," I'll allow. What if they did 'nt know how to make tea and coffee! They could make capital Indian puddings and bean-porridge; and then there were their *baked beans*, which might perhaps make an epicure of the present day turn a somerset for joy.

On the 25th of June, 1776, the town voted, that "if the Honorable Congress should declare the colonies independent of the kingdom of Great Britain, this town does engage with their *lives and fortunes to support them in the measure.*"

In February, 1812, the accomplished and worthy to be remembered Harriet Newell, of this place, bid adieu to her native land, for a home among the benighted heathen, where she soon fell a martyr to the cause in which she had enlisted. She was born in this town, October 10, 1793, and died at Port Louis, Isle of France, November 3, 1812. Mrs. Newell (Harriet Atwood) received her earlier education in this village, and completed it at Bradford Academy, an institution long celebrated for its religious instructions, as well as for its high-toned literary and scientific distinction. The old family mansion, where she spent the halcyon days of girlhood, still peers up from our midst, a venerable-looking pile, almost hidden from view till you approach its front, by the aspiring domes which have sprung up around it, as it were, like the enchanted palaces of the Arabian tales, in the magical process of time. The Atwood family have all left the place, and the most of them have gone to that "bourn from whence no traveller returns." Their ashes mingle with the dust of the valley, in different parts of the world, far, far from the home which gave them birth, and echoed to the merry tones of their childhood rejoicings. I have often been reminded of that beautiful and affecting little poem of Mrs. Hemans, "The Graves of a Household":—

"They grew in beauty, side by side;
They filled one home with glee;
Their graves are severed far and wide,
By mount, and stream, and sea."

Lines suggested on reading the Memoir of Harriet Newell.

O, why, fair lady, didst thou roam
Far from thy native shore?
Why leave thy friends and pleasant home,
To cross the Atlantic's roar?

A widowed mother thou didst leave,
Brothers and sisters dear,
Companions all to mourn and grieve,
And shed the parting tear.

Did riches tempt, or fame allure?
To make ambition burn?
Or didst thou never count the cost,
Ere thou didst leave thy home?

'T was for His cause, and that alone,
Who died on Calvary,
That thou didst leave thy pleasant home
And cross the raging sea.

The Saviour's voice thy spirit heard,
His wise and high behest,
And in that floating prison rode
Across the billowy crest.

And when on that far-distant shore,
Thy spirit never tired:
With fervent love to God and man,
Thy pious soul was fired.

But soon the fatal shaft of death
Came from thy Father's hand ;
And then thou yielded up thy breath,
Far in a heathen land.

Without thy friends to cheer the gloom,
Or tender mother's care ;
One faithful friend, and only one,
To offer up a prayer.

But Christ was ever by thy side,
Until thy latest breath ;
His arm sustained thy sinking head,
And smoothed the bed of death.

But ah ! how solemn was the day,
Consigning "dust to dust ;"
The faithful tomb received her clay
And hid her sacred trust.

Haverhill, 1841.

THE OCEAN.

O, thou broad and comparatively boundless expanse of water ! How can I contemplate thee except through thy great Creator, whose presence fills immensity ? He it is who gave thee thy bounds, and said, "Thus far shalt thou go, and no farther ;" and also said, "Peace, be still," to thy troubled waves ; and who, walking on thy surface, saved him who, during thy rage, set out to meet his Lord and Master. Thou art great and powerful ; causing many to fall into thine embrace, and to find in thee a watery grave. But the mariner who trusts in his Maker, can cross the mighty deep regardless of the roaring billows ; for Jesus is more powerful than the bounding wave, and he will hold him in his hand. Though the ocean boasts his greatness, the world is greater still ; and none but the All-seeing eye can behold its limits. It is powerful also ; often is seen fire bursting from its surface, and, terrifying to man, it quakes from its very centre. But God is greater than the earth. Boast not earth, of thy greatness, for the heavens are greater than thou ; sending forth rain to flood the earth, and thunder and lightning to destroy mankind. But, boast not, proud heaven, God is thy Maker. He is greater than thou. But thou, ocean, boast on ! Roll on your mighty waves, and swallow up countless millions, if thou wilt. Thou hast not long to boast ; for the tide of eternity will soon sweep thee away. Then *man*, whom thou hast buried beneath thy waves, will rise exulting over thee, because he is immortal, while thou art annihilated.

Dunstable Springs.

ANNA.

B E K I N D .

"O, there are looks and tones, that dart
An instant sunshine to the heart."

There are moments in life when sad thoughts, perchance of past disappointments, come, with their gloomy attendants, Fear and Despondency, and scatter all the bright visions of Hope. Perhaps the friends that we have long loved and cherished, have forsaken us for others; and Memory alone brings them as in the returnless days of the past. We wonder, as we gaze at the footsteps of the departed, why they ever greeted us so warmly; why the looks and words that once fell so pleasantly on our ears, are so changed in a few fleeting hours. But thus it ever is. Few are the true-hearted friends we find while we sojourn in this "vale of tears." Why is it thus, when our natures are formed to live only in the sunlight of affection? When every heart yearns for the sympathy of others, O, it should not be thus; the young, the confiding, should find in every one a brother, a sister, a friend. Each one should ever remember that the influence of their example will live long after they have ceased to be; and they should watch with care that they speak only the words of gentleness and love. Believe me, my friend, many a gem of transparent brightness, needs but thy tones of affection, to display its worth. Many a sad heart needs but a little act of kindness from thee, to bid the fading flowers of joy revive. I doubt not but there are many who gladly would do this, did they not think it required a great sacrifice on their part, or was wholly beyond their power. Perhaps if I relate an incident that actually occurred in one of our manufacturing cities, it will obviate this difficulty, and you will be enabled to bestow richer blessings than you imagine.

An English girl left her home, her parents, and friends, to earn her livelihood in the mill. She had no friends with whom to exchange pleasant words, to lighten her long and weary toil, but found herself alone, and "a stranger in a strange land." It is with sorrow that I say her somewhat uncomely attire and "odd ways," caused most of the girls employed in the room with her to shun her society; and the poor little friendless wanderer felt sad and lonely indeed. She attempted to cultivate a little rose-tree; perhaps that she might have something on which to bestow her love, something which would not shrink from her approach, but though inanimate, would smile and welcome her. But, even in this humble effort, she was doomed to disappointment. The little rose-tree drooped, faded, and died. She procured another; but, notwithstanding her endeavors, this too began to fade. A kind girl, one of "earth's angels," noticing that she appeared even sadder than usual, kindly asked her, "Will you not tell me what troubles you?" The little girl pointed to the decaying rose-tree, and said, sorrowfully, "I cannot make it grow." "Let me try and see if I cannot," said Lucy. She took it, and in a few days the little rose-tree revived and began to thrive. She then gave it back, telling her how she could make it grow prettily. The poor

girl looked at it a moment, with a pleasant smile, and then laid her hand in that of kind Lucy, looked up with her eyes full of grateful tears, while her lips could only breathe out, "God bless you," in so feeling a manner that the kind-hearted Lucy could not longer restrain her tears. Afterwards she said to Lucy, "I always loved you, for your eyes looked so soft, while all others looked hard." O, how this little act cheered her lonely heart, when she felt that all the world had forsaken her, and that not even a plant would thrive beneath her care. I doubt not but it was a vista amid the clouds of gloom, through which she could see a fair future. Neither do I doubt but that the remembrance of the little rose-tree will come to kind Lucy in after years, laden with the sweetest fragrance of the past. And should this meet her eye, I hope she will forgive me for the liberty I have taken in presenting one of her many acts, from which we all may learn that it is in our power to do much good; and, however humble may be our station, at least to *be kind*. EMMA.

South Berwick, Me.

PRACTICAL THOUGHTS.

A cool head, an investigating mind, a warm heart, and diligent hands, with benevolence and honesty, piety and perseverance, will insure success in any laudable undertaking within the sphere of personal ability; will secure respectability in virtuous society, and prepare us to meet death with composure. A cool head will save us from the embarrassments and disgrace which passionate people often experience. By investigation, we shall learn the nature of things, and how to adapt means to ends. Sympathy and kindness to others will enlist their interest in our behalf. Diligence, which effects something every moment, will accomplish much in the aggregate of time. The spirit of true benevolence will aid in forming habits of industry and economy; and this is of great importance, especially to those who wish to accomplish much with small means. Strict honesty is always "the best policy," and will secure the confidence of all but those who are so jealous they can trust nobody but themselves. True piety will give confidence in our Creator, and encourage perseverance, and sometimes lead to success, even when our prospects are difficult and doubtful. By perseverance, that which seems impossible may sometimes be accomplished; and without it, no one will ever accomplish much. L. R. M.

Merrimack Cor.

EDITOR'S TABLE.

POWERS'S GREEK SLAVE. "Have you seen the Greek Slave?" "If not, go and see it immediately!" has been a question and exclamation often heard and repeated during the past season. Indeed, seldom has a work of art created the enthusiasm in our section of the country, with which this statue has been greeted. It is evident that a taste for the fine arts is more general, and there is also something in the character, the sentiment, of this statue, that appeals to present popular feeling.

We said "*no*," for a long time, when asked the question to which we have referred. Now we say "yes;" and sometimes, when we have gone farther, there has been a request that we would give our opinion editorially, upon the subject. We have little or no critical knowledge of the fine arts; but is this necessary in the formation of an opinion upon them? Is not art, in its perfection, something above and beyond rule, and mere technical judgment? Its aim is to please and elevate, by reproducing nature in its most beautiful forms; and its highest effort, to make real and visible something *imagined* to exist in nature. It speaks through the eye to the heart; and the emotion produced is the reward or reproach of the artist. Is not this his opinion? Is not the genuine admiration of the untutored to him as grateful as the complimentary criticism of the more cultivated? Did not the painter take a lesson from the peasant who told him that "no one ever saw so many pigs feeding together without one having his foot in the trough"? What is natural can be seen by the *uninitiated*, although they may not often be aware through what difficulties the perfection of execution of natural appearance has been attained. Here the artist can only expect full appreciation from his brother artists, or perhaps from amateurs and competent *connoisseurs*.

We had anticipated much; and of course we found the "Greek Slave" very beautiful. It is of larger size than we supposed, and the hair is confined at the back of the head; otherwise its general contour is what we expected. The expression of deep grief, of abstraction from all immediate objects, is admirably portrayed: yet, were it not for the fettered hands, we should not, from the eye, know that the sorrow was that of an exposed slave. The imagination can give it that or another expression. The form is that of a woman *in perfect health and beauty*; and this, the aim of the artist, appears to us a fault. Every lineament is full and round; as though the springs of life had never received the slightest check. There is no relaxation of muscle, no sinking of the frame, no sentiment in the form. In this respect it cannot compare for an instant with that triumph of art, "The Ivory Christ." There death,

the death of Christ, is visible, not only in every feature, but in every limb. In the slave, depression is confined to the countenance; it may be said that her grief is new; but it is not the expression of sudden grief—it is not passionate sorrow; but rather as though she were weary of her sadness, and had turned away from it. We do not ask for emaciation, but for more relaxation, droopingness, or flaccidity of muscle, throughout the frame. This we think necessary, that the form may correspond in sentiment with the face. The artist perhaps aimed not at this; but *he should have done it*;—mere beauty of form does not now satisfy in a statue. In this the modern cannot excel the ancient sculptor; and he sinks into the mechanic, he is not at all events his equal as an artist, if he goes not in some respect beyond him. More of sentiment, of intellect at least in the artist, is required. People are now, more than ever, conscious that there is something *more beautiful than beauty*.

We see much of sentiment in the Slave, and enough of it to suggest the want of that which we do not find. The hand, for instance,—beautiful, round, and dimpled,—is the hand of a child, not of a woman; not of such a woman. It is totally wanting in that length, slenderness, and sharpness of knuckle, which indicate the nerve connected with great natural refinement and deep sensibility. We do not think that a face, with so much expression, was ever united with such an expressionless hand.

The statue would have pleased more generally, had it been draped. All do not and cannot look with the eyes of artists. All cannot, on the instant, lay aside the habitual thought and feeling of life. We live, we dress, differently from the ancients; and the nude statue involuntarily contends with that feeling which will not allow the New England female to expose herself to the public gaze.

There is at Mount Auburn the figure of a little girl, lying asleep in her frock and pantalettes, which has delighted thousands. In this there is much to please, and nothing to offend.

We cannot excel the ancients in that wherein they were perfect; and in *their* works we have enough of the beauty of form. Let it now be the higher aim of the modern artist to embody not only that which vivifies the face and form, but also to delineate that nobleness, that majesty and grace, which vivifies all connected with the form. We see this in real life. We see the exceedingly dignified and very graceful woman imparting a sentiment to her drapery. We see that to which Burns has alluded:—

“There is a something in her gait,
Gave ony dress look weel;”

and also which is recognized in Joanna Baillie's description of Jane de Montfort:—

Lady. “What is her garb?”

Paga. “I cannot well describe the fashion of it;
She is not decked in any gallant trim,
But seems to me clad in her usual weeds
Of high habitual state; for, as she moves,
Wide flows her robe in many a waving fold,
As I have seen unfurled banners play
With the soft breeze.”

Frederg. “It is an apparition he has seen,
Or it is Jane de Montfort.”

BOOK NOTICES.

We have recently received a poem, entitled *THE ABANDONED; a Sketch of Life as it may be found in New England*. We hope there is much poetical exaggeration in this Sketch, and have never known an instance of one who was so well disposed, and yet "abandoned" by parents, and every friend. The common sentiment of New England we yet believe to be sound upon this subject, which consigns to execration the wilful corruptor of the woman he professes to love, and which restrains the erring from yet farther degradation.

We also acknowledge the reception of a *GEOLOGICAL CABINET*, and a *SELF-INSTRUCTOR*, by *Josiah Holbrook*. "Nature before books, and drawing before writing." New York: School Exchange, 140 Grand Street. These little works may be very useful, and we wish that every mill girl would avail herself of the *SELF-INSTRUCTOR*.

We have also received Miss Bremer's new work, *BROTHERS AND SISTERS*. Miss B. intimates that this is to be her last appearance as authoress; and this fact will deepen the interest with which the work will be read. It contains all the beauties of her former writings, and is free from some of their defects. *Gerda*, our favorite character, with her brother *Ivar*, who is not our favorite, are sent by the authoress from *Sweden* to *America*; and it is evident that Miss B. looks upon our country, and our city, with a partial eye. But the *LOWELL* of her Swedish fancy is probably far superior to the *Lowell* of real Massachusetts; and, should its designer ever visit us, she must prepare for a city filled with poor, frail mortals, and made with hard and blackened hands. The general design of the work is similar to that of "*Home*," and "*The Neighbors*;" but, instead of a complete family, we have one deprived of parents; and the "*Brothers and Sisters*" are orphans. The interest of the work is increased by the diversity of tastes and dispositions found among the different members of this large family; and perhaps to some it may be tedious to follow them all through their varying fortunes. The character of *Hedvig*, the sister *par excellence*, is most admirably conceived and delineated. Her constancy, self-devotion, judicious kindness, and endurance to the end, could not have been more perfectly portrayed. She is, to all sisters, a guide, model, and source of hope and consolation.

We have also received *THE TENANT OF WILDFELL HALL*, by the author of *WUTHERING HEIGHTS*; and that was given us as written by the author of *JANE EYRE*. They are now said to be the works of two brothers, some say of three; and these three are one — *perhaps*; at all events, we do not yet know what to depend upon. If the productions of one author, he does not repeat himself; and there is no more than a family resemblance between the books. *THE TENANT OF WILDFELL HALL*, is an original and vigorously written work. The heroine, *Mrs. Graham*, is a well-drawn character — and all are perhaps true to nature — but to human nature in its most disagreeable aspects. The stereotyped objections to novels do not apply to this work, nor to *WUTHERING HEIGHTS*. There is nobody fascinating, lovely, nor angelic, in the *dramatis personæ*. The men are mostly repulsive, disagreeable, wicked wretches; and many of the women are no better than they should be. These novels will not injure those who read them.

For sale by B. C. Sargeant, Central Street.

THE
NEW ENGLAND OFFERING.

NOVEMBER, 1848.

CORRILLA.

Yes, thou art bright and beautiful, though but of lowly birth ;
Thou takest with all joyous things thy place upon the earth ;
Thy voice is song, thy step a dance, thy childish tasks but play ;
Thou sportest with the birds and lambs, as innocent as they.
But in the future let us look for that which thou may'st hope ;
It little needs divining skill, or cast of horoscope ;
Thy simple garb bespeaks a life of ill-requited toil ;
Thy fate has linked thee to a band who ceaseless delve and moil.
Thy glowing cheek, thy brow so full, thy softly brilliant eye,
Tell me how deeply thou must share our woman's destiny ;
Thou 'lt love and grieve, but still through all thou 'lt haplessly live on,
And learn how life will linger still when all its joys are gone.
Yes, woman's task — a peasant's wife — I there before thee see,
To be in some rude hut the drudge, some clown's *divinity* ;
To rise at morn with early sun, with dew, and opening flowers,
But only strive to break thy fast in all those glorious hours.
Thy southern sun his radiant warmth above thy cot shall shed,
And thou 'lt rejoice, because thy fire need not so oft be fed :
Thy clear, bright moon her gentler rays at night shall o'er thee throw ;
Thou 'lt bless it as thine only lamp when to thy rest thou 'lt go.
And yet of all that's high and pure thou shalt not be divest,
For still shall beat a woman's heart warmly within thy breast,
Deeming it not unworthy lot to live for others' weal,
For others' sakes to sacrifice, to suffer, and to feel ;
To know that through thy toil and care thy strength, though weak it be,
Has been support and cheer to him who guides thy destiny ;
That still, though poor and rude, thou hast a share in many a heart,
That peasant mourners o'er thy grave will weep when thou depart.

Ed.

PROSE POEMS.

BY L. LARCOM.

V. THE ROSE-BUD'S DEATH.

At early dawn, a rose-bud was blown from its parent bush, by a sweeping tempest. It fell to the ground just in its opening beauty, all balmy and dewy. The soft grass beneath, parting to receive it, bent over and veiled it again as with a velvet pall, and the morning sunbeam looked tenderly in upon its drooping loveliness.

In the twilight, a full-blown flower, which had long adorned the same bush, dropped off; and the wind scattered its faded leaves about the lawn. The discolored petals, lying singly here and there, hardly brought to remembrance the once lovely flower. Darkness closed around it, and the beautiful rose was never thought of again.

Who would ask to live after the freshness of sympathy has exhaled from the soul? When we say, Blessed are the early dead, is it wrong to desire for ourselves a similar fate? Life is sweetest in its first unfolding hopes and dreams; yet the sudden pang of disappointment is more easily borne than the slow, sure progress of satiety, weariness, and decay. The best and fairest linger not long in the memory of the living. We may, we must be forgotten when we die; but most bitter are the waters of forgetfulness, if they must be tasted before we have drained the goblet of death.

VI. THE ROSE ON THE ROCK.

A bare ledge of rock lay with its opaque surface exposed to the burning sun. The plain around was arid and dull, with scarcely an object to interest the beholder. But from a fissure of the rock, where one looked for nothing save barrenness and dust, a wild rose-bush lifted one tender, solitary bough. Its soft leaves lay like emeralds upon the rock, and its blossoms poured out their wealth of perfume upon the winds of the wilderness, for no sister blossoms were at hand to return their smiles; and when their breath was spent, they dropped smilingly upon their flinty pillow, and died.

Such is the Christian's life, when afar from the kindred of his soul. If the great heart of humanity lies cold and hard about him, revealing no fertile spot where a blossom of holiness may spring up to gladden his eyes, does he for this shut up his sympathies, and refuse to let his little light shine upon the desolation around? No; his soul expands with the glad thought that even one germ of spiritual life has gained a firm foothold in the dark corners of the earth; and when his spirit exhales into the atmosphere of Paradise, his native country, it is as if the last rose upon the rock had faded away.

• *Atton, Illinois.*

LETTER FROM MOUNT WASHINGTON HOUSE.

My Dear Miss F.: I cannot tell you how domesticated we have become at Fabyan's. I only wish you and all our dear friends were here to enjoy with us the wild, romantic, mountain scenery around. Long before day, yesterday morning, we were up, scanning with anxious glances the mist-beclouded heavens; only now and then a star glanced through, to tell us the clouds would roll away and give to us a sunny day. We left Conway in a private carriage at six o'clock, and when we arrived at Mount Crawford House, scarce a cloud was to be seen; but as we progressed onward and upward, the storm-spirit of the mountains marshalled up a darkling host, and sweeping down the mountain gulleys, wreathed their sides in mist, through which their summits loomed darkly up, and the cold winds, cold enough almost to make our teeth chatter, rushed wildly through the trees, and piped a sullen song to the wild music of the Saco, as it foamed and tumbled, then murmuringly ran along over its rocky bed. As we neared the Notch, a few drops of rain came pattering down upon us; but the clouds soon began to disappear, and when we emerged from the densely wooded road that winds along the Saco, and entered the rocky defile, the sun shone out bright and clear. On either side, towering far up into the blue sky, are the White Hills, their sides destitute of trees, and covered with the paths of slides, which the stunted verdure tries in vain to hide. Let the proud and haughty man, standing on the pinnacle of wealth, come down for a moment and stand in the deep ravine between the mountains before you arrive at the Willey House, and gaze on the mighty rampart that shuts out all save a little bit of road before, and a patch of blue sky overhead; and if he has a soul he will feel, deeply feel, his own inferiority. It is grand and sublime, I assure you, beyond the power of words to describe; and the soul, oppressed with a sense of terrible grandeur, loves to sit still and commune with its Maker. "Do you not feel alone?" said my companion. Alone! ay, that is the word; you do feel alone, alone with yourself and God. The deep silence is broken only by the rumbling of your carriage-wheel, and the foaming cataract that leaps from rock to rock, rushing furiously beneath your very path, and then away down through some deep, dark ravine, where the sunlight scarce ever penetrates, till it disappears in the Saco. The Willey House, though much altered, still stands, and, in spite of its modernization, possesses much of interest for the traveller. The entry, bar-room, and dining-room, have undergone little or no change, and the path of the slide is still visible. Our guide informed us that the remains of one of the children were found only two years since, by one of the workmen engaged in building the new house, which stands directly in the path of the slide. To the left of the house, between the road and river, a monument of loose stones is being erected to the memory of the unfortunate Willey family; and we cheerfully complied with the

request that every traveller should add one stone towards its erection. After leaving the Willey House, the road winds round and ever upward through the mountains, till it reaches the Notch House, familiarly known as Tom Crawford's.

To give you an adequate idea of the grandeur and awful sublimity of the wildest and narrowest pass — twenty-two feet — over rough, steep rocks, time-worn and hoary, with its beetling cliffs frowning darkly upon you, and the ever-accompanying music of the Saco, as it rushes down its rugged bed, is entirely beyond my power. It is daguerretyped on my inmost soul, but words are powerless to bring forth the picture in all its magnificent beauty. From Crawford's to Fabyan's, a distance of four miles, the road leads through a dense woodland, so dense that only now and then a straggling sunbeam penetrates through the deep-green foliage, and tremblingly lights up the red berries of the mountain ash; and as the winds sweep through its dim old aisles, the pendant moss swings fitfully to and fro over the rank grass and underwood that grows in profusion beneath.

We arrived at Fabyan's just in season for dinner, and almost immediately felt ourselves quite at home. The house is very pleasantly located; and the unwearied attention and politeness of its host and his assistant cannot fail to win the respect of every guest. The effect of mountain scenery on the mind is proverbial. The very air here seems imbued with cheerfulness; and though shivering with cold and wrapped up in shawls, cloaks, and overcoats, yet there is an elasticity and buoyancy of spirits among the visitors here, not often found amongst so many; care and lassitude seem forbidden an entrance into these mountain regions. If any would see the varied beauty of mountain scenery, they should be here on such a night as the last, and, standing on the piazza, or seated on the bridge that spans the Ammonoosoc, gaze upward to the mountains, and watch the light, fleecy clouds that ever and anon rest like a crown of glory on their hoary heads, and the alternate light and shade that stretches along down their sides, till the shadows are lost in the one bright flood of light on the greenwood before the house; and then be lulled to sleep by the varying melody of the echo reverberating amidst the mountains. Long after retiring to my room, I sat at the open window and listened to *that* echo. I could not sleep. There was beauty around, above, below. The stars, like so many diamonds, were glistening in the clear, cold air; nestled close down amidst the green grass, in the lengthening shadow of the house, were the little white rabbits I had seen skipping about during the day. And ever, as the blast from the trumpet rang out on the evening air, the sweet, silvery music of the echo came floating back again, like melodious strains from some unseen angel band, touching their harps of gold on the mountains. Notwithstanding the beauty of the last evening, this morning is cold, bleak, and dreary; the black clouds are piling themselves up on the mountains, and threaten every moment to pour down torrents of rain. At five this morning, the top of Mount Washington was visible; and cheered with the prospect of a pleasant day, a party of ten started off to make the ascent; but now a cloud of im-

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penetrable darkness shrouds its venerable head. The season is so far advanced and the weather so cold, that but few make the ascent now; and though I have long cherished the hope of standing on its topmost stone this season, I have been induced to give it up. We have been not a little amused in looking over the writing-books, with the records of visitors. One writes, (we think it must be some sour old bachelor,) "It is foolish for ladies to ascend Mount Washington. Why do so many fools follow suit?" Another says, that "when we made the ascent, it did nothing but rain, rain, rain; and we descended dripping, tattered, and torn; weary, weeping, (and worn?) lamenting, groaning, discouraged, and disappointed." And yet another, that "the thirteenth day of August will ever be memorable as the day when thirteen ladies and gentlemen took a shower-bath on Mount Washington." And lest we too shall take one equally as cold in the Notch, which I fear we shall, if I continue scribbling, I hasten to close my long and wearisome letter. The wet clouds have spread all over the sky, and shut out every blue spot, and settled down around the mountains, and the damp breath of the storm-king whispers in our ears, "Depart." Almost sorrowfully we obey the command; for the time we have spent has been too pleasant ever to be forgotten, and will long continue to be a bright spot in the memory of your ever sincere and devoted friend,

J. L. B.

White Mountains, N. H.

ODE TO GENTLENESS.

O thou thy gentle beams around us shed,
 With odors sweet, for thou hast sped
 The passions that control.
 Stern Nature, too, thou oft doth quell,
 And, breaking through the stubborn will,
 Giv'st sunshine to the soul.

O come, thy balmy spirit cheers us all;
 Come in thy strength, lest passion's thrall
 Subdue us and debase;
 Then we should sit and pine away,
 In bitter anguish and dismay,
 Despondence dim our days.

O, no; thy meek regards we'd still sustain;
 Beneath thy candid breast we would remain,
 A blessing there to find;
 With meekness and with candor sought,
 Present their mild and placid drought,
 Propitious to the mind.

Be thou through life our constant friend;
 Thy favor and thy influence lend,
 To quell each swelling tide;
 With thought enraptured, transport, joy,
 O thou the mind with thanks employ,
 E'er we our will confide.

Merrimack Cor.

ENAD.

A LEAF FROM REAL LIFE.

BY ADELINE H. WINSHIP.

Embowered on yonder hill-side, stands a neat,
Unostentatious dwelling, clad with vines,
The emblems of affection fond, and fringed
With every beauty into blossoms thrown.
Itself the image of content and peace,
It looks majestically down on life,
In all its village bustle; where the noise
And din of business meet the rising day,
And slow Fatigue, at grateful eventide,
Turneth his homeward face.

Enchanting spot,
Where Piety presides, and Virtue fair,
And Industry, her handmaids, sweetly smile,
There, by a scattered household, called "sweet home."
Round it associations of the past,
And tender recollections, cluster. There
Their little band was broken, when the hand
Of God lay heavy on them, and bore down,
Into the silent chamber of the grave,
The husband and the father. There they drank
The cup of sorrow; and there, drinking, learned
That earth hath woes which heaven alone can cure.

A messenger from heaven came with command,
And from that chastened group, selected one
Who should go forth to heathen of her sex,
And point them to the Fountain now unsealed
For Jew and Gentile,—to the glorious Sun,
Which will their darkened minds with light divine
Irradiate,—whose beams are Christian love.

The fountain of affection deep was stirred.
Trembled the mother's voice; the sister's eye
Was dimmed with tears, as thoughts of parting came,
With sad night-visions, to disturb her rest;
And the fond brothers deeply, keenly felt,
How rich the treasure they were called to yield.

Around the altar, ready reared, of prayer,
They bowed with humble reverence, and looked
For guidance from on high; nor looked in vain.
Their pious hearts could not withhold from Him
Whose death became their life, e'en that choice boon.
They gave her up — that daughter, to the Lord;
They gave her up — that sister, and rejoiced
They could to Him so rich an offering make.

The days flew swiftly past. The time drew near
When she must bid her early friends farewell,—
Must from that sacred spot, her father's grave,
Turn tearfully away. Her pleasant home
Must for a rocking vessel be exchanged,
And she must brave the dangers of the deep.

The proud-winged ship its burden bore away;
Her native shores, with fearful haste retired,

Till naught was left to catch the eager eye,
Naught seen but ocean's broad expanse below,
And heaven's blue arch above. The maiden's heart,
Strong in the hope of usefulness, and full
Of humble confidence that duty's path
Is always safe, knew naught of fear.

She met

In that small floating world, a few whose souls
Were tuned, like hers, to Zion's sacred songs.
The ocean breeze caught night and morn their notes,
Rich with heart-melody, and bore them up
To blend with heaven's loud chorus. His kind ear
Who sits upon the great white throne, was bowed
Benignantly to listen to their prayer
For guidance and protection on the deep.

Smoothly they passed o'er ocean's deep'ning caves,
As on some mirror vast, or polished sea,
Whose pillars firm and deep foundation stones
Omnipotence had placed. Smoothly they passed
O'er many a wreck and many a sailor's grave,
By fav'ring wind, borne safely toward their port.
But the scene changed. Dark, gathering clouds arose; —
In the dim distance climbing slowly up
The canopy above them, till they seemed
Like mourning drapery o'er them and around.
The winds, now adverse, sported with the waves,
And the quick lightning rent the deathlike gloom,
While hoarse and loud the thunder raised its voice,
As if to warn them of a fearful doom.
Wild-warring elements put forth their strength
In mighty conflicts, while around their bark,
(Freighted with jewels precious in His sight
Whose high behest the heaving billows wait,)
A thousand graves seemed opening, Black and deep
The awful darkness of that fearful night.
Without, all seemed commotion; while within,
Met Christian's prayer and sailor's muttered curse.
This, bearing like a dread incubus, down
The soul that framed it, to eternal night;
That, soaring upward, by its influence sweet,
Inclined the pious heart still more toward heaven.

When danger threatens, time moves slowly by.
But morning came at length, and with it hope,
Sweet hope of rescue from a watery grave;
The roaring winds were hushed. A "peace be still"
Had quelled the tumult of the boiling sea,
And yet they trembled; morning light revealed,
Hard by the spot where they such perils met,
The masts dismantled, of a ship submerged,
Whose crew were sleeping on their ocean-bed,
A long and dreamless sleep.

Now safely past

The place where dangers congregate, up rose
Upon the wings of morning, grateful thanks,
And songs of praise for such deliverance sent.
The sky was cleared, and cleared the sailor's brow;
The sea-worn master feelingly exclaimed,
"Naught saved us but these Christians' fervent prayer."

Eagletown, Ark.

SKETCHES OF A MIDSUMMER EXCURSION SEVEN HUNDRED MILES IN THE SOUTHWEST.

BY AN EQUESTRIAN.

Ishtaklapl—(Fifth.)

We had now seen every station at present occupied by missionaries under the Board we serve; but my purpose was to visit a relative farther up the Nation, whose husband, though employed by the Cherokee government, was doing missionary work as a teacher.

"Snowball" gave such unequivocal tokens of weariness, that N——, in her compassion, preferred to remain here and let him rest. Friends here succeeded afterwards in obtaining a horse for her, and she accompanied a party riding to the Creek Nation.

Park Hill is but a few miles from Tahlequah, the capital, and embraces in its environs several families, similar in externals to the one I have described, besides sundry other attractions. The editor of the Cherokee Advocate,—by the way, if you wish to exchange* with that paper, its address is Tahlequah, Cherokee Nation, I think,—the editor and his lady are said to be among the most interesting people there. I had not the pleasure of seeing either, although we were invited to his house, and had a fine large apple brought from the office, the very *thought* of which is even now delicious.

It certainly required no small share of self-denial on the part of friend W——, to tear himself so soon from such a spot and accompany me to a more obscure corner of the Nation,—though he did not tell me so. Nevertheless, he exercised his benevolence, and I dare say that large organ is more amply developed, per consequence.

Well, one short day's ride brought us to Fort Gibson, whose commanding officer had engraved his name upon many grateful hearts, while he commanded at Towson; and he greeted us with a cordial welcome. The venerable man has since been sent to the Mexican war; although his personal belief is "war is an evil; the people will not believe how great, till they are engaged in it." Military officers, you know, are patterns of devotion to their guests, and here all was attention. Fresh horses were here provided us; and Colonel L—— said, humorously, "I suppose I must not let your horses have *too much corn* in your absence," corn here being the substitute for oats. He rode with us as far as Prospect Hill, a beautiful place, and correctly named; though he told us some anecdotes by reason of which the name was changed to *Proposition* Hill. If there is no fatality in the spot, he averred that the rule invariably holds good, and we avoided its summit.

Our way lay through open woodlands and extensive prairies; and it was so early when we reached the public house, that we passed it, thinking to spend the night with some Moravian missionaries a few miles beyond. The house stood a little out of the road, partly hidden by trees; and in the dim twilight we passed without observing it

* We do.

inquired the way, and returned. The young man who responded to our call, came out and said we might tarry if we chose; that he was alone, lodged in the house, while its occupant was gone to the North, and boarded at his father's, where he took us next morning to breakfast. We were glad to remain in such circumstances, being wearied with a long ride; and fortunately having in the portmanteaus some remnants of the bountiful dinner brought from Fort Gibson, of which we had freely partaken beneath the shadow of a great tree, and by the side of a musical brook. Our young Cherokee host advised us to dine at the next Moravian station, and supposed we could there learn the nearest way to Honey Creek. We had to search long for the house of Mr. S——, and the afternoon was somewhat advanced before we found it. The inmates are of German descent, and take four or five meals per day; and it was really a relief to know that dinner was not prepared solely for us. Their manner of "saying grace" is serious and cheerful, though a novelty to me. They invariably read and sing one verse of some hymn, perhaps a collection prepared for like occasions, always in some tune of such grave and stately measure as "Old Hundred."

They were unable to show us the road we desired, and moreover told us that the last few miles of the old road would be very obscure to strangers, and that we could not reach Honey Creek before dark; all of which was equivalent to a moral certainty that we would get lost if we attempted to proceed. Now I have no greater taste for catastrophes than has the editor of the "Era," and we gladly accepted their kind invitation to pass the Sabbath with them, although we were in haste. One of the gentlemen is preacher and teacher, the other farmer. Both were on that day engaged at the brickyard, whither we accompanied them; W—— being invited, and I having invited myself, after an apology from Mr. S——, for leaving me alone, while the ladies were engaged in domestic duties. We witnessed the manufacture of bricks by a new process, so they said; I did not happen to know. The clay was *ground* by *mule* power, in a machine invented by the farmer, something after the fashion of a cider-mill; the moulder standing between the animals and the great hollow log within, which worked a *toothed* cylinder, the inside of the upright log being also furnished with teeth. The sweep passed over his head; he dipped the ground clay from an aperture in the side of the machine, and kept two carriers busy, who took advantage of the absence of the quadrupeds upon a distant part of their orbit, to seize their booty and be off. All parties agreed that the present was a decided improvement upon the ordinary method of brick-making; and having satisfied our curiosity, we retraced our steps. But we played by the way, for the ups and downs in the walk were covered with thousands of petrified marine substances; some scattered about in broken fragments, most, however, imbedded in solid rock. A sweet little "brook" too, ran through the shaded valley, upon whose banks gushed forth the pure waters of a delicious spring, and joined in its meanderings. Do you blame us for playing truant? Arriving at the house, we were treated to a bench and the chat of the ladies. Thus waned the day.

On the morrow we heard preaching in English, in a good plain dwelling, formerly occupied by a venerable friend who had visited us the previous year, accompanied by his aged lady, who now slumbers in death. "Mount Zion," his former dwelling, is close by, and unoccupied.

It was past noon on Monday, before we paused at the door of the friend we sought. We had inquired the way at the postoffice; and I took the liberty of asking for my cousin's letters and papers, knowing they could not bear frequently. One was handed me; I had written and forwarded it just before starting, to announce my intended visit. Of course I took it along.

But I must not forget the *public works*; for our road, a part of the way, lay along the line that separates Arkansas and Missouri from the Cherokee country. When we came to the northern limits of Arkansas, we were notified of the fact by an inscription upon a rock that lay by the roadside upon a heap of gravelly earth. The common rock of this region bears some resemblance to granite, but wants the compact, hard, ironish look, that "break-me-if-you-can" expression which the ledge upon my native hill possesses. This monument to the good taste of two great States, bore the names of both, and some date which I do not remember. In fact, we might have passed it without notice, had not the "corner-stone" been designated as a way-mark, for which we were on the lookout. I am told it has since been erected upon its earthen pedestal; but whether this feat was accomplished by individual patriotism or the united energies of two commonwealths, I am not informed. Now I do not know but this corner-stone is just like all others; but I confess, having heard it frequently named, I was expecting a sight rather more imposing and aspiring; and there was something to me ludicrous in the corner-stone and its position.

Honey Creek is perhaps no sweeter than Rock Creek, although in days "auld lang syne" a traveller unfortunately spilled his honey therein. But its vicinity was the scene of a mournful tragedy during our short stay there. A party of three Cherokees, "half-seas-over," were returning from a little town over the line, whither they had been to purchase the "needful," when one of them, always quarrelsome, drew another into an angry dispute. The third talked mildly to them, pointing out their danger; and not being able to dissuade them thus, rode between them. It is as impossible for me to describe as for you to imagine, the utter recklessness of these Indians in a drunken fit; and indeed their disregard of human life, when under the control of bitter and revengeful feeling, is absolutely shocking. I speak now of the uncivilized. It is but a short time since one drunken Choctaw attempted to kill another; and one who was sober, fell upon him and slew him. The man first struck, revived, and a friend of the one actually killed, took up a club and beat the murderer of him till he supposed him dead, and then sat down to watch. At length he gave signs of life, when he again resumed his murderous work, and again sat down to see if he had finished the task. Again his victim breathed,

and now he called for a knife ; it was handed him, and he plunged it into his vitals. Had there been no witnesses to the cold-blooded deed, he would probably have informed the first man he met, and quietly awaited his trial, had not the friends of the slain taken summary vengeance into their own hands. But this is digressing from the Cherokee story.

The mediator did not succeed in effecting a peace, though he rode between the belligerent parties. The desperado dismounted and approached the horse of the other, who, supposing him to be armed, drew his bowie-knife, and throwing his hand backward to keep his antagonist at bay, plunged it in the neck of the aggressor, who fell dead. This is his testimony, corroborated by that of the one witness. More civilized than our ordinary *Choctaws*, he, unlike them, fled when he had told the tale to those who would not betray him. His friends desired him to deliver himself up to justice, believing the act justifiable and defensive. But he either feared or affected to fear, that justice would be partial, because his politics differed from those of the party in power.

His family were the nearest neighbors of the friends we were visiting, and we called to mingle our sympathies with those of the afflicted wife and mother of the manslaughterer. They were evidently highly respected by the community, and much kind feeling was manifested for them, as well as for the family of the deceased, some of whom were respectable people.

O, there was grief, there was anguish unutterable, at that funeral ; and we followed to their earthy tomb the remains of one lost to *himself* more than to the world. The corpse was not *then* seen, but those who had previously looked, said that the deep, wide gash in the throat made it a horrid spectacle. Ah, rum ! these are thy doings ; and thou, vile monster, art but the sword in the hand of my countrymen, who, for a few paltry dollars, sell themselves to do iniquity, all along the frontier of the red man's home. They approach as near as they dare for their fiendish purpose, and thence scatter firebrands, arrows, and death, into the very heart of a country whose inhabitants, of all colors, are prohibited by law from trafficking in or having in possession, the drunkard's drink. Surely, at the last, their petty gains will bite like a serpent and sting like an adder. Are not these they of whom it is written, "Your riches are corrupted, your gold and silver is cankered, and the rust of them shall be a witness against you, and shall eat your flesh as it were fire" ?

Eagletown, Ark.

LOWELL. I have ever had the privilege of reading the Offering, since its first issue ; and trust I have not only enjoyed and been highly interested in its reading, but have perhaps been in a good degree benefited by it ; and I think I can in some measure appreciate its object and worth.

L. D.

T O A F R I E N D .

The glare and heat of day is o'er ;
 The wind moans plaintively ;
 Our star shines brightly, as of yore,
 And seems to whisper thee
 To come with a friend of other days,
 And into the mystic future gaze.

Softly the breezes are sighing,
 Gently the waters flow ;
 Our hearts are sad, as replying
 To some still voice of woe ;
 Nature hath many a hidden voice,
 Which bids us either weep or rejoice.

Let us commune, as in days past,
 Of that bright spirit-home,
 Where the pure-hearted meet at last —
 Where sorrow ne'er can come.
 Let our thoughts take wings ; let them soar on high,
 While we gaze on the fair and starlit sky.

Our hearts and minds will, freed, soar higher
 When twilight veils the earth,
 And in the soul a purer fire
 In those sweet hours have birth ;
 And thoughts of beauty, of strength, and power,
 Unveil themselves in the twilight hour.

Meet me where the trees are waving
 Their branches in the air ;
 Where the river's waves are laving
 Their gnarled roots, torn and bare ;
 Deny me not ; but meet me, and then
 We'll muse o'er past and future again.

Boston.

A F R A G M E N T .

How hard it is to draw before our eyes
 The softening veil of charity, which hides
 A multitude of sins. We kneel and say,
 "Forgive our trespasses, as we forgive ;"
 And then we rise, and walk abroad, and meet
 Some one who may have done us ancient wrong ;
 Or some one whom we fancy not so wise,
 Or pure, or upright as ourselves ; and we
 Can hardly bear to waste on him a smile,
 Or give him what we often give a brute —
 A word of kindness ; — but we turn away,
 As if his walking on the same broad earth
 Were an offence to us, so angel-pure.
 And if, perchance, the prayer we lately breathed
 Comes, like a sudden arrow, piercing us,
 We cheat our conscience with this sophistry :
 "I do forgive him, but I cannot love."
 Alas for us ! should He who is above
 Return that answer when we cry, "Forgive !" L. L.

THE STRANGER.

BY "EMMA JANE CLEMENT."

"The Niagara, Captain Ryrie, left Liverpool May 20, reached Boston *via* Halifax early Friday morning, June 2,—twelve and three fourths days; quick passage." Thus read and commented Mr. Lane; and then he read on again in silence.

Mrs. Lane looked up from her linen-stitching with a sigh, and yet with a cheerful face. "I often wish," said she, "when I read the arrivals, that I could look through every heart they bring to our shores, and see just what it hopes and what it dreads."

"O, mamma! I should dread this," answered her daughter, with a slight shudder; "I am sick at the thought of it." She put a finger on her "place" in the morning paper, and looked thoughtfully out of the window. "I almost die if I only go to uncle Webster's, if you don't all go; and when everything is all right too, at home and there; and when I am coming back any day that I please. I should die, I should *die*, mamma, if I must leave everything I cared for in the wide world, and everything that cared for me, and go such a dreary voyage to a strange, cold, self-occupied city like this. O dear! O dear! I think of this so much, that if I were a man, and with wealth and leisure, I would be on the wharves at every arrival, to do what I could. If it were only to speak kindly to a dozen emigrants, and to look kindly in the anxious eyes of a dozen more, this would be something; it would be a great deal for them."

The door opened softly, and a light, slow step was on the carpet. Cousin Eliza was in the house. She was an invalid, of late; and always moved softly, when she moved at all. She had been in her room the last hour; and supposing that it was she who had just entered the parlor, no one turned until startled by a strange voice, low, gentle, and of the most thrilling plaintiveness.

"I thought I would rest; I have wanted to rest a long, *long* time." The speaker, a young and handsome woman, looked around her for a seat as she spoke; but not as the stranger looks, who takes in appearances and deduces conclusions from them. It was as if that large parlor, the luxuriant furniture, together with the faces of the parents, the son and the daughter, were as familiar as the room, the furniture, the faces of her own home. Her face, figure, air, and dress were of consummate beauty, dignity, and grace; but then of beauty, dignity, and grace in ruins. Her dress was of the richest silk, but soiled, crumpled; and open at the throat, it exposed linen and lace of the costliest texture, but also soiled and ill-arranged. The diamond brooch, that should have fastened her dress at the throat, was carelessly stuck in a side-fold of the waist. Her gaiters were unfastened, and her bonnet awry. Still, there was nothing revolting in that face, figure, or dress. You could gaze on them forever in unutterable tenderness and awe; in something akin to

admiration of the strange beauty,—even as you would sit forever, looking into the solemn and beautiful moonlit arches of some noble but ruined temple.

“I came in the Niagara,” the stranger added, with a faint, sick smile; “I so wanted to go where I could rest.”

Every heart was touched; and Mary said, instinctively, “Yes, dear; yes; sit down now in this good, comfortable chair, and let me get you something.”

The stranger sat down, and for a moment rocked vigorously; then, stopping, she turned her head slowly one way and another, still without lifting her lids to look at things in the room. But she sighed loud and heavily. She put her dress still farther back from her throat, and passed her hand several times slowly across her heart, as if ready to die of heat and disquiet. Mary exchanged troubled and inquiring looks with her parents and brother. “Let me get you something,” she repeated, bending close to the stranger, by whose chair she sat. “What will you have? What will make you feel better?”

“O,” said she, in a voice perfectly calm, but so sad that it and the words brought tears to every eye, “I don’t have anything, lately. *Nothing* makes me feel better.” Then, looking more earnestly in Mary’s face, with all the sincerity and eagerness of a child, she added, “You would ’nt think they would have done it, would you? He was Lamartine’s friend; Lamartine had never a truer friend. He sent me these flowers;” showing Mary a withered little bouquet she held close in her palm; “and a note; I keep it here now;” and she lay her hand on her heart. “I should die, if they took it away; and at every moment I dreaded they would there, in Paris. He would be with me in an hour, he said; and I was happier than you can ever know; unless, and it may be, perhaps you love some one as I loved Jaques; some one with just the deep, loving, quiet eyes that a woman wants to look into when she is troubled; and with the broad, faithful bosom she loves to lean upon when she is weary or sick. Perhaps *your* wedding-day is fixed; and your wedding-dresses, perhaps they are hanging now in your wardrobe. Is it so, lady?” Mary shook her head; and the stranger settled back in her seat with a disappointed look. “Then you don’t know; I don’t suppose I can find any one who can know how I love him, and he me; and how happy I was that night.” Her pale face grew dark and unsettled in its expression; a look of fear was in her eyes and manner, and she lowered her voice almost to a whisper. “He was Lamartine’s friend. No one in Paris loved Lamartine better, or watched his safety more carefully. But no one——it is never known in Paris, in these dreadful days, who is a friend, and who is a foe; who is sincere in what he avows, or——” She passed her hand across her breast again, and drew a few long, trembling breaths; “I hav ’nt known since *that* night how it was in Paris; I hav ’nt understood; I knew before *that* night; Jaques told me a part, and I saw the rest in his open, clear eye; and I felt safe; I could rest. O, my God, for those days when I could rest!” She finished with a sobbing voice, but a dry, a rest-

less eye. Again the long, white fingers were rubbed hard on the heaving breast; again the long, trembling breaths; then the spasm passed; and in a voice calm as if emotion had never stirred it, she added, musingly, "He did 'nt come; I waited at the window, at the door; I strained his note and his flowers to my lips and bosom; I waited, and watched, and trembled; and trembled, and watched, and waited. Then there was the hum, hum of thousands of voices. Heat was in the air, lady." Again she spoke in a half whisper. "It was —— I felt it here in my brain. It came with the hum of the ten thousand voices, surging, surging, like the waves of the dark sea; and then fainter, farther, it sounded. And the *rappel*, the *rappel*; you never heard *that*. And still he did 'nt come; still the *hum*, *hum*, and still the hot breaths of that mass of living, moving, thinking, feeling heads. O, why did they feel *thus*? Why were all those heads *there*? God made them all, you know, lady; He, the mighty and good One, who looked down on all those heads, into all those hearts; he made them, and Lamartine, and Jaques, and even Barbes. He loves them all; but it must be they did 'nt think of this that night. It must be that people often forget this; and thus terrible nights there are; for one heart alone, sometimes it is, then again for the household, and still again, as that night, for the city and the nation. O, if people would only remember that it was God who made all the world! Think! — we are all his; 'tis his blood that they spill; his breath that they cut off; his life and strength that they shut up in prisons and dungeons."

Mary trembled now and wept; and this distressed the stranger. "Poor girl," said she, in a voice of sweetest tenderness. "Poor, dear girl, don't weep; we will let this go. God is up there, looking on; he lets it be so; he thinks it best; he can bring it all right in the end; he will; for he is a good and dear God. He'll take care of *him*; he'll give me a chance to rest, perhaps, now I am here, where there is no midnight hum of ten thousand voices, no midnight fire from ten thousand breaths; hot, angry breaths they were. You never have heard the *rappel*, lady?"

"No, dear," replied Mary, who leaned an elbow on an arm of the lady's chair and wound her chain around her fingers. "You will never hear the *rappel* in this land, nor ——"

"I wish I could find some one who has heard it in the night; and fire-arms, when sick and faint with watching for their beloved, as I was." Again the long-drawn sighs, the hand pressed tightly on the heart; again the spasm passed, and perfect calmness followed. "It was a terrible night," she added. "But it passed, as all nights do, sometime, if they are ever so long and weary; and in the morning all was known. Jaques was on his way to me. Perhaps you know about the fifteenth, about Barbes, and Albert, and many others whom I know, rising upon Lamartine and his party in the Assembly."

"I have just been reading about it here," said Mr. Lane, pointing to the "Tribune," that lay spread on the table before him. "I have read, too, how they failed; and ——"

"Yes, sir; and then, sir, came the *rappel*; and guards, and men,

women, and children thronged the streets by thousands. And arrests were made." Again she looked Mary earnestly in the face, bent towards her, and spoke in a whisper. "Arrests were made. If one in the throng cried *vive Barbes*, he was arrested by the guards and taken to prison. Jaques's nearest way to our house lay through the Boulevards. There some one near him shouted the fatal *vive Barbes*, and he was seized and carried to prison; and there he is now, they say. But I hav 'nt understood much about it; I have been too weary for this since that night's watching. I hope I can rest here;" again turning her head slowly around the room. "You get rested, don't you? you can stay in this house, in this room, and be quiet, can't you?"

"Yes, indeed. It is a good house, a good room; try if it is not. You shall have something, and then lie down and sleep."

While Mary was speaking, Mrs. Lane rang, and ordered refreshment and an anodyne; pressed them upon the stranger, who looked at her a moment, but, as if she neither saw nor heard her, then turned to Mary with the same childlike deference and sincerity she had shown from the beginning.

This was no strange thing—the maniac being attracted to Mary. From a child, she had loved every unfortunate man, woman, and child, that had crossed her path. Before she could possibly have understood anything of the nature and demands of derangement, idiocy, poverty, loneliness, or any other form of wretchedness, she felt irresistibly drawn towards their unhappy subjects. Looks of pity followed them on their way, if they passed her when abroad. She stopped them at her father's door; looked steadily, and without a shade of fear, in their strange eyes; talked to them about the clouds, the sky, and the good God up there; about the rainbow she saw the other day; about the birds and plants in the doorway and balcony of her beautiful home. She asked them, as now she did the stranger, what they would have; what would make them feel better. She took their brown hands in both hers, and tried to bring them to mamma, or, better still, to Anna, the cook, who would give them enough to eat and to drink, and—and everything. Mrs. Lane, on the contrary, dreaded them; and thus it was that all unfortunates were attracted to the daughter, while they shrunk from the mother; or if stately and proud, like the stranger, they disregarded her utterly. Mary offered the anodyne, and the stranger swallowed it. She took her to the sideboard, eat with her, and was ready to weep for joy, as she saw with what relish the stranger made her meal.

"Let me do just as I please, may I?" asked Mary, turning beseeching looks on her parents, as she and the stranger left the sideboard. They knew very well that this would be to instal the stranger in all the comforts of their house. Mrs. Lane shuddered at her thought of midnight surprises by the maniac; she had just read "*Jane Eyre*." Mr. Lane had no nervous misgivings; but he hesitated, as innumerable instances of the impositions that had been practised upon his credulity passed through his brain. "First ask her to show you the letter," he wrote on a margin of the "*Tribune*;"

and then I will see."

"Sit down here by me now, and let me see your note," said Mary, spreading her palm on the sofa, where she was seating herself. The stranger glanced at her quickly and lay her hand snugly on her breast. But there was no doubt, no indecision, no idle curiosity in the good face upturned to hers; nothing but the gentlest decision, the greatest kindness; and instantly the look of fear left hers, her hand relaxed its tension. "Well, yes; you shall see it. It has been in his fingers, you know; pressed in his hand, to his lips." She lay it on her lips with a look of unutterable tenderness, and then gave it to Mary, who read it aloud.

"In an hour, love, I am with thee. Our good old uncle from the South came this evening, and this keeps me. He comes purposely for our wedding, dearest; with Louise and her betrothed—he is at last—the gay young Count Moreau. We met him at Rome, last winter, thou'lt remember; and the young ones also, Marie and Julia, beautiful and lively as ever. They pull my hair, ears, and nose now as I write, for answers to all their questions about 'my bride,' the wedding, bridal favors; how? which? when? where? it is; so I can only snap my teeth at them ferociously as I am able, to keep them out of my mouth until this is written.

"In one hour, dearest, I am with thee; and then in one day I am with thee, to be ever after near thee, to cherish thee; dear words, to cherish *thee*. Heavens! what a thought is this! This earth holds nowhere so happy a heart as my own; for we know each other so well; we accord so well; thou art so dear to me and I to thee. But am I not always saying this? Wilt thou not tire? One hour; till then, dearest, adieu. Thine. JACQUES."

It was granted Mary to do as she pleased; and there were no deceptions for Mr. Lane, no midnight surprises for Mrs. Lane; for reason came to the stranger with that first night's rest, and a death-like prostration of body and intellect. There was no more restlessness of the beautiful eyes, no more turning of the head from side to side, no more long-drawn sighs and harrowing reminiscences of that fearful night of watching. But peaceful, loving, and confiding as a babe, she lay; talking in her low, rich voice of heaven. She had given Mr. Lane the names and addresses of her parents and of Jacques, and he had written them by the last steamer.

"But *he* will never come," said she to Mary; "I *know* that *he* will never come. I have dreams often; and black cavalcades move through the streets; and the black plumes wave over *his* pale face. Black clouds drive through the sky; but there are openings, bright, interminable vistas now and then; and the sun breaks through them; and I see white-winged angels, and they beckon and call his name, as the slow, black cavalcade passes from my sight. I think he is in heaven, and that he waits for me; and I shall go, dearest; thanks! I shall go! I would not, I have no wish, to stay; I don't know why any one should wish to stay. Such horrible scenes are enacted here; and at our happiest moment we may be drawn in as sufferers; if we are not, we know that others are; that now bloodshed goes on in more than one Christian country; and people starve by hundreds,

while thousands look on, and think it a light thing, nothing to them; they must wear diamonds and pearls; they must lounge on velvet and gold; they must not lift a finger; no, although they see their brother man and their sister woman bending to the very sod with the pains, the weariness, of never-ending, miserably-requited toil. Even here, in this best country; ah, one sees want here, and reckless faces; one sees that there is neglect here; that here there is little of this that we in France so long for, fraternity, equality. Thank God that there is a place for the poor, and for us, who, though not poor, are yet sick and weary of all this misery and sin. Thanks!" She clasped her hands and lifted them and her eyes to heaven.

The Niagara was expected in port every hour; but Death heeded it not. He came in that glorious evening. The sun, as if everywhere it looked on innocence and peace, shed its steady rays through the parted curtains into the chamber of the stranger. Love was around her pillow, holding her back, praying that she might not go *then*; not then, when hope was so near. If she might only die on the bosom of her betrothed, of a parent; but Death heeded neither the one nor the other, the love nor the prayer. His was a busy mission; he could never wait. Swords were clashing; the cannon-ball, the shell, was on its flight; hunger was eating at human vitals; ah! he could never wait for parents or betrothed, not he; and he just breathed on the stranger with his cold breath. She gasped lightly, and shuddered; but she still twined her arms about Mary's neck. She finished what she had begun, her oft-repeated "thanks, dearest!" and in a voice sweet as angels use.

It was as well that she died on that evening; for her betrothed had died of pestilence in prison, her father by the midnight assassin, as he looked for his daughter, and the mother of a broken heart.

Manchester, N. H.

THE PRISONER.

Within his cell the prisoner lies;
His is a living tomb;
No change for him bring morning skies,
Or evening's latest gloom.

The flowers of summer smile in vain
To cheer his hapless lot;
And autumn's fields of waving grain
By him are heeded not.

The gentle warblers of the spring
Return when winter's storms are o'er;
But all the strains that they can sing
Will cheer his saddened heart no more.

O, is there no reprieve for him,
Though dark his fearful crime may be?
None but the tyrant Death, so grim,
To come and set the prisoner free?

Salmon Falls, N. H.

LURENDA.

MEMORIES OF THE PAST.

BY "GRACE GAYFATHER."

It is said that the poetry of the present is the memory of the past. Accept, if you will, some of my poetry. It was my fate to be the youngest born of the family, and to be, even to the present day, the "baby" of a large circle; but I would not be a child again. There are very many pleasant memories connected with those years; but they are of blessings and pleasures which I did not appreciate or enjoy to their worth, while little trials seemed great, and difficult to bear, from a want of fortitude.

When first put to school, I had a crude idea of what the poet had sung; "Where ignorance is bliss, 't is folly to be wise." They took me from the flowers, the butterflies, and the pure air of heaven, that I might be improved by the iron rules of school and the deleterious air of the knowledge-box. I mourned for my favorite brooklet, by whose margin I had laughed away the hours, as I watched the fate of the leaves I cast upon its ripples; but I sought for consolation in the contents of my calico-bag, and took the earliest opportunity to introduce a family of rag-babies into the "temple of science," and was comparatively happy, until I felt my ears pulled and my head thumped, without a clear sense of deserving it. A phrenologist at that time would have found some of my "organs" more fully developed than they have since been. My tutor was a savage old bachelor, who, conscious, perhaps, of neglected duties on his own part, seemed to take delight in inflicting a punishment due to himself, upon the little victims subject to his "brief authority." The way he made the "young ideas shoot" might have been "delightful" to him, but it was decidedly disagreeable to the *shootee*. To this day I am uncertain whether the enlargement of my "bumps," *pro tem.*, was because my babies were an abomination in his sight, or because that it was included in the tactics of "intellectual gunnery." But well do I remember the great aches of my little heart, when I saw my babies and paraphernalia cast into "the burning fire" of an uncouth stove which stood in the centre of the room, looking, with its four paws and ugly frontispiece, for all the world, like that ferocious beast which from olden times has loved to devour little children. O, I would not be a child again.

I learned to read, and at length to study grammar; not one of the "new-fangled" books, but Murray's. After conning its pages for a year, I was about as wise as the old lady whose daughters went to school at the time when grammar was first introduced. The girls were anxious to study "the science of language;" and when next the father went to market, the much-desired book was bought. When it came home, the old lady was in the midst of cheeseing and churning, but she left all and seated herself to examine the "grammar book which the gals had pestered so much about." After reading it from beginning to end, she said, "to save her life she could 'nt find a word of sense in it."

One "examination-day" I was called upon to parse a word, which I would most gladly have passed. Without any precise notion what it was, I guessed something which it was not. I met the expression of my instructress's green goggles; it was enough. I felt every eye riveted upon me, as she reprimanded my dulness, and reiterated, as she had a hundred times, "Always remember, a verb is a word which signifies to be, or to do, or to suffer." I thought I was a verb. I understood the suffering part. I counted five knots in the floor, till they numbered twenty times as many. I felt my lip curl, my little foot go pit-a-pat, and some naughty thoughts trot through my brain. O, I would not be a child again.

Never shall I forget the bitter disappointments of childhood; the rides, rambles, parties, &c., which I would look forward to with a heart brimming over with delightful anticipations; and when the day arrived, rain, illness, or some other unexpected hindrance, would dash down my bright hopes, and leave me to feel the disappointment as I have never felt those of maturer years. I would not live them o'er again.

The long-looked for, much-desired time arrived, when I was to leave school. I bade farewell to my satchel, with a merry heart. Yes, my flighty heart was unfettered, free as an uncaged bird. Then I could gaze upon "the open volume of the star-stamped sky," and read the "poetry of heaven" without centripetal and centrifugal cutting curves in my imagination. I could look upon the moon's golden path across the water, without having the beauty broken by the crooks of reflected and refracted rays. I could peep into the eyes of friend Nell, without caring whether my image on her retina was upside down or "all sides up with care." I could tend the flowers, which sweetly breathed to me a language the flowers and I understood, without calling them by hard names, which I am sure would have frightened the wee things had they heard me attempt to pronounce them. I could "fly high" with the poet, without having my thoughts dragged back to earth for a grammatical rule at every word. I could finish my morning dream, and build "air-castles" with setting sun-beams, without seeing in my mind's eye a face with forty-five frowns in every angle of it. O, the drudgery of "schooling;" I would not go back to it.

Just when the tip of my toe was poised on womanhood, Nell would commit matrimony, and have me for a bridesmaid. I tried to do the honors with a good grace, but it was no better than a peep through a key-hole into the garden of Eden. O, I would not retrace a single step of the past, but welcome the future.

Lowell.

The more I see of factory life, the more I feel the want of more time for self-improvement. It is utterly impossible, after working from five in the morning till seven at night, to apply the mind to anything that requires much of thought; and yet there are girls, I am sorry to say it, who would not have less hours if they could,—nay, who would even work more.

J. L. B.

S E Q U E L T O P E N T U C K E T .

BY M. R. GREEN.

Pentucket was written several years ago ; therefore I have deemed it necessary to append a sequel thereto, as many changes have taken place since then. Ship-building has ceased from our waters, and in lieu of this we have a steamboat that makes semi-daily trips between this port and Newburyport. The First Parish Church has been burned down, and with it the *old oaken-door* destroyed ; the door through which Mr. Rolf was shot by the Indians. This door had been preserved for a hundred and forty years, as a memorial of that tragical day, and often shown to the curious stranger with religious veneration ; and though

“Still the villager may tell
Where Rolf beside his hearth-stone fell,”

he can no longer

“Show the door of wasting oak,
Through which the fatal death-shot broke.”

The Atwood House is now owned and occupied by Robert Willis, Esq., and wife, Elizabeth Atwood, one of the surviving members of the family, and often spoken of in Harriet Newell's letters.

At the time of writing *Pentucket*, I supposed that it would appear complete in one number of the *Offering*, if published at all ; therefore, to “make a long story short,” or at least short enough for a one-sheet periodical, I left out many things which it was my original intention to notice. Since our editress has seen fit to present it in separate parts, I have been requested to add thereto a few of the many things then omitted ; things which would have been interwoven in the web of historic reminiscences, had I known in what form it would appear. Mr. Ward, the good and venerable pioneer of civilization into the wilderness of *Pentucket*, died on the 27th of December, 1693, in the eighty-eighth year of his age. We are told that he was a son of the celebrated Nathaniel Ward, author of “*The Simple Cobbler of Agawam, in America ;*” and was born in Haverhill, England ; hence the cognomen *Haverhill*, for our town, of which he was respectfully styled *the father*.

According to history, this good man “had a great many offers of rich matches, in England ; (query : did the ladies in merry old England make overtures of love to the lords of creation in that day ? Perhaps only to ministers ;) yet he chose to marry a person of more humble pretensions, one recommended by exemplary piety. He lived with her more than forty years, and in such harmony that when she died, he confessed that he never, in all this time, received one displeasing word or look. Perhaps these pleasant words and looks were in part the reflection of his own sunshiny disposition. This “crown to her husband” would so faithfully and pleasantly tell him of everything that seemed amendable in his character, that he would compare her to an accusing conscience ; yet “she pleased him wonderfully.” Though she was not one of the “rich matches” that he

had the offer of in merry England, she certainly was a jewel of a wife : —

“ He as rich, in having *such* a jewel,
As twenty seas, if all their sands were pearl,
The water nectar, and the rocks pure gold.”

This good, devoted Christian lived to watch over his people in Haverhill as many years as there are Sabbaths in the year, and more than thrice as long as Jacob sojourned in the land of Padanaram, with Laban, his uncle. Many an hour have I wandered, pensive and alone, among the tombstones of the olden time, to find the resting-place of this worthy divine ; but searches have been unavailing ; there is no spot designated by any tangible memorial. Within two years, current year 1848, there has been a monument erected for the Saltonstall family, in the old burying-ground, and upon one side is an inscription for Mr. Ward, supposing him to have been buried near, as he was connected with the family, by marrying his daughter to one of the Saltonstalls.

In 1647, Thomas Whittier, from whom “ the New England poet ” is a lineal descendant, came into town, bringing with him a swarm of bees, which are said to be the *first* in town. They were willed to him by a friend in Newbury, who says, “ I give to my kinsman, Thomas Whittier, my *best swarm of bees*.” Bryant, in one of his poems, “ The Prairie,” calls the bees there “ a more adventurous colonist than man ; ” but here they were not ; for the settlement of Pentucket was seven years in advance of the *colonization* of the bees. Thomas Whittier, according to history, was a man held in very high estimation among our forefathers ; one who made himself beloved by all for his kindness and gentleness. He belonged to the Society of Friends, and, if accounts say true, was a friend emphatically, in the highest and strictest sense of the term. As the Indians were prowling about in those days, it was customary for the inhabitants to betake themselves to the garrisons at night for safety ; but this Friend W. refused to do, choosing rather to depend upon the weapons of his faith, than those of steel. We are told, that when the copper-faces came round his dwelling, he would invite them in, order refreshments to be spread before them, talk with them in a kind, conciliatory manner ; and when they had stayed as long as they pleased, they would retire to the woods, without attempting to harm one so much given to hospitality as was Friend Thomas Whittier.

The first account we have of cordwainers in Pentucket, was in the year 1679, thirty-nine years subsequent to the first settlement. This year two men, their names Webster and Parker, came into town to follow the trade of shoemaking ; and they are supposed to be the first that had served an apprenticeship at the business. It is shrewdly suspected that before this, every man, whatever his profession might be, made his own shoes ; and perhaps we may not be deemed extravagantly inconsistent in supposing that every woman could “ cobble a little.” However, this is a supposition of my own, suggested from the idea that *our* faculty that way may be “ leaven of an old lump.”

In Haverhill, the shoe-business now is the predominant enterprise of the place, and in fact the vitality and sustaining principle of every

other employment. Most of our young men here belong to the "gentle craft of leather;" those who do not, are too superlatively indolent to do anything for a living, and we have a *few* such; and if the older and richer ones cobble not, it is because they have accumulated sufficient capital to make them to become "shoe and leather dealers." The amount of capital annually invested in the shoe-business here, I have been unable to ascertain, but know it is immense. Haverhill may well compare with Lynn in this line of business, though we do not think that our *soles* (souls) have become so thoroughly *shoefide* as Professor Ingraham represents those of the Lynntes to be. He says there they never pass a cow without stopping to think how many shoes that hide would make; and when they pass a tree they are sure to make an estimate of its value were it well worked up into lasts and pegs; and every upright bristle upon the backbone of the swine, has to be counted; furthermore, he informs us, that they call an old bachelor an *odd boot*, an old maid an *odd slipper*, and a baby is a *lapstone*. This is giving their phraseology a tinge of the trade. Our "horned cattle" feed upon the common, without any one taking pains to make such utilitarian speculation; our trees grow like any other trees, till they are cut down and cast into the fire; our swine go to the scalding-tub with their bristles uncounted; a baby is a baby; an old maid is an old maid still, unless, forsooth, she happens to get married, which is seldom the case; and an old bachelor is just what the name signifies, to all intents and purposes; and of the last we have not a few.

A stranger coming into our village, might readily guess at the business carried on here, for he sees unmistakeable indications of it on every side. "*Shoe-findings*" emblazoned in glittering capitals, above lintel and door-post; *wooden boots* hanging here and there, looking for all the world like *live* ones; hides stretched out to dry in the sun, &c., &c. Our sidewalks, too, are paved in many places with shoemakers' scraps; and ten to one, if he be walking Water Street, he has to clamber over a pyramid of soleleather thrown out to be loaded, unless enough of a Levite to cross over and pass by on the other side. And not only do we see with our eyes, but our ears are saluted with sounds from the workshop; for our ever-ringing chorus is:—

"Rap, rap, upon the well-worn stone;
How falls the polished hammer!
Rap, rap, the measured sound has grown
A quick and merry clamor.

"Ho! workers of the old time, styled
The Gentle Craft of Leather!
Young brothers of the ancient guild,
Stand forth once more together.

"And let the toast be freely quaffed
In WATER, cool and brimming;
All honor to the good old craft,
Its merry men and women!
Call out again your long array,
In the old time's pleasant manner;
Once more, on gay Saint Crispin's day,
Fling out the *leather* banner."

Haverhill.

EDITOR'S TABLE.

In a recent number of our magazine, we acknowledged the reception of Rev. Mr. Eddy's *LECTURES TO YOUNG LADIES*, with a promise to read and review it more thoroughly. We would rather not remind ourselves of this promise. The work has already received the severest critical censure of the press; and those reviewers are not too severe who accuse it of bad grammar, bad rhetoric, bad logic, and bad taste. It also misrepresents Lowell and many of its classes of inhabitants. As for instance, in his description of the entrance of an operative into our city, he speaks of the *bewildering oaths*, and ruffian-like conduct of the hackmen, in a manner which is a libel on the class. We can also testify from experience, that the streets of Lowell are not the horrible places for an evening's walk which they are here represented. The allusion to the Freewill Baptist Church, now a museum, with theatrical exhibitions, is not candid. The reverend gentleman had better have remained silent upon that subject. In short, the book seems to us to have but one redeeming quality. We think the lecturer aimed to do good, and anticipated little of the censure he has received. We could wish that lectures, in another style, might be given upon every subject of which he treats; and will hope that these may have suggested wholesome reflections to many a young female mind.

We are happy to have received another book: *RISE AND FALL OF LOUIS PHILIPPE*; by *B. Perley Poore, Esq.*, which has been read with much pleasure, and which *must* be generally acceptable at this time. It takes us upon one track through the three revolutions of France; passing very quickly through the first, but giving of all an account so *clear*, with its brevity, as to make this one great merit of the book. It is just the work for social and school libraries, for families, and for individuals who have not time to read Thiers, Carlyle, &c., nor to discover for themselves the perplexing under-current beneath the foaming surface of affairs. We wish that the author would write a life of Louis XVI., for our window-seats and parlor-tables; a work for which he has such excellent materials and qualifications.

In this biography, the sympathies of the reader are enlisted for Louis Philippe until the reign of Charles X. Then commences *the dark age*, for we *women* must speak sadly of the faults, or crimes, of one who was so good a son, brother, husband, and father.

Had we room for extracts, we would give the account of Mr. Baude's interview with the *commissaire*, as a specimen of the thrilling dramatic incidents which we find. Also the few graphic touches which give us the dissimilar characters of the Princess Marie and the Duchess du Berri, and the character of Louis Philippe, in his glory, as we find it upon page one hundred and eighty-nine.

THE
NEW ENGLAND OFFERING.

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DECEMBER, 1848.  
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LOVE PASSAGES IN THE LIFE OF AN OLD MAID.

"O, I would not be an old maid for all the world," said Kate Waldron, as, with a flushed cheek, she entered the apartment where Miss Williams, a benevolent-looking maiden-lady of fifty, was quietly knitting.

"What! not for the world, Kate?" said Miss Williams.

"No, I am sure I would not."

"And why not, pray?"

"Because they are so confounded cross and ugly."

"Why, Kate; what has occurred to raise your ire to such a height? I hope you will spare me in your wholesale denunciations."

"Pardon me, aunt Lucy; but I was so provoked I could not help saying what I did. I have just been over to lawyer Alden's to see Annabell, and found the whole house in a complete uproar on Hitty's account. Charley has broken her old snuffbox; and Annabell says there will be no more peace till another is procured just like it. I don't wonder she thinks so; for, when I came away, the cross old thing was raving like a bedlamite. Now I do say, I never will be an old maid."

"Why, Kate; how ungenerous you are; just stop one moment and think of what you have been saying. You *will never be an old maid*, because they *are cross, old, and ugly*."

"Well, she is old; and she is cross, aunt Lucy."

"True, but is she to blame for being old; and as for her unhappy disposition, ought you not rather to pity than censure her for it? Just ask yourself, if a bad temper is not as unbecoming in a young girl, as in an old maid. Here you have come home, to use your own words, *as cross* as you can be; and all because you saw somebody else cross! Why, Kate; how unreasonable!"

"Well, I don't care; if I were an old maid, I would be a good-natured one."

“ You had better begin now to govern your passions, for there is every prospect of your being one. It was only last evening you ran away from Henry Owing, because his attentions were getting to be rather *too marked*. Fie, Kate; how can you laugh, when you have been guilty of such rudeness? ”

“ Really, aunt, I know you would have laughed too, had you seen him searching among the crowd for something he could not find; and then turn with such a desponding look. O, he was another knight of the rueful countenance.”

“ Kate, you are a wild creature; you remind me of a girl I once knew, of whom you are the very image. You have followed in her footsteps thus far, and, if I mistake not, you will do so till you become what she is now, an *old maid*.”

“ You mean yourself, aunt Lucy? ”

“ I do; and if you will get your work and sit by me, I will recount to you some of the love passages in my life, which have not been few. I shall pass over my school-day predilections, and begin with a comical character, who was my first lover, or the first that dared to tell me so. He was a tall, awkward fellow, as uncouth in his manners as he was ungainly in person. I met him first at an evening party in H——, where I was spending the winter; he was my gallant home; and persecuted me with most unmerciful perseverance, during my stay, which was shortened on his account. I very well recollect the first Sabbath I attended the village church, after the party. The minister was young, handsome, and very eloquent; I was fascinated with his sermon, when all at once I felt an irresistible inclination to look toward the pew where my rustic lover sat. Whether it was owing to the innate consciousness that two great eyes were fastened on me, or something else, I cannot tell; but I did so, and, O horrors! what a figure I saw for such a place. He was sitting with his arms folded across the front of the pew, his chin resting on them, and staring with his great saucer eyes directly at me. He was a fine specimen for Hogarth. I could only think of a shaggy dog with his nose resting upon his paws. The comparison was as instantaneous as it was ludicrous; and I laughed in spite of my veneration. This was repeated Sabbath after Sabbath; and that, with his weekday assaults, I could bear no longer, and I-quitted H—— in high dudgeon. Thus ended my first love affair, and a second was not long in following.

“ Soon after my return home, I went to a beautiful village situated on the Connecticut. It was the loveliest spot I ever saw; of all others, just the place for young love to nestle in. My mind, for the time being, took quite a sentimental turn. I think it was altogether owing to the romantic beauty around me, that I did not quarrel with Bessil Demond, during the six months I was there. He was the pride of the village, and my envied and devoted beau. He was constantly at my side, anticipating my every wish. I know not why it was that I took so much pleasure in his society, unless because I had nought to fear; for he was too much of a gentleman to evince any of the sentimental tender in the presence of others. Many were the

rambles we took together, and long boat-rides by moonlight, on the Connecticut. As the time for my departure drew nigh, I observed an unusual sadness in his demeanor; and he sought every opportunity to see me alone, which I carefully avoided. The last evening of my stay, he called and asked me to walk with him. I assented, provided cousin Abby would accompany us; a shade of disappointment passed over his fine, open face, as she arose to go. The evening was delightful. The subject of my departure was not alluded to till we were returning. Demond's voice was tremulous as he spoke, and he must have thought me agitated too, for my hand trembled in his; but from altogether a different cause than the one to which he attributed it. From a singular fatality, I always saw the ridiculous side of everything at the first glance. It was so now; and I was nearly convulsed with suppressed merriment. When we returned, Abby retired, and left us alone. I plead fatigue as an excuse for retiring, but he would not suffer me to do so till he had extorted my promise to correspond with him; and then, hastily imprinting a kiss upon my lips, he left me. I never saw him again; for some reason his letters never reached me; and the last I ever heard of him he was one of the richest merchants in the city of A——, and still unmarried.

“My next adventure was with a physician, and a widower. O, how I disliked him! the very ground on which he walked, and the air he breathed, were odious to me; yet I was obliged to tolerate him on account of his connection with Captain K——'s family, where I was then staying. He never came into the house but I was reminded of *Dumbledikes*, in the ‘Heart of Midlothian.’ One morning, while arranging my curls before the mirror in the sitting-room, a form suddenly appeared at my side. It was the odious doctor; ere I was aware of his intention his arm encircled my waist, and he snatched a kiss. Vexed beyond all measure, I bestowed such a hearty box on his ear as sent him reeling from me. Just at that moment Mrs. K—— entered the room, and said, ‘Lucy, my love, the doctor wishes you to ride with him to-day, to N——.’ I was about to give him an unqualified ‘No,’ when a glance from her eye checked me. It was a stinging cold day, and I am sure, if there had been one particle of love in my heart, it would have turned to ice long before we reached N——. I believe the doctor thought so, for he made no allusion to the subject till we were returning, and then he made a formal declaration, the thing of all others for which I ever felt the utmost horror. I feigned surprise and extreme embarrassment; and the generous fellow, out of pity for my youthful timidity, gave me a fortnight in which to decide the solemn affair. I’ll assure you I was shy of the doctor for that time, and three weeks passed ere he found an opportunity of addressing me again on the subject; and when he did so, he received an unqualified refusal. I had scarcely disposed of him, when I was beset by a curious compound, as heterogeneous in its nature as was my first lover, differing, however, in this respect: he had not half so much sense. He offered me his hand in as business-like manner as he would have bargained for a load of pork;

and was struck with blank amazement at its being rejected. But I will dwell no longer on this; it is sufficient to say we quarrelled and parted with mutual disgust. A little more than a year afterwards, as I was passing through the most populous street in our city, my attention was aroused by the clatter of wheels on the pave, and the loud crying of a young child. I turned around; behind me was my quondam lover, bolting along at a furious rate, and drawing after him his baby boy, which was screaming most lustily; far in the rear was his wife, endeavoring with all her might to keep up with the railroad speed of her husband; the sight was ludicrous in the extreme, and, for more than six months afterwards, I never thought of the anxious father, in his hurry-skurry expedition, without indulging in a hearty laugh.

“Soon after this I went again to H——, and was constantly in the society of Alfred Graham, the minister of whom I have before spoken. Of all others he was the very one to please such a disposition as mine; and, for once in my life, I loved deeply, truly, and fervently. There was something in the stern beauty of his face,—in the broad, high forehead, and dark, thrilling eyes. He seldom smiled, but when he did, that smile was like sunshine in the bosom of the clouds, inexpressibly beautiful. To me a heart like his was indeed a prize, and I felt proud of the conquest. Our troth was plighted, and in a few weeks we were to have been married, but for an unlucky accident which occurred, that brought with it a stern reprimand from my father.

“A rustic party had assembled in ‘Fairy Vale,’ to pass the day. We were among the number, and Graham was unusually attentive. Toward the close of the day, I strolled away from the rest of the party and seated myself on a moss-covered stone beneath a lofty oak, on the little causeway that had been built in days ‘lang syne.’ It was shaded on one side by forest-trees, and on the other a deep ditch had been opened to drain the meadow-land beyond. I had been there I know not how long, when a soft step was at my side; I dared not to look up. I knew it was Graham, and felt that, if my eyes encountered his, he might read there more than I wished him to know. He seated himself by me; and the rich, deep tones of his voice, now modulated by tenderness, fell on my listening ear. I know not how long we might have remained there, had not a rough voice startled us with, ‘Ha! truants, I have found you at last; all stragglers are requested to return to the Grove, as we are about to disperse.’ We arose and slowly retraced our steps, till the ditch alone separated us from the company. We were crossing it, when an inadvertent step precipitated Graham into what well might be called the ‘Slough of Despond’ beneath. There was a rush; and in a few minutes he was rescued from his uncomfortable bath, but in such a woeful plight: his hair, face, hands, and all, were reeking with mud; for, to use a homely expression, ‘he had gone in on all-four.’ Had this happened to any other, it would not been half so ridiculous; but to him, the grave Alfred Graham! O, I laughed immoderately; and, with the rest of the ladies, drew back as he passed, to avoid a

collision. The next day he called, to assure me he was not hurt, and to renew the conversation so unexpectedly broken off, in the midst of a very tender episode. He looked me in the face ; a smile was playing round my mouth. I could resist the impulse no longer, and laughed outright. He changed color as he said, ' Really, Lucy, I did not expect this trifling from you.' ' Pardon me,' I replied ; ' I was thinking of your dubious appearance yesterday.' He essayed again to speak ; again I smiled ; when, hastily rising, he caught his hat and rushed from the house. I saw what I had done, and burst into tears ; but in vain ; the *rubicon* was passed, and Alfred Graham never returned. In a few weeks he sent in his resignation, and, amid the tears and regrets of his flourishing society, left for the continent. On the morning of his departure, I unexpectedly met him at a friend's ; for worlds I could not have spoken. I felt the warm blood rush from my cheek till it was white as marble, and my lip quivered from emotions I could not repress. A reconciliation might have been effected then, but for his frigid manners ; it aroused my woman's pride. I began to think that fate had sent forth a decree as irrevocable as the laws of the Medes and Persians, that I should be an old maid ; and I have submitted cheerfully, I think, to my destiny."

Manchester, N. H.

J. L. B.

THE OLD TREE BY THE SCHOOLHOUSE.

'Tis standing in a pathway green, that lonely, withered tree ;
Around it childhood's pleasant laugh rings loud and merrily :
And through its branches many a smile the golden sunlight flings,
While thus in loneliness it stands, a ghost, 'mid blooming things.

The blackbird oft, alighting there, forgets the tuneful throng,
And plumes his scarlet epaulettes, and twitters out a song ;
The turtle-dove forsakes the shade, and, with a warbled moan,
Doth softly call her wandering mate unto the tree-top lone.

Up rushes from its blossomed bed the balmy prairie-wind,
And kisses all the leafless twigs, ne'er heeding sweets behind.
The little children of the school, when come the glad play-hours,
Enwreath its trunk with garlands gay, of lovely buds and flowers.

O, Nature never speaks in vain unto the thoughtful heart ;
Her bloom and her decay have each in life a counterpart.
Whene'er my footsteps press the grass beneath that aged tree,
I fancy that a deep-toned voice says earnestly to me,—

"Thou may'st grow old ; and now thou think'st 't were sad to be alive,
And all the cherished friends of youth and early joys survive ;
Yet thy gray hairs, if found in truth, shall ever honored be ;
The babes will seek thy withered arms ; the youths shall sing to thee."

O, keep we then, with lengthened years, young-hearted sympathy !
By lives of virtue win their love who witness our decay ;
And, over all, invoke Heaven's smile to gild the silvered head ;
Then peacefully may youth depart ; old age we will not dread.

A C O N T R A S T .

BY CAROLINE WHITNEY.

I dreamed that I walked in a garden, where flowers
Grew up and twined over the many green bowers ;
Their rich fragrance was borne on the breeze,
And happy birds carolled among the high trees.
Enraptured, I gazed on the beautiful scene,
Which Nature had pictured so soft and serene,
Till a strain of soft music was borne to mine ear,
And I knew by the sound that a minstrel was near.
I looked, and beheld in a bower's deep shade,
The chantress, the syren, a beautiful maid.
Bright roses hung o'er her, to tastefully deck
The hair, hanging down in rich curls o'er her neck.
Her eyes were reflections of heaven's own blue,
Which charmed the beholder, spellbound him anew ;
She sat there with her harp, slowly sweeping its strings ;
It was plain that her thoughts were of beautiful things.
A smile gayly stole o'er her features so fair,
Like the first beams of Sol on the still, morning air ;
Each look was so mild that no limner could trace
A shadow of grief on her beautiful face.
Methought, as I gazed, that sin could not find
A resting-place there, nor disturb that pure mind.
A picture of innocence, bright as the day,
I left her alone, and then turned me away.

Again, by sleep wooed, I laid me to rest,
And dreamed for awhile of the pure and the blest.
Not long ere my mind to the earth wandered back,
And again was pursuing that well-beaten track
Where sin, strife, and hate with mortality dwell,
And the dark tide of woe with their surging still swell.
Again I went forth, and I found I had strayed
To a wild, dismal spot, in a noisome, dark glade ;
All around me was desolate, cheerless, and sad,
And Nature in vestments of mourning seemed clad.
At my feet grew the nightshade, while over my head
The dark cypress waved o'er the homes of the dead.
Anon, thunders rolled ; the lightning's red glare
Came bursting and flashing upon the dark air.
On the banks of a stream whose black waters rolled,
I paused, horror-stricken, a sight to behold.
Methought, standing there, that a bark I espied,
With fury swept on o'er the fierce, raging tide.
What a scene for the eye ! for a female sat there,
Alone in that boat, with a look of despair.
On it came with its burden, and then it was lost.
Now arose to my view, by the wild billows tossed —
O ! image of horror ! for there I espied
The maid of the garden, there on that dark tide :
Above that rude tempest I heard a loud wail,
And I strove with my voice the lone being to hail.
At length she approached, and I heard her rehearse
A story of woe, the cause of her curse.
"It was sin," she exclaimed, "dark crime and despair ;
I heeded not friends, for they showed me the snare ;

I heeded them not, but, by dark fiends allured,
Went on, with the promise of pleasure assured.
Behold me a victim; I, alas! am sin-bound,
With the billows of woe wildly raging around."
The scene was too fearful; but, ere I could save
That form from its fate, it had sunk with a wave.
O, Virtue and Peace, twin sisters of heaven,
Ye are worthy more love than to ye hath been given;
And Sin and Remorse, ye dark children of hell,
Get ye hence, for we know thy sad missions too well.
The thunder had ceased, and with morning's first beam
I awoke, and with joy found it nought but a dream.

South Adams.

I N G R A T I T U D E .

O, is there another power on earth so soon will chill the heart and send the warm streams of love congealing back, as cold and base ingratitude? I have seen the hopes I fondly cherished for the future fly at its approach, like dew before the morning sun; but I wept not, and my heart soon clung as fondly around others. I have seen those I dearly loved cut down by the hand of death and laid in the silent tomb; and, though I wept over them, my tears were refreshing. Hope still painted their freed spirits in that brighter world, where not a care intrudes to dim, even for a moment, the radiance of their sunny brows. But when the friends in whom I trusted, around whom my warmest affections had elung, proved false, ungrateful; it was then, and not till then, that my proud heart first learned to shed its bitter, bitter tears, and turn with scorn from what it most had prized before. Come ye, who have sacrificed your own happiness,—who have strove by every means in your power to please another; and having done one wrong act, and that too, perhaps, unknowingly, have received a frown for all, and then turned to weep in bitterness,—now make the firm resolve that never tears shall flow from others' eyes over thy ingratitude. And ye, whom rank and fortune place so high that ye care little for the frowns or smiles of others, be not ungrateful. Remember it was the hand of Heaven that placed and that sustains you here; frown not on those around you, even though they may seem knowingly to have quitted the path of rectitude and virtue, and are treading the roads of darkness and of guilt. Thy frown will not bring them back; but seeing that thou, with all the blessings Heaven has heaped upon thee, art still ungrateful, they will turn with less compunction from the paths in which their conscience whispers they should tread. But smile upon them. If they are indeed so far gone in the ways of vice that thy smile cannot affect them, it will certainly do no harm; but if one ray of love still lingers there, if one pang of regret still crosses their bosoms at the remembrance of what they have quitted, thy smile will make them feel that there is still love for them on earth, and they will strive to be worthy of that love.

L. E. L.

MY FIRST VISIT TO BOSTON.

Tuesday morning, May the 7th, 184—, I, in company with a friend, took the cars at the city of L—— for Boston, at which place we arrived at about nine o'clock, A. M. After alighting from the car, we found all confusion—hurry and bustle—as is usual at the depot when the cars come in, as it is called. We intended to walk to our place of destination, and, having no baggage but what we could conveniently carry with us, we made our way out of the crowd as quickly as possible; but not, however, until we were accosted by several coach and cabmen, with, “Will you have a cab?”—“Will you have a coach?” To this, our answer was, “No—no.” After extricating ourselves from the crowd, we bent our steps toward Charlestown Bridge, which we enjoyed much in crossing, the morning being extremely fine and pleasant, and the scene new, particularly to myself. We soon found ourselves in Charlestown, with our friends; and, after spending a few hours in pleasing congratulations, and interesting conversation, we, in company with two other friends, started again for the depot at B——, to take the car which would convey us to the “Fresh Pond.” After enjoying a short walk from this place, we found ourselves near the entrance of the Cemetery at Mount Auburn. We passed through the large gate into the enclosure, where we spent a few hours very pleasantly, and I trust profitably.

First, we visited the grave of Doctor Spurzheim, situated near the entrance of the Cemetery. We next bent our steps in that direction which appeared to present the pleasantest prospect.

The grave of Hannah Adams, the marble child in such sweet innocence, the winding-sheet of marble laying across the monument, all worthy of note, attracted our attention; and many other things, which left a deep impression on our minds. I think we could have spent an entire day here, very profitably. Here, we are led to reflect upon the mortality of our natures. Here, we behold the old and the young, the rich and the poor. Those so unequal in rank and station, while living, find here one common resting-place. Though rich and costly monuments may be erected, to tell to the passer-by, that here and there are deposited the remains of those, who, while living, could call thousands and tens of thousands, and perhaps millions, their own, and whose power and authority were triumphant, on account of so much wealth,—here, ah! here, we behold them deposited beneath the same clods, awaiting, with those of more humble station, their destiny, when they shall appear before the tribunal of God. The learned and the unlearned, the wise and the simple, alike become the prey of worms; their bodies soon will assume the elements from which they came, while their immortal spirits will return to the God who gave them.

Finding the sun fast sinking in the western horizon, we now bent our steps toward the “Pond” before mentioned, where we expected to find the car that would convey us back to the city again; but, much

to our disappointment, it had gone before us ; and here we were left in some suspense what to do. The car would not return till the next day ; the hourly for Charlestown had already gone ; and there was no alternative, unless we spent the night here, which we could not even think of doing, or take the hourly which would convey us to Boston as late as nine o'clock. But, making necessity a virtue, we seated ourselves in the hourly, as we supposed, for Boston ; and, after congratulating ourselves upon this only remaining opportunity, behold ! a stop. We had been directed to the wrong hourly, and, consequently, a change. Well, we alighted ; and, after seating ourselves again, were a little amused at finding ourselves in possession of a whole hourly, riding so fast as not to be able to keep our seats ; and going, too, in a direction not homeward. After our burst of merriment had somewhat subsided, my friend remarked, " We are having a long ride." I began to think so, too ; as we made, to use the expression of my friend, " a general visit through the city, without any stop." But, finally, they stopped near Brattle Street, where we alighted ; and, crossing the Bridge, we found ourselves in Charlestown again, with our friends, much fatigued.

Wednesday morning we arose, much rested and refreshed. Did not go out till afternoon ; when we, in company with several others, walked over to Boston. First, we visited the Museum, and were much disappointed in seeing there only three wax figures, this being mostly the object of our visit. We next went up into the State House, where we could overlook Boston, Charlestown, and several other towns adjoining. We visited the House and Senate rooms ; but, as the State House was undergoing some repairs, we soon bent our steps toward the Common, a large and delightful spot, surrounded by a heavy fence, with numerous paths in every direction. The Pond, its sides so neatly stoned, did not escape our notice. After walking here a short time, we came to the venerable old Elm-Tree, around which a neat wooden fence had been erected, in order to keep it from injury. We could not help noticing the pieces of iron nailed around and across its limbs, to prevent the wind from rending them off ; also, the iron spikes which served to keep it together. I asked how old this tree might probably be, and was informed that it was there before the revolutionary war. I could not help feeling a sort of reverence and awe on beholding it. But to our walk : we set out for Charlestown again. We passed through Washington Street, to the new Postoffice, a large stone building, so large and convenient, that I could not help contrasting it with that at L——. We continued our walk, through many interesting streets, till at length, coming to the Bridge, which we crossed, we soon found ourselves in Charlestown with our friends, as much fatigued as the day preceding.

Thursday morning we rose early, and, after breakfasting with our friends, visited Bunker Hill Monument. The monument is erected on an eminence, somewhat retired for this place, and surrounded by a heavy fence, which had been but recently built. The mind, on beholding an erection like this, is led to reflect upon the past history of our country, and to inquire, Will not this speak to nations

yet unborn, of what has been, and what may still be, in an independent nation like ours?

We next visited the Navy Yard. We walked about for some time, viewing the different curiosities which this place presents to a stranger; we visited the several ship-houses; in one of which was an immense ship being repaired. On our return, we passed through the ropewalk, as it is called, which is over a hundred fathoms in length, in which the large ropes for shipping are made. On entering this walk you perceive, as far as you can see, the light from the door on the opposite side; it appears but a small opening, but, as you approach it, you find it of equal dimensions with that at which you entered. After passing through this walk, we found ourselves near the gate, through which we passed; and, after resting and partaking of some refreshment, we took leave of our friends and set out for Boston depot, where we arrived just in season to take the car for L——.

Merrimack Cor.

ENAD.

THE HOME OF MY CHILDHOOD.

BY NANCY B. RAINY.

The bright rays of the moon above me are shining,
And sacred the influence around me entwining;
The sweet muses are nigh at this lone, silent hour,
To awaken my song with their mystical power.

My fancy has flown on fair pinions away,
To mingle 'mid scenes that too soon will decay;
Though the joys of my childhood forever have flown,
Sweet mem'ries awaken connected with home.

O, how humble the cottage that sheltered me then;
Now how lonely it stands, unnoticed by men;
The woodbine that wandered so tenderly there,
Has gone; 't is a sad voice that whispers, "Ah, where?"

The daisy, the rose, the "forget-me-not,"
Were the flowers that blossomed in front of that cot;
There were others that grew near the old stone-wall,
But these were the richest, the greatest of all.

The wild bird with music the zephyrs would fill,
But ever my favorite was the fair whippoorwill;
And softly the rivulet would murmur along,
But proudly would glide if I noticed its song.

O, why recall visions of the bright sunny past;
Has not the hand of Time a shadow overcast?
The charms of my childhood I can never forget,
They are dear to me, yes, very dear to me yet.

But alas! when I see it so lonely and drear,
My heart throbs with grief, my eye drops the "lone-tear;"
Though others have left it so lonely, so wild,
I'll love it the more, for I loved when a child.

Chicopee.

O U R T O W N : H O W I T L O O K E D .

How beautifully has Miss Mitford delineated to us the scenes and events of OUR VILLAGE. The English collection of cottage and castle, of hut and hall, of park and patch, of lawn and lane, of field and forest, of grove and garden, of mead and morass, of hill and hollow, and of shine and shade. With these has she intermingled the more interesting scenery of the heart, and made all other pictures but scene-curtains to its simple dramas,—its every-day tragedy and comedy. She has portrayed love and laughter, smiles and sorrows, hope and fear, early life and long-awaited death; and we weep and rejoice, because our own hearts tell us that she has pictured truly.

And why, then, may we not portray OUR TOWN; the six-miles-square collection of hill and field, of pond and plain, of dense, dark wood and winding river? “Our Town;” so duly set off by State commissioners, within the memory of “the oldest inhabitant,” encircled by the imaginary line drawn by the surveyor, and peopled, in the very first instance, by “a happy and glorious posterity.” “Our Town;” baptized long ago, according to records kept carefully by the town-clerk, as Windham or Pelham, or some other *ham*; or Newton or Burlington, or some other *ton*; or Craftsbury or Tewksbury, or some other *bury*; as Peterboro’ or Marlboro’, or some other *boro’*; and faithfully delineated upon the Governor’s chart, long before any two houses stood within sight of each other. “Our Town;” with its legends of struggle with the Red man, and warfare with bears, wild-cats, wolves, and raccoons; and of wild adventures with snow-storms, winds, and floods. “Our Town;” to which the great statesman looks back as the cradle of his genius; and whose humble homes are the brightest spots in the memory of the distant emigrant, the roving traveller, the bustling citizen, and the sea-tossed mariner. “Our Town;” every home in it has its tale and legend, for every heart has had its life-long drama.

“Our Town;” it needs no very particular description, but looks somewhat like an italic Q, the quirl being the pond. It has, of course, its meetinghouse, its schoolhouses, and its hearsehouse. These constitute its public buildings; for I now speak of one of the humblest of “*our towns*.” There is not even an enginehouse, in all its length and breadth; and the meetinghouse does duty as town hall and vestry. “Our Town” has a main road, running like a great artery through its system; and numerous extra roads and lanes, like lesser veins, circulate around. There is the East Road and the Back Road, and the Pond Hill Road and the Smith Road. Then there is Love Lane and Pleasant Lane, and Briery Lane and Horse Lane; to say nothing of the little nameless lanes, which might not inappropriately be called Cow Lane or Sheep Lane, if the accommodation of those travellers was of sufficient importance.

Then there were hills; Centre Hill, on which stood the meeting-house, like the crown over all; and there was Bear Hill, and Stag Hill, and Sugar Hill, and Blackberry Hill, and Pond Hill, and who

knows how many more? And there were rocks, great ledges of them, stretching like a strong backbone along many a well-improved and productive farm; and huge single rocks, which rounded their hard backs up from the green earth, like a petrified tortoise of the primeval time; when the mastodon strode the forest, and there were nought but "giants in those days." Then there were heaps of rocks in every field and orchard; loose stones, lying one upon the other, the monuments of the oft-repeated victories of General Industry,—a warrior who had his enthusiastic admirers and adherents in every family of "Our Town." A few patches of woodland were marked off, perhaps, by a "Virgini' fence," or a circlet of colossal roots, but, in general, a stone wall was hedge, fence, and ditch. Then "Our Town" has its little ponds; bright eyes, looking up to heaven from among the hills and rocks, and sending back the sun or star light, mirrored in their liquid depths. Ponds, fringed with the beautiful blue-flag and tall, broad grasses, and on which the lily floated and gazed up into the day; and "Our Town" had a part of Big Pond.

"Our Town" had its woods,—its groves of maples; where, in spring, the sugar-makers hoarded their sweets,—and its forests of oak and of pine. Then there were the walnut, the chestnut, and the butternut; renowned among the juveniles for many an expedition, when they went, like the squirrel, to lay up food for winter.

Such were the natural lineaments of "Our Town," with its many lovely landscapes and skylscapes; for the blue heavens arched over it, as over all towns, and gave us a shifting and often gorgeous scene of sunsets and sunrisings; of clouds and clear blue depths; of smiling moon and glittering stars, and of brilliant Aureorean lights.

Man had done nothing great, nor wonderful, for "Our Town;" but still, he had wrought a change in what his fathers called "the howling wilderness;" and another time, we will tell of the human beings who lived, and loved,—who thought, and felt, and acted,—in "Our Town."

BETSEY.

Lowell.

T O T H E S U N .

O, thou great source of life and light,
 Thou speed'st thy way through endless night;
 In the high heavens thy path we trace,
 But on thy brightness cannot gaze.
 Through boundless space extending wide,
 Around thy centre planets glide.
 Majestic orb! beneath thy rays
 All nature seems to speak thy praise;
 High on thy throne, with clouds below,
 While thunders roll and tempests blow,
 Thou, with thy piercing, glancing ray,
 Break'st through the clouds, the tempests sway;
 The thunder hides, the lightning quells,
 While thou alone in glory dwells.
 O, mighty orb! O, king of day!
 Thou lonely on still speed'st thy way,
 Forever shining in thy course,
 Making all nature to rejoice.

ENAD.

SKETCHES OF A MIDSUMMER EXCURSION SEVEN HUNDRED
MILES IN THE SOUTHWEST.

BY AN EQUESTRIAN.

Hanall.

Let us pass rapidly over the road we have once travelled, looking a moment at our *gallant*, who has dismounted, and is amusing himself throwing stones down a deep ravine, whose sides are lined with tree-tops, almost directly beneath his feet. . Bound, bound, bound,—hop, hop, hop,—tumble, tumble, tumble,—there they go, “big and little,” with more of philosophy than etiquette in their movements, and more of potency in the spell they weave, than of either, nay, than of both. W——— seemed to enjoy the sport with a schoolboy’s zest; and I was taken back a few miles, and a few years, to my kindred, my home, and my childhood.

In the Cherokee country, we passed two nights among strangers, upon whose hospitalities we had no claim, and were made *welcome*, even when we tarried at a hotel. The third evening brought us to Fort Gibson, a home in our wanderings. Here, had we tarried long enough, and had not the work been already done, I fear I would have been *spoiled*. The best chair in the house, the best portion at table, the best attentions of our friend the Colonel, were my inheritance; and while he insisted on perfect obedience to his will, he playfully replied to any objection to being helped to the *best*, always, “Not because you *deserve* it.” In riding, he gravely told me, that I ought to teach my horse to take the best part of the road. It is the privilege, you know, of a military officer, to be exemplary in his gallantry, and, indeed, in all that belongs to etiquette. But the character of this gentleman does not stop here. His name is associated with the most benevolent of the age. A liberal portion of his salary is cast, statedly, into the treasury of the Lord, and the blessing of many ready to perish, is his. Wherever he is stationed, the Sabbath is regarded,—the services of the sanctuary observed, whether or not a pastor, or a chaplain, may be found. We arrived on Saturday evening; attended church in the garrison; after which, we accompanied our friends to a colored Sunday-School, commenced by a free colored man,—after whose decease, it was continued by the Colonel. The school was intensely interesting. Most of its members were persons under his official protection,—while their claims to freedom are being investigated.

On Monday, we dined at Park Hill; and in the evening, were treated to music on the seraphine, accompanied by some voices, rich in melody,—and to the company of some ladies from the family of the principal chief. Here, too, we found N———, who had made her excursion and returned before us; and here, we were sorry to find that our venerable missionary friend had come near losing his life, by a fall into his well. Though then better, he yet suffered much; his countenance resembled that of a person pale and wasted

from protracted illness. Wednesday morning we bade farewell to Park Hill, taking some of its inhabitants along, and were introduced to an elegant mansion in its vicinity. In the midst of the wealth and splendor that glittered around us, nothing did I so much covet, as the rare plants that flourished about the snow-white dwelling, and the choice vines that crept up upon the pillars and lattice-work of the portico, and overhung the spacious windows of that favored abode. We were made welcome to bouquets from the few then in bloom, and would have been equally welcome to slips and roots, had it been the proper season for transplanting. Indeed, I did take one from the evergreen honeysuckle, but it drooped so sadly beneath an August sun, that I gave it away, long before I reached home. Our morning call was necessarily brief, for we had an appointment with the friends who had called on us the previous evening. At the chief's, as at every house that contained a piano or seraphine, W——— was beset for some of his choice songs. It was in vain that he plead to be a listener, urging that he could hear no music except his own, at his Choc-taw home. His songs, and style of executing them, contrasted favorably with the waltzes, marches, &c., to which the Cherokee pianos seemed to have been accustomed, and they obstinately refused to excuse him — (the people, not the pianos.) And when, as a dernier resort, he knew not what to play for them, one of the party, who had several times heard him, would rally him for his poor memory, and beg us to call for our favorites. Notwithstanding all my sympathy for the beseeching pianist, I loved some such plaintive air as the "Indian's Lament," the "Snow-Storm," &c., too well to refuse compliance, and, his last excuse removed, our indulgent friend could but yield his own choice to the public good, as candidates for office do. The morning hours were beguiled away, ere we were aware; and when, at length, we *must* depart, we were assured that dinner had been hastened on our account, and would be ready immediately,—and finding it a *social* impossibility to resist their importunities, we dined,—notwithstanding the "pinak" of rich cake, to which the same friends had treated us.

• Evening brought us to Fairfield, where we attended the annual meeting of the Mission. It was a season of deep interest, and we heard remarks in English, from native preachers, which would have chained the attention of any audience convened for similar purposes.

The domestic arrangements at Fairfield are very like one's Yankee home, and Mrs. B——— seemed very like one's own mother,—yet we could not tarry. Some Creek missionaries had returned with the party that visited them, and, preceding us to the place of meeting, were ready, when it was over, to accompany us to Dwight; where, after having lost a part of our number, and tarried for them an hour on the shady banks of a little "branch," we arrived long before night. *Of course*, we lost the way,—but found it again,—and while taking our repast, and waiting for our friends, we amused ourselves by gathering wild-flowers, and twining wreaths for the *hats* in the company, our own sun-bonnets not admitting of such ornaments, and our jockeys being at home.

Untukla.

Dwight is quite a little village of itself, containing five or six dwellings within, and one without the enclosure, besides the schoolhouse, which also serves as a church, hard by. With this little community of missionaries we could not remain long, having been already detained beyond our original plan. Monday morning we bade them farewell, a little detachment accompanying us a few miles to an elevated position in a "miscellaneous" prairie. The prospect — extensive, varied, beautiful — amply repaid the extra pains it cost; and again, and for the last time, we said "good-by" to friends in the Cherokee country. Our faces were now set homeward in good earnest; but do not be so unreasonable as to suppose that we deviated none from the most direct road. It was past the middle of the afternoon, when we found ourselves at a house on the bank of the Arkansas River, half a mile above the ferry. Had the family spoken English, or Choctaw even, we might have been spared the trouble of going to the ferryman's house to learn that his boat had been stolen, in our absence, and we must either venture to cross in a "dug-out," or go several miles, to Fort Smith. If plenty of time had been at our disposal, we would have much preferred the latter, having hoped for an opportunity to see that place. But it would have added many miles to our ride, and either have detained us a whole day or hurried us so as to defeat our object. So we preferred to try the new-fashioned water-craft, and employed the ferryman, who understood English, to return with us to the house we had left, as interpreter; unwilling to intrust ourselves to *such* conveniences, without the power of speaking to those who, by a little carelessness or ignorance of their duties, might very easily send us to a watery grave; and they were utter strangers, whom we supposed could not have had *much* experience in their avocation, from the fact that a ferry-boat had been kept so near them.

The canoe was literally a "dug-out," and most emphatically so, much longer and lighter than a *trough*; that would "naturally" stand a reservoir for the eloquence of the "town pump." But I assure you it was no broader, finished and furnished in no better style than an empty trough. "You had better put your women in first," said Mr. O——, taking a seat upon the rocks by W——, who was at that moment suffering from a "chill," which was of consequence to be followed by a fever. "Fever and ague" is a transposing of terms, reversing the established order of things long since confirmed by universal experience. So we clambered over the loose rocks into the boat, which rocked like a cradle while we were "getting fixed." Being sizeable persons, yet by no means fashionably dressed, like your city ladies, it required quite an effort to seat ourselves upon the floor of the canoe, with our "understandings" stretched toward each other in the centre of the boat. I had at once to abandon the idea of using any portion of the "plunder" for a seat, as the position would elevate my head and shoulders too far for the safety of our little craft. Our saddles, &c. being disposed properly, in the space left them, the boat was pushed off into the deep water and the oarsman sprang in; N—— insisting that the boat was too full, he and

the other gents assuring us we had nothing to fear ; I, an ignoramus in all such matters, trying to strengthen her confidence in the word of those who ought to know, at the same time so adjusting myself, with a hand on either edge of the boat, that, without the least change of position, I could, by a simple pressure of the hand, throw the balance of weight upon either side of the boat, in case of accident. As we neared the deep water, so descended the frail bark that kept us from its treacherous bosom, till my fingers' ends, which only passed over the edge, were alternately dipped at every slight rock of the water-cradle. And we needed all our presence of mind to make every rock a slight one, for a descent of two inches, on either side, would have insured us a cold bath, if, by dint of coolness and dexterity we should be able to prevent a capsize. W——, who sat looking on from the shore, and speaking words of cheer, when he joined us on this side the river, expressed his surprise that we had not positively refused to be set over without the boat being lightened ; and added that, for himself, he would not be hired to be a spectator of another such scene. I replied that we knew so many gentlemen would not let us drown, even if we were thrown into the river. But as the event proved, the saddles might as well have been left as company for him, only this would have caused some delay.

In attempting to land us, our cavalier came into shallow water, at some distance from the shore ; and observing that he was about to seek a new landing, we begged him to stop, for moments were precious ; and, slipping off our shoes, we sprang into the river and waded out, he following with "freight." W—— called to us, to know if our feet were wet ; and was for the time deceived and satisfied by the reply that our shoes were dry, though a little amused at the whole truth, when he afterwards learned it. Three times, successively, the boat returned for the horses, swimming them ; and they were set ashore many yards below us. "Snowball" was the first quadruped passenger, and hearing his cries of distress up in the bushes, that hid him from us, N—— made the best of her way over the wet gravel, to his relief. She found him, tormented by flies, who seemed to regard his ablution as a great improvement, and scrupled not to stain his white garments with his own blood. Poor "Snowball ;" a long, leafy wand seemed to keep his intruders at bay, afterward. Seeing his affliction, I met Willy at the water's edge, and exercised a similar guardianship over him, till Prince appeared, when, commending him to the care of "Snowball's" protector, I went after the pony. The boat was now making its last trip, and it occurred to us that by saddling the horses we might save some time, as well as to spare the strength of our sick brother, and resolved on the attempt. In other circumstances I would hardly dare ride a horse I had myself saddled, unless beneath an experienced eye ; but W—— pronounced them properly done ; and just as the sun was setting, we mounted and set off for a ride of five and a half miles, through woods and swamps. It soon became so dark that we could see nothing a few yards from us. N—— followed W——'s white hat, and I her white horse ; but I soon perceived that, if I would

be led by my lantern, I must follow close upon his heels. To add to my difficulties, Willy had been of late practising an extra degree of politeness — to other horses, not to his rider — by which I was in constant danger of being dragged by every tree that bordered the left side of the road; and so perfectly had he learned the lesson, that it made no difference whether another horse travelled by his side; he could not be induced, in light or darkness, to approach the middle of the road, however bad his own side of it might be; and so near were the objects before we could see them, as to require a constant watch for them, and a sudden turning out of the way, rather *into the way*, to avoid them. But the good fellow is gentle as a lamb, and so affectionate that we cannot forbear to *pet* him a little; he is at this moment eating up some of the extra grass in our yard, across which a rope has been stretched to keep him from the melon-patch; for Willy does not know that *we prefer melons to grass*.

With a slice of melon, we will return to the slough, which, patient reader, we had just reached. It is so dark you cannot see them, but many logs have been thrown into the mud; and here we'll wait and see whether the pony can get through, before we attempt to follow. His feet descend into the mud, down, down, deeper and deeper, and cl-l-l-lick, cul-l-l-lick, one after one, he drags them laboriously forth, only to plant them yet deeper in the mire. Ourselves and horses are weightier characters than the pony and his rider; shall we not pitch our tents here? for there is no going round this emergency, else would the path conduct us. But hark! the word is, "Come on," and "on" we gladly attempt to "come;" but Willy walks into a large grape-vine, and every effort at release seems a new mesh in the snare. "I *pity* you, and *wish* I could *help* you," is the consoling sound that falls upon my ear. "I wish it with all my heart, friend W——; but I cannot accept of any assistance upon the only conditions on which it can be rendered, and I very much fear that it would prove worse than no aid at all." Willy at length freed himself, and I managed to stay in the saddle the while. "Snowball" followed his example, though more cautiously; and at last we were all safely through and on our way. The next slough was much longer, and the water deeper; less mud and fewer logs, and no overhanging vines. N—— says she thought we had turned aside into a creek that was leading us back to the river; her nerves had not been quieted since the last sail she took.

Proceeding some time without an adventure, our leader suddenly found himself minus a road; nor could the pony, by turning this way or that, take him *anywhere*. Dismounting, he sought the road himself, by the sense of feeling; but it was a vain search. Next he applied the same sense to his portmanteaus, knowing he had furnished himself with matches; but the matches were not to be found. Desiring us to remain stationary, he began wandering about in a wider direction, to find the way. N——, who had no confidence in her horse, and a "mighty little" in any of us, just then, begged me to join her in beseeching W—— to desist from all attempts to go on; for she was perfectly sure that we should get into a swamp or a cane-

brake, unless we camped right there. My reply, that we could not make ourselves comfortable; that W—— was sick, and, should he need other aid than we had at hand, we could there obtain none; and moreover, that we would not be so foolish as to wander off into the thicket; was all impotent to quell her fears. She was in that state of nervous agitation which is not to be convinced by argument; when reason looks like folly, and, if palpable facts can be appreciated, the stubborn things alone are to be accredited. If we had contemplated exposing ourselves to such evils as her fancy pictured, her expostulations were reasonable, for a canebrake is more to be dreaded than any maze or labyrinth you can imagine, unless you have seen a *canebrake*. It is a forest of slender poles, far, far taller than your head, smaller than your wrist, destitute of branches, though not of leaves, and as close neighbors as the inhabitants of a hemp-field. If your corn-patch were sown and not planted in rows, and if the stalks, like ours, grew to the height of twelve or fourteen feet, then you might wander through a field of many acres and come out wiser on the subject than you now are; and should you "lose your reckoning" in the midst, I am sure something besides your own wits must help you out. But we knew that the road a few yards back was the right one, and determined not to lose ourselves in finding it; at least not all of us at once. W——, in his subtle peregrinations, found a path which led riverward. I told him so; and, aware that he had had ample opportunity to forget in what direction we had come, while we had not so much as turned our horses' heads, he preferred to believe our simple word, and desired me to give Willy an opportunity to lead us out. The poor fellow, all the while restless under the restraint I had imposed, gladly acceded to the proposition, and, clambering over a little underbrush, stepped into the road, amid our hearty rejoicings, and just in the direction to which I would have guided him, had I not supposed that quarter to be the first one searched. W—— had forgotten the curve in the road, to pass round the foot of a little hill, and Prince seemed to have aspirings after reaching its top. Poor Prince, what a lecture did ye get for losing the road, and then showing no tact in finding it! We mended our pace, and soon came into the open prairie. The moon by this time befriended us, and in the reaction of our spirits our grateful joy was only marred by the fear of disturbing the repose of our friends at the Agency. They are merchants; and the store holds the same relation to the house that a counting-room does to a factory, the gate being kept locked. Knowing that the clerk occupied its loft for a lodging-room, his name was our watchword when we reached the yard. Far up the walk, and directly in the line of vision, a faint light told us that the house was not yet closed. With one eye upon its feeble rays and one upon the chamber-window of the store, we anxiously waited some reply to the oft-repeated name of the tenant. There was a movement above. "He hears," said W——; "and why does he not answer?" "He must know us," said I. Again that name was invoked, and a near neighbor, whose impatience or compassion had been aroused, came out to inform us that the gentle-

man had just left for his northern home. With commendable perseverance, W—— learned and shouted the name of the present occupant of that apartment toward which we had looked for help. Just then a light appeared therein, then went out; again it shone, and the next moment the gate was open; and shortly N—— and I were standing on the piazza, waiting till W—— should be ready to go with us into the house; for in fact we did not choose to be the first intruders. Presently the door opened and a head peeped from within, and said, "Good evening." Without announcing our party, I said something awkwardly about the lateness of the hour. "Ah, it's you, is it?" said Mr. ——, recognizing my voice. "Walk into the parlor; Mrs. —— has not yet retired; we will both join you in a moment." Vain were our entreaties to be sent "to bed supperless." Mrs. —— assured us that it was no trouble to place on the table what was already cooked; and we as fully assured her that we appreciated such fare. They had been for some days expecting us; and when we had rehearsed some of the thrilling incidents of the evening, Mr. —— told us that not many years since, in that swamp, two men were chased by a panther in the daytime, and that it was still infested by panthers and wolves! We were forcibly reminded of our obligations to that Providence who had so signally protected us and shown us the perils we had escaped.

The next day we visited New Hope, where a Cherokee female boarding-school is located, but were unable to look at Fort Coffee, five miles distant, a male boarding-school, both under the care of the Methodist Episcopal Board. The schools, like all others, were not then in session. On the morrow we bade adieu to these hospitalities of friendship, and addressed ourselves to a three days' journey in the wilderness. Just as we came to a place where a road diverged a little from the one we were travelling, we met a little party of Choctaws. It was dark when we passed over that portion of the route in going, and, having no recollection of that feature, we inquired the way. "*Hina, hinnona, illuppa*," interspersed with some particles which I have forgotten; literally, "road, new, this," was the answer. This sudden transition from an unknown to an intelligible language, was pleasant, as it was unexpected; and we felt that we were really nearing home. The Cherokee is all "Greek" to us; and the two tribes, dwelling side by side, have no more knowledge of each others' language — not half as much as both have of the English. I have never heard a person speak both tongues, though there may be those who have acquired a limited knowledge of their brother Indian's dialect in the same manner that they do of the "*Nahalle imanumpa*;" but if there is a natural affinity between the two, themselves are not linguists enough to discover it. The Chickasaws, on the contrary, speak almost the same language with the Choctaws. It must have been originally the same, though they have a few words not common to both languages; and there is a slight difference in their enunciation. What was their former relation to each other I know nothing, except what any one would infer from this fact.

Eagletown, Ark.

T H E L O V E O F T H E A G E D .

Have you ever passed through a lonely wood,
When the winds were moaning in solitude ;
When amid the trees autumn's banner played,
And her trailing robes rustled through the shade ;
And the lovely tokens of summer's pride
Hung their drooping heads by the pathway side ?

Then you surely heard, as you roamed along,
A murmuring sound, like a low-breathed song,
Which the minstrel sings to his own full heart,
When he wanders far from the crowd apart ;
And you paused, and listened, and paused again,
Till your soul was thrilled by that unknown strain.

But when from the rocks, all worn and gray,
You had stooped to brush the dead leaves away,
Then you found the source of a hidden stream,
That through withered boughs caught a sunny gleam.
Had you ever a sight more cheering viewed,
Than the sparkling rill in the fading wood ?

Thus affection lives after youth has fled,
And the light of heaven on its course is shed.
O, the love of age ! 't is a blessed thing ;
Gushing softly forth, like a living spring ;
And its gladdening freshness takes away
Half the chill and darkness of life's decay !

Alton, Ill.

L. L.

H O P E .

There is nothing like the enlivening influences of Hope, that messenger of love that allays the portending storm, and stays the mighty current which often hangs about the soul, and moves our deepest feelings. Does sadness throw her shadows over our minds ; or grief, like the shades of night, seem settling heavily on us ; one ray of Hope dispels the gloom. When parting from those whom we love, and when the pleasing friendships of our short acquaintance seem to be broken by separation, and fears that we may never meet again fill our breast, Hope still says, " We part to meet again."

When the last sad farewell is falling from the lips of dearest friends, and those ties of natural affection are severed by death ; when all that bound us here to earth seems separated with them, Hope, like a bright and beaming star, points to that world where friends " may meet to part no more." And at the close of life, when the messenger Death has set his seal on our brow, when we must leave all that we have clung to here, again, in all its brightness, comes that beautiful bird, Hope, which points us to a world that is surpassing fair.

L. M. R.

Boott Cor.

THE VOICE OF NATURE.

Nature is ever calling upon us with a sweet and eloquent voice, entreating us, in the most beautiful language, to reverence her God. I say reverence; yes, to adore and praise him. We are too apt to think that we are placed here merely to labor from day to day to obtain our living; and then, when the day of death shall come, to fall back into a state of forgetfulness. Why slumber we thus, and fall so far short of fulfilling those noble duties for which we were created? Who that has listened to the bird, as it warbles forth its praises to its Creator, has not felt a sweet and softening influence steal over the heart, which causes them to think more deeply of their duties to their Creator and their God? And who that has looked upon the bud, and watched it until it gently opens and expands, till at last it becomes a full-blown blossom, presenting to the eye all the colors of the rainbow, has not seen therein the handiwork of God, and been led to think why he has clothed the earth with such beauty? Is it not to refine and purify our hearts, and to teach us there is a God in heaven? Without doubt it was for this design; for he might have made the earth "without a flower at all." Then, shall the birds and flowers pay homage to our God; and shall we, whom he has endowed with intelligent minds which we can improve, refine, and store with knowledge, refuse the homage due? This should not be. Then let us in this take Nature for our instructor; and, should we take but a lesson every day, how much we should improve.

ESTELLE.

STILL HOPE ON.

Hope on, though troubles thick and fast
Seem pressing on thee now;
Think not thy lot midst trouble east;
Let dark Despair ne'er cloud thy brow,
But still hope on.

Hope on, though pains and sickness come,
Though Death to thee draws nigh;
'T will bear thee to a happier home,
In regions bright beyond the sky.
O, still hope on.

Hope on, thou mourner, in affliction's hour;
Though hard to bear thy lot may be;
That God who careth for each flower,
Will care much more for thee.
O, still hope on.

Hope on, though earth against thee tend,
Though thou by friends forsaken be;
The widow's God and orphan's friend,
Will be a friend to thee.
O, still hope on.

S. E. T.

M Y B R O T H E R .

BY ELLEN L. SMITH.

I have thoughts of thee, my brother, at morning's rosy hour,
 When the sunlight streams, like molten gold, on wooded height and bower ;
 When the sweet wild birds are carolling their music tones so free,
 I have thoughts of thee, my brother, I have mournful thoughts of thee.

The faithful limner, Memory, portrays thy snowy brow,
 The sunny curl, the azure eye ; ah, well I see them now ;
 I hear the music of thy laugh, thy tones of childish glee,
 And I weep, my gentle brother, I sadly weep for thee.

Hours there are when life seems beautiful as a fairy's festal dance,
 A tale that's told in poetry, a dream of old romance ;
 When care and doubt hath flown, and left the spirit fancy free,
 Even *then* a troubled yearning tells, I am mourning *still* for thee.

Even then a shade of sadness is o'er my spirit cast,
 And my eye grows strangely mournful as it scans the shadowy past ;
 For, my brother, life hath lost a charm, and something of its bloom,
 And joy seems touched with sorrow since ye slept within the tomb.

And I think of thee, my brother, when waves of sorrow roll,
 When the spell of nature's loveliness is mournful to my soul ;
 When there's nothing joyous round me, nothing fair and bright to see,
 Midst the gloom, my angel brother, I have pleasant thoughts of thee.

They come like rainbow gleamings, through a dark and troubled sky ;
 Like the calm that stills the ocean when the waves are wild and high ;
 They whisper, "Firmly bear the doom which fate to thee hath given,
 And ye shall meet the early lost, the beautiful, in heaven."

South Adams.

I W O U L D L I K E T O M A R R Y .

Yes, I should like to marry,
 If I could only find
 A noble-hearted gentleman,
 Just suited to my mind.

I should like him tall and strong ;
 With grace and dignity
 Combined in every limb ;
 His footsteps firm and free.

His eyes with lustre beaming ;
 A noble, manly mien ;
 A countenance expressive
 Of mind that dwells within.

Impartial and unprejudiced,
 In thought and action free ;
 A friend sincere to all mankind,
 Whate'er their nations be ;

A patriot and philanthropist,
 To party not a slave :
 An honest man, with an honest heart,
 Is the one my heart would crave.

Merrimack Cor.

L. R. M.

EDITOR'S TABLE.

FLOWERS.

"I deem it not an idle task,
These lovely things to rear,
That spread their arms, as they would ask
If sun and dew are here.
Frail, grateful things! how fondly they
The nurtured leaf outspread,
And more than all my care repay,
When from its folded bed
Some pink or crimson blossoms bless,
To thrill me with delight,
To fill my very eyes with tears,
Its beauty is so bright.
Nay, 't is no idle thing, I trust,
To foster beauty's birth,
To lift from out the lowly dust,
One blossom of the earth."

A love of flowers is generally considered a test and token of refinement, and visitors to our mills often speak of it as an indication of taste and purity of character, that so many beautiful plants adorn the factory windows, and receive their culture from factory operatives. Our factory girls receive their warm encomiums, because Flora gives such indubitable evidence of the attention she receives from them, the overseers, and superintendents. We will not assert that a love of flowers is proof of an elevated and beautiful character, for we have known it to exist where there was love for little else; but, "all other things being equal," the disciple of Flora is superior to the person whose eye never brightened and whose heart never thrilled at the sight of a beautiful plant or blossom. We wondered once at the strange compound of character existing in one of the subordinates of a factory in this city. A room-mate of ours had a rare plant, which, after much care, rewarded her faith and hope with a splendid blossom. The "third hand," a rough, uncultivated fellow, was nevertheless deeply enamored of flowers, and particularly in love with this one; and, watching his opportunity, when all had left the room for the night, he stole it from its stalk. Our friend felt as though her dearest treasure had been ravished from her, and was violently incensed against the thief. It seemed to us a strange affair, that one so unscrupulous should have been in the least tempted by nothing but a flower.

Our own flowers were very dear to us, however, growing rankly in their rich soil and warm atmosphere; but none was ever more beloved than an interloper of which we will speak. One day we discovered, struggling up through the dark earth of a geranium-pot, some tender plant. What it was, we could not divine. Had the geranium itself ripened a seed, which had fallen and germinated? But, as it put forth its first leaves, we saw that it was

not a geranium. Higher it grew, and still more strange it looked to us. Had a cotton-seed found its way to the vase? All supposition was found at fault, when, as it grew still higher, it sent forth slight tendrils, feeling their way through the air for some support, and the slender stalk, twining around the geranium, proclaimed it a "morning-glory." Higher it went, with surpassing rapidity; higher still, "excelsior" its motto, until it had climbed to the top of the lofty window. Then we guided it over the upper sill, and then it descended on the other side, forming a beautiful arch of leaf and blossom around the casement. How we loved our "rosenglory;" and it was a general theme of admiration throughout the room. Its wealth of foliage was astonishing, and every morn its purple blossoms, of every shade, greeted us as we came to our place of labor. It was almost excitement to watch the rapid growth and extreme beauty of "rosenglory," for we had never before felt so deep an interest in a plant. But when the days shortened, and the late and early twilight darkened, we found that "rosenglory" was a great obstacle to the light, and our labor. So, before its beauty and vigor had departed, it was cut down, not without many regrets, and cast into the mill-stream. Never is to be forgotten the look of sorrow and surprise with which the overseer first witnessed our work of destruction.

We have before us, as we write, an excellent practical work, "THE PLOUGH, THE ANVIL, AND THE LOOM," which, in its Lady's Department, contains some excellent remarks upon "*love of flowers*;" and, from an article upon "window-gardening," we will copy one or two remarks, for the benefit of our friends in the mills: "If water be suffered to stand in the saucer, unless there be abundance of drainage in the bottom of the pot, the water will sodden the earth; and, if it does, the spongioles of the roots will inevitably become rotten. Another point which should be attended to, when plants are kept in living rooms, is to remove all the dead leaves as soon as they appear, as the decomposition of vegetable matter is extremely injurious to the health of human beings. Even the plants themselves appear to grow better when all the decaying vegetable matter they produce is regularly removed from them; and not only do they grow more vigorously, but the perfume and beauty of their flowers is said to be increased. Air should likewise be permitted to have access to the roots, moderately, so as not to dry them; as the roots can derive nourishment from it, as well as the leaves."

We shall be most happy to receive from some of our contributors, an account of their experience as mill florists; and doubt not but many an interesting anecdote might be related connected with flowers in the mills.

New York City, November 21, 1848.

NOTE TO OUR READERS. When this number of the Offering reaches our friends, they will not be wholly unprepared to learn that its character is to receive an essential modification. "Those who are and have been factory operatives," now invite their fellow-operatives, of every occupation, to unite with them in its literary and pecuniary support. Though the magazine may never hope to change the course of that troubled stream upon whose ebb and flow the prosperity of our manufacturing and mechanical interests depends, yet it will strive to create an influence which may contribute to individual happiness and the social improvement of an important class in our community.

THE
NEW ENGLAND OFFERING:
A MAGAZINE OF INDUSTRY.

JANUARY, 1849.

OUR INTRODUCTORY.

In commencing a new volume, we have a few words to say both to our new friends and to our old. By the former we mean those, from the different departments of female labor, who will come forward, and aid us in the support of a magazine whose aim shall be, not alone to make labor but *laborers* respectable and respected. There is but one true way to do this; and this is to prove, by our words and lives, that we possess those qualities and qualifications which are everywhere acknowledged honorable. Let this magazine, with other powerful agents which are at work, continue its exertions, and soon it will cease to be the distinctive of *the lady*, that she "keeps her servants," and can exhibit a hand unstained by toil. While we would not deny the refinement, accomplishments, and intellectual cultivation of those whose position has enabled them to devote their whole time to these acquisitions, we would convince them that their choicest treasures are not monopolies, but are shared in a degree by their toiling sisters of the needle, shears, and loom. Among each other we would arouse emulation, inspire hope, and promote mutual good understanding and good-will. We would accomplish this directly by the exercise of reason, and incidentally by the play of fancy and expression of feeling.

We have the assurance to offer to our friends of the mills that they have done *a good work*. Labor, in the phase where it was most reproached and contemned, has vindicated itself through your lives and your pens. It was well that this class should be the first to come forward, and assert the wrong done to our country and its institutions by the continuance of such a prejudice and misunderstanding as once existed respecting you. We feel now that the strongest foe is conquered; but it is only by renewed exertions that we can retain our advantage. We must still be intelligent, virtuous, and discreet, if we would still be respected.

In conclusion, we would say to our new contributors, as we have said to our old, that articles upon any subject shall be welcome to our pages; and nothing be rejected on account of the topic of which it treats. Prose or poetry, didactic or humorous, literal or fanciful, pathos or bathos, all shall have their respective place in our grateful estimation, and the pages of our magazine. Ed.

AUNT DEBORAH AND HER PROTEGE.

On a cold afternoon in December, in the year 18—, a stage-coach was seen to pause before the door of Mr. Hammond, who resided in one of the pleasant suburbs of a New England city.

The house before which it stopped did not indicate wealth, neither did it seem the abode of poverty; but might be supposed to belong to one who ranked with "the middle class."

A trunk, with the letters D. L. expressed upon its lid in small, brass nails, was handed out; then came a lady, whom the observant spectator would instantly recognize as the owner; not that she was marked in like manner, but she expressed as much in the anxiety with which she regarded its rough handling.

Waddling up to the door, for she was very heavily clad, this lady curtesied to the maid, and announced herself as "Mrs. Deborah Leslie."

"Mrs. Deborah Leslie!" said the girl, as she threw the parlor-door wide open and stepped aside for the bundle of furs to pass.

"My husband's aunt, I presume, whom we have long expected," said Mrs. Hammond, coming forward to receive her guest.

"I am very happy to see you, dear aunt. We have all thought the time unusually long since we received your kind letter, announcing your intended visit. But I fear you have been too much exposed, riding so far in a stage-coach; we concluded you would take your own carriage."

"My present limited income does not afford me a carriage; but I suffered no inconvenience from my ride in the coach, thank you for your solicitude."

Mrs. Hammond looked surprised, but, taking the hand of her visitor, she introduced her to her daughter Caroline, who answered coldly to her salutations, and made some slight inquiries respecting her health and journey.

The eyes of the guest were now directed toward a distant corner of the room, where sat a slight, pale girl; and, seeing she was not to be favored with an introduction, she approached her, and looked back inquiringly at her hostess.

"O, that is Viola, my husband's daughter," said the lady, as though suddenly recollecting herself.

A pair of melancholy, dark eyes were raised, as she addressed the little girl, who was industriously sewing; and the soft, low answer, as she resumed her work, evinced a shrinking timidity altogether unusual in one of her apparent age.

Alice was now rung for, to assist the new-comer in uncloaking. A large outside garment covered with fur was first taken off, then came sundry shawls of various sizes, then a cloak of tattered satin, and there stood Aunt Deborah,—in a brown merino dress, a black-silk apron, and a square of white muslin placed once about her neck and elaborately crossed over her bosom. All this was surmounted

by a cap of snowy whiteness, graced with a black gauze ribbon which confined it under the chin.

From the fairy folds of this cap, shone forth a face, not with beauty brilliant, but sparkling with that light which is reflected from the soul,—a soul noble, pure, and virtuous. Though the features were coarse and very far from symmetrical, though age and care had placed many wrinkles where once all was smooth, the *true* charm still remained; the charm of *expression*; generated in a heart overflowing with sympathy and kind feeling toward every living creature.

Bonnet, shawls, cloak, and furs being stowed away, Mrs. Hammond insisted that her visitor should take some refreshment; but she declined; and, accepting an easy-chair, she drew from the depths of a large calico-bag which she took from her arm, a generous-sized snuffbox, and proceeded to regale herself with the contents; at the same time placing the bag and box upon the table near which she sat.

Caroline did not strive to conceal a disdainful smile, as she saw the beautiful little marble work-table ornamented in such a grotesque and *original* manner.

And now came a pause, only softly interrupted by Aunt Deborah, as she disposed of her snuff: a pause, employed by the visited and the visitor, in secretly examining the countenance, manners, and dress of each other, and drawing from these inferences regarding the disposition, character, and pecuniary circumstances of the respective possessors. Employed by the visited, in wondering how long they should be compelled to entertain their guest. By the visitor, in wondering how long she should find it pleasurable to prolong her stay. How they should dispose of her, since the *Aunt Deborah* who came in the stage-coach was so different from the *lady* expected in her own carriage, for whose reception arrangements had already been made. How she should be disposed of,—for she well knew her presence brought disappointment. Whether they should find some redeeming quality in her, to reconcile them to the humiliating idea that this old-fashioned meanly clad personage was the aunt of whom they had formed so different an opinion. Whether the qualities of her mind and heart, would eventually redeem her from the impression which she perceived her ordinary appearance and attire had made on those, who, if she read them aright in that short time, judged of the value of those qualities by that of her merino dress. Questions which each one silently asked herself; but which only time and circumstances could answer. But, dear reader, while they are drawing such conclusions as follow from mutual observation, I, forestalling time and circumstances, will confidentially acquaint you with some of these particulars.

Mr. Hammond was a merchant, and, like most of his class, he strove for the accumulation of wealth; and, although he had amassed enough to enable his family to live in a comfortable, and with some sacrifices and many struggles, a genteel manner, as Mrs. Hammond termed it, yet his very life seemed bound up in the all-absorbing effort of money-making. Hence, his mind was constantly engrossed

with business. The management of the domestic affairs, he left to the care of his wife ; who, having her particular views of happiness, and of the world, was glad to exercise her exclusive authority in their arrangement.

This lady had now been installed in the place of the former Mrs. Hammond about four years ; and having at the time of her marriage a daughter, left by her first husband, of fourteen years of age, she had spent most of her life since that event, in directing the education and forming the manners of Caroline, upon a plan which she intended should render her a fashionable belle.

It is not to be supposed that a girl not naturally possessed of those qualities of goodness and purity so inherent in the minds of some, should, as she reached womanhood, be anything different from that which the labors of her mother had been directed to make her. On the contrary, she was all which that mother could wish ; beautiful, witty, and accomplished ; but deceitful, selfish, and haughty.

The latter attributes of character she generally concealed behind a mask of amiability and gentleness ; but there was one who knew and *felt* her overbearing spirit in a manner that few could guess,—Viola ; the gentle, the neglected, motherless Viola ! For how could *she* be called a mother, who omitted every duty belonging to that responsible station ?

At the time of her own mother's death, Viola was only eight years of age ; possessing affections unusually strong, a mind active and quick in perception, and which promised to yield abundant harvest, if cultivated in its spring-time. But, in losing a mother, she lost an efficient teacher. None knew so well the peculiar nature of her mind ; what characteristics to repress, what to improve. None, but her, could guide and direct the fond impulses of her frank, confiding heart,—a heart tender and susceptible in the extreme.

Mr. Hammond was not one to bestow much care and affection on his daughter, and when he provided her with a step-mother, he considered he had fulfilled his duty toward her, and felt relieved of a responsibility he was quite unused to and entirely unfitted for. The second lady whom he honored with his hand, (it is doubtful whether he *ever* proffered a *heart*,) was, in point of character, entirely different from the first. She was a vain, selfish woman ; and, entertaining many ambitious views in regard to her own daughter, treated Viola with the utmost neglect. As the child advanced in age, her health became delicate, and her step-mother persuaded her husband that it would be an injury to her to pursue any of those studies and youthful exercises which Caroline enjoyed. Therefore the poor girl was left uncultivated and uncared for. Her father, being daily occupied with business, scarcely knew or thought of inquiring what course was pursued with her.

By this artifice Mrs. Hammond obtained a twofold advantage ; for, as her pecuniary resources were not adequate to her desires, she was obliged to retrench her expenses wherever she could and still maintain an appearance of gentility in her style of living, in order to meet the increasing outlays attending Caroline's education. She therefore

not only expended that sum upon her which should have been divided with Viola, but made the latter occupy, as far as her feeble strength would permit, the place of a servant. She was either assisting the maid in the kitchen, running of errands for her, or, seated in one corner of the parlor at a little work-table by herself, sewing for her mother and sister. This was generally her occupation during the afternoon and evening; and her father became so accustomed to seeing her thus, during the few moments he daily spent in that room, that it became to him a matter of course; and he never thought of inquiring how she spent her time, but left her, as he did everything else regarding family matters, to the care of his wife.

HELEN.

[*To be continued.*]

THE LADY AND THE MAID.

A lady sits by a window high,
Where the sunset light is streaming;
On burnished mirrors the red beams lie,
Through the crimson drapery streaming.
And the lady's bosom with awe doth heave,
As she gazes forth on the splendid eve.

Beneath the window a sun-browned maid,
From her evening toil returning,
Looks out from the stately mansion's shade
On the western glory burning.
There sparkles a tear in her upturned eye,
A token of reverent ecstasy.

Say, ye who are read in the heart's deep lore,
Who have studied the eye's revealing,
Say which of the twain has the richer store
From the hidden mines of feeling?
Too often, alas! is the earthly dross
Only gained by the spirit's deeper loss.

The love of the beautiful may unfold
In the soul of the humblest creature;
He never need envy the rich man's gold,
For his is the wealth of Nature.
And the richest gifts from our father's store,
The proud must share with the low and poor.

A DIALOGUE BETWEEN MY RUG AND ME.

GRATEFULLY INSCRIBED TO A. WRIGHT, ESQ.

A word with thee, pretty one; whence hast thou come?
And what would'st thou here in my Indian home?

"I've wandered o'er hill-top and mountain,
And laved in the spray of the fountain;
I've sported on crags that would craze you,
And leapt over gulfs that would 'maze you.
I've lain on the green-tufted lawn at night,
All bathed in the stars' soft, silvery light;
I've brushed off the tears from the tender grass,
And the flowers bent down to let me pass.
I've gazed in the rill that rippled by,
On the pebbles that sparkle where they lie;
And, turning away in so gentle a mood,
Have met the wild beast in his search for food."

But whence is thy brilliance? Did'st borrow thy hue
From the gems in the brook, or from morn's shining dew?
Did the flowers commingle their graces to blend?
Their radiance pure did the star-spirits lend?

"Nay; I was a fleece, in my rambles!
The sheep went, alas! to the shambles:
And I, through a host of mutations,
Have passed to new names and relations.
Earth's storehouse was ransacked, her mysteries revealed,
Mineralogist, botanist, all were afield;
The chemist, the artist, and more from that throng,—
The genius, the workman, the tasteful, the strong,—
Research, perseverance, and toil, have combined
With science, and skill, and taste well refined;
All wrought in their sphere,—
And behold I am here."

Thou wast made, methinks, for splendid halls,
Where rare old paintings deck the walls:
Where mantels groan with nature's store,
And silken curtains sweep the floor.
How chanced it that thy steps should stray
To this wide wilderness away?

"Were the wild flowers here before me?
Bear not they a title o'er me?
Burn the stars with harsher glow
Here, than on thy hills of snow?
Fainter are the rainbow dyes
Here, than in thy native skies?
Is there less attractive power
In the pensive twilight hour?
From her goodly diadem
Hath pure Friendship dropped a gem?
Or hath Truth resigned to carls
Any, from her string of pearls?"

Are the links of spirit broken?
 Doth not Friendship know its token?
 Hast thou, 'mid thy sterner duty,
 Lost thy yearning love for beauty?"

"Lost it?" Who might be forgiven,
 That could look on earth and heaven,—
 A storehouse of splendor, a canvas of beauty,—
 And not deem its love as a portion of duty?

"He who in the templed night
 Swung a chandelier so bright;
 He who paled the crescent moon,
 And hung aloft the golden noon;
 To the witching clouds their softness lent,
 And o'er earth's brow the rainbow bent;
 Reared the dense forest to his praise,
 And filled its galleries with sweet lays;
 The pebble formed in its watery bed,
 And traced out many a silver thread
 O'er the "chenille" in nature's bowers,
 Inwrought her "rugs" with choicest flowers;
 Who taught old ocean his wild roar,
 And made the coral depths his store;
 Who chained its wild surges and whitened its crest,
 And with many-hued shells its margins dressed;
 Who filled from his life-cup the ambient air,
 And wrote his great name on all that is fair,—
 He formed the elements, the spell he wrought,
 By which all hearts in beauty's mesh are caught.
 He loans creation to man's potent will,
 His varied patterns teach the varied skill;
 Luxuriant fancy, swift as searching thought—
 Lo! what a model-copy they have wrought!
 Had I a life, my being should proclaim
 Man's handiwork, as his great Teacher's fame;
 Had I a tongue, I'd whisper thee a name
 Which to thy gratitude has ample claim.
 But, silent will I spread me in thy sight,
 And bind thy friendship to the good and *right*."

Thou hast a life, my inmost eye can see,—
 Thou hast a tongue, my monitor, for me;
 My spirit hath thy gentle accents heard,
 And learned its duty from thy every word.
 And were my pen but half so eloquent,
 To weave in song the fancies thou hast lent,—
 My heart hath framed the picture not less fair
 And fadeless, than thy cherished beauties rare;
 Yet impotent to speak but sensitive to *feel*,
 This heart turns hopeless from the task away,
 And breathes one prayer for that friend's highest weal,
 To Him who doth all kindly deeds repay.
 And if the donor, at the court of heaven,
 Is sealed "more blest" than they to whom is given;
 If purer pleasures throng thy giver's dome
 Than cluster round thee in my cabin home;
 Long may they last, untarnished by a care;
 For friendship's gifts, earth's brightest jewels are.
 And thou, my own chenille, if in or out of sight,
 Shalt waken grateful memories of the generous, good, and *Right*.

A P R A I R I E - R A C E .

BY "RUTH ROVER."

The sun had but just opened his great red eye upon the lovely prairie, all spangled with June-flowers and dewdrops, when Miss Glorianna Harris issued from the door of a lonely cabin, tenanted by her mother and herself, and hastened down a deep ravine toward a little pond that gleamed like a star on the vast emerald expanse. Few thoughts had she, however, of its gem-like beauty, of blossoms, or of dew — (ah, yes, her gown *was* carefully pinned up to avoid *that*,) as she drew her capacious sun-bonnet over her eyes, and, hanging a wooden bucket upon each arm, quickened her steps, meditating wash-tub feats most searching and valorous. Already was the small sheet of silvery water glistening before her; she had suffered one bucket to slide from her loosened grasp, when, turning an angle in the path, she beheld something which caused her to start — to *whisper* a scream — and then to run, with the speed of a frightened chicken, to the sheltering roof of the cabin. Miss Glorianna was not a timid maiden; there was nothing to fear upon a prairie where the wolf-tracks were fast vanishing, and the pigs roamed about with gentlemanly leisure and ease. What, then, could have so startled her? Hear her story, and laugh not at her fright.

"O, mother! what do you think I *seen*, down yonder in the hazel-patch! Two fellows, one black, and 't'other white; and the black fellow had all sorts of ugly knives in his hands, and stickin' in his clothes; and the white one had a gun that he pointed to me, and — I *run* for dear life! Oh! oh! we shall be robbed and murdered, and I shan't get the washing done to-day!"

This last most important business *was* postponed; neither mother nor daughter daring again to approach the dreaded pond; and only once leaving their home, just to inform their neighbors across the field of the proximity of the frightful intruders.

On the afternoon of the same day, a little girl searching for dew-berries in the vicinity of the above-mentioned pond, having mounted a high rail-fence, with the formidable addition of a *stake and rider*, found herself rather unexpectedly on the other side. Having regained her equilibrium, she began to look about her. The first object that her eyes rested upon, was a dark-looking, whiskered biped, crouching among the bushes, with an ominous weapon over his shoulder. The girl screamed — the man turned his head — she was over the fence again in a twinkling; and by the time she had reached the first farm-house, she firmly believed that he had frowned, brandished his weapon, and even uttered an oath.

By nightfall the intelligence had flown like wild-fire through the settlement. Several of the grown-up farmer boys assembled at Mrs. Harris's dwelling, after "feeding-time" was over, to make inquiries and surmises as to the aim of their unwelcome visitants. Why should

those murderous villains invade the solitude of that wild prairie, whose only wealth was in its soil? Then there circulated whispers of runaway negroes, of horse-thieves; it would never do to attend the approaching Fourth of July celebration at the neighboring village; for perhaps they were only waiting an opportunity, when the people should be absent, to waste their property by fire and pillage.

As the evening waned, the party began to talk of dispersing. It was natural to suppose that the fears of the two lone ladies were by no means quelled by the conversation which had passed. Mrs. Harris interposed an earnest request that some of them would pass the night with them, as she "feared there might be great depredations committed before morning."

"Depredations!" muttered one of the hopeful young gallants to another, glancing, with a sagacity to which none but the "lords of creation" may lay claim, at the plain bedstead and the few flag-bottomed chairs which formed the furniture of the cabin; "I reckon the old woman would be mighty glad of an excuse to get a feller to stop and talk a spell with that ugly gal of her'n; but she don't catch *me* in that trap." And they left the house forthwith; having first agreed to suspend their labor the next day, and rout the suspicious invaders, whoever they might be, from their lurking-place.

Morning dawned splendidly upon the bright plain, but there was fear and trembling in the habitations of its people; more especially when the "men-folks" had betaken themselves to their ploughs. Scarcely a female ear was there, but fancied the green corn-blades were shaken more than the wind could possibly stir them; scarcely a female eye, but believed it saw dark figures moving cautiously over the distant ridges, which could by no means be supposed to be horned cattle. So the panic spread.

The log schoolhouse had opened its latchless door at the usual hour, to receive the votaries of science. Many and busy were the low whisperings among the juveniles, in spite of the prohibitions of the "mistress." The day waxing warm, two of the larger girls were sent to a well at a farm-house on the opposite side of an adjacent grove, to obtain a supply of the "unadulterated ale of father Adam." Soon, however, they returned, with an empty vessel, dilated eyes, and pale and breathless lips. When able to speak, they reported that they were just ascending from a dark, silent hollow, in the centre of the grove, when they espied a negro and a white man upon the bank above them,—the negro aiming a gun directly at them, as they ran. As they told their story, consternation was depicted upon the countenances of the little folks; all save one young heroine, who exclaimed,

"Nonsense! I'm not afraid that black men or white men either, will shoot *me*, while I'm minding my own business!" and asked permission to undertake the dangerous errand. Amid looks of blank astonishment at her temerity, she departed; and soon returned, rosy and panting from the weight of her crystal burden, while her merry face was dimpled with laughter. When she was able to speak, she explained the cause of her schoolmates' fright. She had seen, on the

very spot described by them, the amputated boughs of a black-jack, whose trunk had been singed by the prairie-fires, and which, had her imagination been as vivid as that of her companions, she could easily have transformed into the figures of two armed men. Still, the lovers of the fearful and marvellous shook their heads doubtingly; and they retained their faith in the story of the first adventurers. With thrilling interest and deep satisfaction they watched the progress of a line of horsemen, who were seen, in the afternoon, hurrying over a remote roll of the prairie; for they knew that these were the valiant men who were about to ferret the villains from their retreat, or die in the attempt.

Let us follow these brave ones, upon whose course so many anxious eyes are turned. The part of the prairie over which they were passing, was for a great distance unbroken by a single tree; and the uninterested observer would hardly suppose that any rogue would secrete himself upon a plain, where it was almost impossible to be long out of sight. But to the suspicious, all things are probable; and the party went on, cautiously scouring the ravines in the vicinity of the supposed ambush. They were beginning to think their search a vain one, when the foremost of the party, placing his finger upon his lips, pointed to a tall, wandlike object which appeared above some low bushes at a little distance; and while they looked, a man's hat rose suddenly beside it, and as suddenly disappeared. "Come on, my boys, we've got 'em!" whispered the Napoleon of the band; and on they stealthily followed him, through the hazels and the long grass, till at length they caught a glimpse of two men, reclining beneath a clump of hazel-bushes, half hidden by their foliage. Looking round with satisfaction at their superior force, they grasped their clubs and muskets, and spurred on, with a fierce yell, to the combat.

"Pistols and bowie-knives! Death to the scoundrels!" shouted one of the attacked, as they both started from their recumbent posture. The aggressive band fell back at these words, for the voice that uttered them, and the long, heavy laugh that followed, were familiar sounds to their ears.

"Well, my good neighbors," continued the speaker, "this *is* mighty obligin', anyhow. Me and my friend, the butcher, have been tryin' to make a bargain about some of my cattle, this two or three days, while I was herdin' on 'em, down here. A hard time on't I've had too; but I'd no notion the boys would all turn out in battle array, to bring him to terms."

"Dick Rice," said the leading belligerent, "don't you say one word to *mad* me, or I *will* shoot you, sartain! *Won't* my old woman plague me mightily — when she's shot a wild-cat and skeered off a *right smart* chance of wolves herself — about my bringin' the old gun way down here, jist to look at an ox-whip and some butcher-knives! I never felt so *no-account* in all my life!"

Upon this, the party dispersed; and peace has reigned in that settlement ever since "the boys" discovered that their prairie-race was nothing but a "wild-goose chase."

S O N G .

Love me, darling, love me !
Fold me once unto thy heart !
Let me feel its bounding pulses,
Ere from life and thee I part !
Let me rest upon thy bosom !
Let me gaze into thine eye !
Let me hear one word endearing,
One deep heart-tone, ere I die.

Love me, darling, love me !
Let me mind thee of the time
When thou sought my girlhood's beauty,
Sought me in my joyous prime ;
When the morning light was golden,
When the dew was diamonds bright ;
Then my heart danced in its Eden,
Giving thee its dew and light.

Love me, darling, love me !
Hast thou quite forgot the hour
When thou knelt, and sought of me love,
In my triumph and my power ?
Many voices echoed round me,
But their plaudits all seemed dim ;
Others won my labored anthem,
Thou my song, and choral hymn.

Love me, darling, love me !
Yet now list this other tale,
How the shadows fell upon me,
And thy love began to fail.
Then my youth and wealth departed,
Genius plumed its wings and fled ;
All that made me loved by others,—
Thy affection too was dead.

Love me, darling, love me !
Yet I'd win thee not away
From the youthful, gentle dear one,
Who has made of thee her stay :
O love her, darling, love her !
With a love that true shall be ;
Deep, changeless, and enduring,
As thou never did'st love me.

Love me, darling, love me !
Let me feel thy clasping hand
As I pass through Death's dark portal,
As I enter Spirit-land :
And love me, darling, love me,
In the heaven where I shall be ;
For, as angels love the erring,
I will love and watch o'er thee.

MELVINA HOWARD.

CHAPTER I.

"I remember thy voice, when evening
Is shadowing the earth and sky;
When the light of the stars is falling
On my sad and tearful eye;
I remember its tones in silence,
When the moonbeams float around,
And the wings of my spirit are folded,
And hushed is every sound."

The "Howard Cottage," as it was familiarly called, was situated on one of those many lovely spots with which the Granite State abounds. The green lawn in front sloped gently down to the clear waters of the Connecticut, that went joyously on its way through the lovely valley; now lost in the dense foliage that lined its banks, now glancing brightly through the opening branches, and then sparkling and foaming in the sunshine, it bounded away over its rocky bed like a glad child at play. The cottage was embosomed in shrubbery, and the passing traveller saw it not, till, wooed by the coolness of the shaded walk, he followed on till it burst upon his view in all its romantic beauty. Flowers of every hue, from the stately dahlia to the purple-eyed violet, bloomed in the garden. Rare exotics were on the piazza, while the honeysuckle and woodbine twined gracefully around its pillars. Such was the home of Melvina Howard. But how shall I describe her? She was not beautiful; but she was a noble being; gifted with intellectual powers, a mind deeply stored with knowledge, and a heart overflowing with a love which floated not on the surface. Her eyes were dark as night, possessed at times of a dreamy cast, then flashing with wit and mirth, or kindling with enthusiasm as the sublime, the true, and the beautiful unfolded before her. Her form was of the medium height, her forehead high and open; and her face was the index of her soul, lighted up with sunny smiles, clouded with tears, or chastened with deep thought. She was a creature of poetry, and gathered flowers where others only saw the thorns. Such was Melvina Howard; and no wonder that life seemed so beautiful to her, nurtured as she had been in the lap of love. Surrounded by all that could minister to her pleasure, she had known sorrow only by name, till her only brother, the companion of her infancy and the sharer of her childish sports, and in more mature years the mentor of her intellectual pursuits, was taken from her. His health began to decline after the death of his young and lovely wife, and travelling was recommended by his physician, who thought that change of place might engage his mind from the all-engrossing grief that occupied it, and in a measure heal his wounded bosom. The preparations for his departure were soon made, and as he bade adieu to his parents and sister, the startling thought passed through his mind that it might be forever. His departure threw a gloom over the inmates of Howard Cottage; but it gradually wore away and gave place to the glad thought of his return. His letters were pervaded

with a cheerful tone, and spoke of his returning health ; and, as the time drew near, of the pleasure he anticipated in meeting his friends once more. "Give me joy, dear sis," he wrote, "for I am homeward bound, and in a few weeks shall be with you again." A number of weeks elapsed, and the parents and sister watched with feverish anxiety for the return of the loved one ; but he came not. At length a letter reached them bearing tidings of his death. The steamer in which he had embarked had gone down, and all on board had perished beneath the dark waters of the ocean. This was the first grief that Melvina had known ; and it was a bitter one. She strove to drink the cup presented to her lips without a murmur, and even to appear cheerful for the sake of her poor old father and mother ; but the quick eye of affection cannot be deceived, and they saw that sorrow was doing its work ; forgetful of self, they thought only of her, and proposed that she should visit her uncle's family, who had removed several years previous to the city of New York. The time at which our story begins was the evening before her departure, and beautiful indeed it was. The sun had just passed from the western skies, leaving a rich golden hue upon the clouds, tinging the tree-tops with a flood of beauty, and glancing lightly upon the sparkling waters that mingled their low murmurings with the hum of insects, the song of birds, and the merry chirping of the cricket. Melvina stood with her mother on the piazza, watching the death of the beautiful day, "with its incense of songs of birds, of dew, and of flowers." Her eye rested on Mount Washington, whose lofty summit towered above its fellows ; and she unconsciously exclaimed, "Up to the hills I lift mine eyes, from whence my deliverance cometh." There is something grand and sublime about mountain scenery that lifts the mind up to Deity. Melvina, from a child, had been accustomed to gaze on the White Hills with feelings of reverence and awe ; and on this evening those feelings came over her, and she gazed on their rugged sides till the misty twilight shut them out from view, and the stars came forth ; and then retired to the sitting-room that looked out upon the river. This was a favorite retreat of the Howard family at the close of day ; and many happy hours had they passed together here ; but a shadow was on them now ; and the fond eye sought in vain for a manly form that was wont to be there. Melvina seated herself at the piano ; running her fingers over the keys she commenced singing,

"Softly now the light of day
Fades upon my sight away ;"

but she could not finish it ; the rich, deep bass, that had formerly mingled with her own sweet voice, was wanting. Silence ensued for a time. At length Mrs. Howard said, "Melvina, sing that sad thing that has grown so dear to us since Edward's death." Melvina softly touched the keys and commenced singing the following :—

Wail, wail, for the storm-god rusheth
In fury o'er the wave ;
Wail, wail, for the white foam gusheth
O'er many a silent grave.

Wail, wail, for a Peri weepeth
O'er a pulseless human form ;
Wail, wail, for a brave heart sleepeth
Serenely midst the storm.

Wail, wail, for cold is his pillow,
Beneath the snow-white surge ;
Wail, wail, for the tossing billow
Chants ever his sad, wild dirge.

Hooksett, N. H.

J. L. B.

[To be continued.]

THE MEADOW GRASS.

A NEW HAMPSHIRE TALE.

In the outskirts of a little country town lived a family consisting of the parents and their seven children, three sons and four daughters. It was a humble house in which they lived, yet not "a cottage," for few but the wealthy can afford that here. It was a plain, unpainted, time-darkened building, with no blinds, no flower-garden, no paling to bound it from the road ; nothing of the ornamental in its whole exterior. The little girls loved flowers, but they cultivated them in the little nook in the rear of the house ; where, surrounded by beds of onions, parsneps, and other "garden-sauce," their fragrant mints, spicy pinks, and bright marigolds, bloomed in beauty and profusion. There was a fine orchard at one end of the building, which, in spring-time, blossomed into a gigantic bouquet of delicate sweet-scented flowers, that sent their perfumed breath through the open window of the room where the young girls sat and worked. There were two front-rooms in that old farm-house ; the room looking into the orchard, and the parlor, or "best fore-room." Then there was a long, narrow kitchen ; and, at the end of that, the milk-room. But we will not follow the good woman into her dairy, or about her household affairs. Busy she was all day, and every day ; and busy were her thoughts with plans for her children, and aspirations for their future life.

Away from the orchard, and beyond the pasture, there was a meadow, in which grew some tall, fine, round grass,—and in this grass the good woman saw *education*. Yes ; education, wealth, honor, influence, power. Few would have looked as she did, few would have seen what she did ; the golden dust at the roots of the grass. But a mother's eye is keen, and she had seven children ; seven children, and a little farm, which, with industry and economy, would feed and clothe them ; and with that little spot of grass, as good to her as a field of Californian gold, to do the rest. She learned how to dry, bleach, and prepare her grass, and taught her little girls to braid it. There they sat, the whole quartette, as busy as the bees which came *bumbling* around them ; working their little fingers

among the straws, which flew around like live things; weaving the grass into strips of strong, fine braid, and sewing them into hats and bonnets. They sat there and listened to the birds which had built their nests among the apple-tree boughs, and sung with them, blithe and happy, all day long. They had not learned to theorize about the wrong and wickedness of one portion of society working all day long; while another, no more worthy, lived in idleness. They did not make the calculation, that, if all would work, none need work more than four hours in a day. They did not make themselves miserable over self-drawn pictures of the inequalities and mal-practices existing in this world. They thought only of that which was for them to do; that which they could do; and which, if done, would have its reward.

In their own little town, they quite monopolized the business in straw, and they made it really profitable. Time passed, and when I was a little girl, I went one morning to learn of them to braid a hat for myself. Well do I remember that early time of the day, and of my life. How bright was the sun, how glittering the dew, how fragrant the wayside flowers, how sweet the bird-music from the trees, how glowing the hues of the purple and pink morning-glory, which twined thickly around the windows. There they were, all at work, (they were young women then,) the straws flashing about like the glances from their bright eyes, and the good mother looking in upon them occasionally, with a joke or a laugh, as she passed to and from the dairy, while preparing her cheeses and the breakfast. Bread, with a plenty of rich milk, and nice butter and cheese, formed their simple repast; to which was added a dish of cold meat and vegetables, for the "men-folks." I learned to braid straw, and to appreciate their industry and excellence of character; but, truth to tell, I never monopolized their trade, nor caused the slightest dread of rivalry. Yet it was pleasant work; far pleasanter than that which has often occupied me since, in "the busy haunts of men," plying the needle among close neighbors, close air, and for close employers. It was far pleasanter than the lightest domestic service could be; for it was voluntary, unwatched employment, in the midst of home and friends, with all their joys.

The visions which that good mother saw in the meadow grass, were all fulfilled. She was not a romantic woman; and an imaginative, sentimental, novel-reading woman, would never have seen a vision like that fulfilled. Two sons were liberally educated; one, to be a minister of that blessed gospel which his mother loved, and another to cure "the ills which flesh is heir to." Two daughters married clergymen, one became a school teacher, and one was enticed away from her home by a selfish widower, who wanted a mother for his little orphaned ones.

It is not long since I saw their mother, now aged and feeble, but her eyes brightened as she spoke of her children, all of whom are as jewels in a monarch's crown; but her voice trembled, also, as she told me of the little ones of another generation who had already gone to heaven.

INVOCATION TO THE MUSE.

BY M. B. GREEN.

O, where art thou straying, thou spirit of song?
Is thy mission o'er heather and hill?
And what can induce thee to tarry so long
From the bosom that beats for thee still?

Hast thou wandered to dwell with some bright fairy band,
Who sport 'neath Arcadian bowers?
Where summers ne'er wane and the flowers of the land
Are sweeter, far sweeter than ours?

Perchance thou hast hovered o'er Dido's bleak plain
Where Carthage no longer may smile;
Say, hast thou ere gazed on the long-sought-in-vain,
That mystery,— the source of the Nile?

Come back, little rover, with romances rife,
For such do thy votaries need;
Without thee how dull and how prosy is life,
And with thee how glorious indeed.

Thou tempted to soar, like the dove from the ark,
On Fancy's adventurous wing,
Till the beauties of nature have spellbound my heart,
Without thee I never can sing.

Delighted I've roamed in the green forest aisles,
Where the pine-tops by zephyrs are stirred;
Where nature in primitive quietness smiles,
Where the stern woodman's axe is unheard.

I often have gazed with an upward-turned eye,
On the storm-cloud, as murky as night;
And heard the deep thunder, that muttered on high,
With awe and ecstatic delight.

But when, without thee, I have ever essayed
To pour forth my rapture in song,
The magical hues from my spirit would fade,
Like sky-tints when daylight is gone.

Bright sylphids of beauty, in air-robcs arrayed,
Surpassing what language can tell,
To the eye of my fancy are often portrayed,
Till life seems one bright, holy spell.

But when into song I would fain have them wrought,
They vanish from view, like the bird
That soars on the wing, with the swiftness of thought,
When the shout of the huntsman is heard.

Come back, little rover, with romances rife,
For such do thy votaries need;
Without thee how dull and how prosy is life,
And with thee how glorious indeed.

'Tis not in Fame's circle, to shine as a star,
That I would thy ministry win ;
O, no ; 't is for something more exquisite far,
A presence of something within.

A presence to cheer me when sorrows assail,
And cleave to the heart's inner life,—
A bosom companion when friendships turn pale,
Surrounded by minions of strife.

O, hasten ye hither, sweet wandering fay ;
Should 'st thou not respond to my call,
The rats, mice, or crickets, will carry away
My paper, my pen, ink, and all.

Haverhill.

A U N T C H A R I T Y .

Kind reader, shall I take you with me far away to a sweet, sequestered village, hid among the rock-bound hills of the Granite State ? Already, we can see its towering church-spire, pointing to heaven, as if to guide the careworn and earthbound spirit thither ; and glancing over the broad, calm waters, dotted with wood-covered islands, obtain a glimpse of that pride of New England, the free schoolhouse, with its doors flung open, and the merry group of children around, reminding one of the sunniest hours of their own existence ; while the neat cottages, and statelier dwellings, are seen through the surrounding trees and shrubbery. Ay, and the factories too,—not on quite as extensive a scale, to be sure, as those towering mills of which the city papers sometimes remind us,—and yet, to me, far pleasanter, amid the quiet scene around us. And in one of these same factories we shall meet Aunt Charity. She is no laughing, giddy girl, in her teens ; but a maiden lady, somewhat farther advanced in the vale of life. Shrink not back, my gentle friend, expecting to see a scowling, wrinkled brow, or hear a voice whose lightest tone seems like a door creaking on its hinges,—for you surely misjudge her. True, nature was never very lavish in bestowing much of what is usually termed beauty upon her, such as sparkling eyes or rosy cheeks,—but hers was a yet rarer portion ; a noble, feeling heart, and a countenance beaming with love and good-will to all. Aunt Charity is never peevish or fretful ; never spins street-yarn ; has no mortal horror of children ; no particular aversion to old bachelors, or partiality

for widowers, as that portion of the community are slanderously said to have. Still, she has her own peculiarities. Should you see her on the Sabbath, you might notice that her dress, though neat and becoming, was not very much regulated by the rules of fashion. And then she has sought out, and gathered into her class in the Sabbath-School, all the destitute children in the parish, and is carefully instilling the purest and most exalted sentiments into their young minds. And her step is often heard in the chamber of sickness, while her hand smooths the pillow, and bathes the fever-flushed brow of the sufferer, as many a long night can witness; and yet, the rising sun will see her going to her humble employment, though with a pale cheek and weary look. Indeed, she is a pure, unselfish being, and she has won the love and respect of all who know her. Many long years ago, as the village gossips say, Aunt Charity came, a lonely stranger, to the place she now calls home; and, though so modest and retiring that she was almost unnoticed, it was not long before she won the confidence of all around her. If any were in trouble, attracted by the magnetic power of love and sympathy, they were sure to seek her advice and aid. She had known much of grief, for one so young; yet she seldom spoke of the past. It was too full of bitterness. She had enjoyed a father's love, and a pleasant home, but to feel their loss,—as death suddenly deprived her of one, and the other passed into the hands of strangers; while her richest boon was the prayers of her widowed and invalid mother, for whose support she worked day and night. But even this consolation was not long to be; and deep indeed was her anguish, as she stood alone by the grave of her dear mother. And now, a young man, a playmate of her childhood, sought every opportunity, by sympathy and assistance, to win her love; and he was but too successful, for she was soon supplanted by another in his affections. And when, at their last interview, he told her plainly that he loved the beautiful Agnes, and could not henceforth regard her as formerly, her cup seemed filled with sorrow, and for a moment overcame her. But a consciousness of his perfidy and injustice brought her pride to the rescue; and giving back his presents, of which he had been so lavish, she calmly bade him go and be happy; and, bidding him good-by, she hastily retreated, for she could not trust her feelings to say more. The next week saw her leave all she had held so dear,—the graves of her parents, her dearest friends, and native town; and, guided by a providential hand, she was led to the remote but pleasant spot where she now resides. Time, and the change of scene, has removed the heavy pressure from her spirits; and, in activity and usefulness, she has found that peace of mind, which the world can neither give nor take away. And though she has had several advantageous offers of marriage, she has rejected them all,—for no other expressed reason, than that she is happy in her present condition; and no one who knows her doubts the assertion, or loves her the less for her quiet self-respect and independence.

J. M. M.

"LOOK INTO THY HEART AND WRITE."

'Midst all the mysteries of Nature, not one is to be compared to the human heart; that gift which is bestowed upon each one of us, to improve it as we will. It is capable of imparting joy, or sorrow; working deeds of philanthropy, or misanthropy; easing the aching brow and throbbing bosom, or adding fuel to the flame; teaching the unlearned and ignorant, or placing a barrier in their way. Connected with it are secrets which angels, who swell the vaults of heaven with their loud chorus, have desired to look into, but have not been permitted. From these considerations, fellow-operatives, perhaps we could not better employ ourselves a few moments, than to accept the advice of a friend, "Look into thy heart and write." But, alas! we shrink back the moment the veil is drawn aside. *We have not educated our hearts aright.* The remarks of the good Abercrombie, are found to be too true; which are, that "the system of education is indeed deficient in its most essential parts, which does not carry along with it a careful and habitual culture of the passions and emotions of the young; their attachments and antipathies, their joys and sorrows, their hopes and fears." Most of us have witnessed afflictive scenes, and some have keenly and deeply felt affliction's rod, and have received the sympathy and kindness of affectionate neighbors and friends. Have we, in any measure, been instrumental in checking sorrow? and in return for kindness received, have we exhibited sympathy; not, by words and tears alone, but by deeds? Ah! "Look into thy heart and write." A friend has fallen from the path of virtue; one, in whose society we have spent many happy hours; who has loved, with us, to cull the flowers of science; has loved to ramble in Nature's wild retreats, and gather in her hidden beauties; and, perhaps, at the same time, has awakened emotions in our own hearts, which might otherwise have slept, by exclaiming, from the enthusiasm of the soul, "My Father made them all." Shall we now turn enemy to that friend, and add a word to the taunts and derisions which are floating in the current? "Look into thy heart and write." Misfortune's darts may have assailed some, who have heretofore been situated in the abodes of luxury and happiness. Instead of active and benevolent members of society, they may have become miserable beggars; and this change may have been brought about by their own folly and wicked course of conduct. Friends may have warned them, and bade them pursue a different course; yet, they heeded them not, but downward pressed, until reputation, property, and health, were gone. Their crimes are of so dark a dye, that their "own loved ones" neglect and abandon them, as unworthy of their affection or respect. Former friends meet them with such a degree of coldness, as to help annihilate the little spark of good there may

yet be existing. Shall we follow the example of those friends, and "go and do likewise?" In such an instance as this, by obeying this short, yet comprehensive advice, "Look into thy heart and write," we might be instrumental in so awakening this seemingly dormant principle of good, that the guilty one would, with humility and contrition, seek him who has said, "Neither do I condemn thee; go and sin no more!" The cases which we might answer by those few words, are indeed numerous; but want of time demands brevity. The hills of prosperity and adversity lie before us. Some will, probably, have eminent stations on the former, while others will have lowly situations on the latter. But, wherever we are, may we seek to be guided by worthy principles to noble conduct; ever remembering, through all the difficulties we are called to pass, through all actions requiring thought before decision, to "Look into the heart and write."

FLORA.

Nashua, N. H.

THE BROKEN-HEARTED.

I would not longer live, mother,
Earth has no charms for me;
Since ties that bound me captive here,
Are now dissolved,— I'm free.

The world looked brightly once, mother,
As fair as summer's sky;
I thought its joys would never fade,
Its pleasures never die.

But now the dream is past, mother,
And with it joy has fled;
I clasped the phantom to my heart,
Till Hope's last ray was dead.

You tell me, in that brighter world
Our hearts are never riven;
That happiness is not of earth,
But dwells alone in heaven.

I feel that damps of death, mother,
Are gathered on my brow;
And yet I do not cling to earth,—
I would not linger now.

Then lay me in my grave, mother,
In some secluded spot;
Where I may rest in peacefulness,
By all but *thee* forgot.

REBECCA.

Bangor, Me.

ROXY AND DORCAS: OR, ALL FAITH AND NO FAITH.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "ABBY'S YEAR IN LOWELL."

CHAPTER VII.

Though our two heroines seem to occupy more than their share of the magazine, we will touch upon one or two phases more of their lives before we leave them.

While they yet considered themselves strangers in the city, they never hired a seat in a church, or paid a cent to any preacher. But when they had gratified their curiosity by visiting, for the second or third Sabbath, every place of public worship, and when Dorcas had at length obtained a good supply of respectable clothing, they began to talk of fixing upon some meeting which they might constantly attend. In their country homes they had always worshipped at the old village church; and here were several societies of the same denomination that worshipped there. "Do let us go to Mr. B——'s meeting; I like that best," said Dorcas. But now, for the first time, she learned of what she called a change in Roxy. She wished to attend the Universalist meeting. She liked it best. She thought that faith must be the true one. To her it seemed the religion of love, of peace, of good-will toward all men; and such a religion must be *the gospel*. This was the only revelation for which shepherds would have shouted praise and glory, and for which good men and good women had died in all ages. It was in vain that Dorcas argued. She brought forth, however, many Bible texts to prove that Universalism was loose, heretical, and *unjust*; that it made no distinction between the saint and the sinner; that it gave one reward, and no punishment, to the most different lives; that it took from the Christian his highest motives to adoration, awe, and duty. Finally, that one might just as well be an infidel, and not profess Christianity. Roxy could not talk like Dorcas, but she could feel, and her simple heart rebelled against the religion of her friend. To her it was "No Faith," and she turned with hope and simple trust to that which was presented for all. Had she not been truly forgiving, the harsh things said by Dorcas would never have been pardoned and forgotten. As it was, a peaceful gulf was opened between the friends.

CHAPTER VIII.

Time passed on, and the two girls were young women. The gulf between them still existed, but a bridge had spanned it, the pillars of which were mutual sympathy, confidence, and helpfulness. Roxy had always been ready in every time of need, with her purse, her cheerfulness, and her ready services. There was for Dorcas a heavy debt of gratitude which she seemed willing to repay.

Then came the trial to the two girls, which so many must pass through, their "first love;" for this, like measles, mumps, and whooping-cough, is a disease from which few are exempt. True, there are many who plead "not guilty" to the spiritual contagion; but we must not believe them too credulously. Those who make the least ado are often the most deeply affected. Love, to them, has

been like a serpent, gliding through the deep waters of the heart, writhing, twisting, and darting, yet scarcely rippling the surface. At length it has coiled itself beneath the broad leaves of the lily, and gnawed it at its roots with its venomous fangs. The lily has died, the waters are poisoned; even the serpent departs from his distasteful abode, and the stagnant waters are never ruffled more. But it was not thus with Roxy; love, like *lunar caustic*, had eaten a sad hole into her heart, yet there was the recuperative power in her healthful nature to heal the wound. It was in this wise:—

Sophy had a cousin who worked in the repair-shop, but who had many a leisure evening to spend with her. He saw Roxy, and was delighted with her animation, good-humor, and kind-heartedness. It was more through thoughtlessness than from any base motive, that he paid her those “particular attentions” which won her love. And, when he found the mischief he had wrought, he would willingly have *atoned* by marriage, but that another had prior claims upon him. Sophy had known something of that affair, but not all; and she had said nothing, for she really wished Roxy to supplant the first favorite. There was a great indignation against our unfortunate girl, and Roxy had much besides her own disappointment to contend with. The author of all the mischief seemed disposed to keep himself neutral; to let the two sweethearts decide the contest, and to yield himself handsomely to the victor. Poor Roxy was no warrior, and Dorcas’s contests in her behalf did more harm than good. The first favorite had certainly some strong arguments in her favor, and Roxy generously withdrew her own claims. Though her heart was saddened, yet its hopeful tone was not destroyed. Her faith had not all departed. Love had been in it, like some rich metal held in solution in its liquid depths; but now a heavy precipitate at the bottom, lying there cold and hard, yet still sending upward a bright gleam, or reflecting a chastened glance, whenever she bent her eye upon it. “How fortunate,” thought she to herself, “that it was no worse; that I had not known him longer, and loved him better. How thankful, if he meant deep wrong, that he never accomplished it. And, if he would have married me, how rejoiced am I that we were not united, and I in the place which another should have occupied. How well that I am not his wife; for he at least could never have been to me a good husband.” With these, and many like consolations, she recovered much of her cheerfulness, and had at least the reward of a satisfied conscience.

But did Dorcas experience a first or any kind of a love? It was but for a very little while that she yielded to such a weakness. She had been sought by one who had previously quarrelled with a high-spirited girl, and parted from her. He wished for a wife. Dorcas’s decided manner, respectable appearance, the reputation she had acquired for industry, thrift, and good calculation, all convinced him that she would be a woman of character, and well-fitted for a helpmeet. But he wished, at least during courtship, to maintain a despotic ascendancy over the woman he honored with his attentions; he craved a fawning, spaniel-like affection; one which would bear

neglect, fitful usage, and *constant caprice*, if that is not a paradox. And he thought this Turk-like demeanor the way to fix a woman's love. He went upon the principle of pounding a steak to make it *tender*. He had heard that a woman loves that man best who abuses her most. He really wished to subdue the heart of Dorcas. A proud, resentful girl will often endure much, because she cannot bear that others should know that she has aught to bear; shall see and rejoice over a breach. She will bear long and silently; but if the peace must be broken, the endurance is at an end. It was so with Dorcas; and when the rumor of his former quarrel with a sweetheart, connected with some inexcusable neglect, had roused her temper, and destroyed the confidence she had instinctively felt in his honorable designs, she separated from him, never to forgive. It was in vain that he then protested, and endeavored to renew his devotion. People may say all they please about the constancy of first love. It is the most sensitive, most easily wounded, and least forgiving love the human heart can feel. Dorcas had wished to marry. She liked the man's position, and his general character. But she could not endure his courtship; more like the toying of a cat with a mouse, than the attempt of one rational being to create a deep and lasting interest in the heart of another. Years might have worked a change in Dorcas, and converted even her love into a more interested calculation. She might have consented to accept the home, the income, and the man attached to them. But time was not allowed for this. In a fit of burning indignation, that his influence had been rebelled against, his overtures for reconciliation unheeded, he went back to his old flame with the humility of a whipped cur, and succeeded in enticing her to the altar of hymen. Henceforth Dorcas had "no faith" in love or lovers.

L I N E S T O N O R A .

BY ELLEN L. SMITH.

It is the twilight hour, Nora, the silent hour of eve;
The shades are deep'ning round the heights, and low-voiced breezes grieve;
And I am calling back the past by memory's magic power,
And holding converse, one by one, with every varied hour.
I'm thinking, dearest Nora, of our childhood's early home,
Where the waters sparkle brightest, and flow'rets sweetest bloom;
And mournful thoughts come o'er me, like a sweetly solemn strain,
For the music of its waters I may never hear again.

There's gloom within my spirit; I am very lonely now;
Care hath cast her dark'ning shadows round a once unclouded brow,
For I am early learning the world's cold heartlessness;
There's few along life's 'wildering maze to comfort, guide, or b'ess.
I have watched the life-tints fading from all my soul could prize,
Like the last pale ray departing from out the evening skies;
And I'm growing very weary of this dark-shrouding gloom,—
I yearn to find the deep repose and quiet of the tomb.

South Adams, Mass.

EDITOR'S TABLE.

Among the beautiful volumes published for this season of gifts, is the collection of *Poems*, by *Anne C. Lynch*. Talented engravers, and tasteful publishers, have united to give a beautiful embodiment to poetry; which is, itself, the embodiment of intense, though elevated feeling. With one or two exceptions, where a delicate humor is displayed, these poems are of an earnest, deep, almost saddened tone; full of high aspiration and noble feeling. How beautifully, for instance, is the lesson of life drawn from one of its incidents in "*Bones in the Desert*."

The following lines, could only have been written by a generous, high-souled woman: —

"Go forth in life, O, friend! not seeking love;
A mendicant, that with imploring eye
And outstretched hands asks of the passers-by
The alms his strong necessities may move.
For such poor love to pity near allied,
Thy generous spirit may not stoop and wait,
A suppliant, whose prayer may be denied,
Like a spurned beggar's at a palace gate;
But thy heart's affluence lavish uncontrolled;
The largess of thy love give full and free,
As monarchs in their progress scatter gold;
And be thy heart like the exhaustless sea,
That must its wealth of cloud and dew bestow,
Though tributary streams or ebb or flow."

THE WOMEN OF THE REVOLUTION, by *Mrs. Ellet*, 2 vols., 650 pages, is another of those works which will be welcomed at this season. Mrs. Ellet has long been known as a lady of high intellectual attainments; but these volumes entitle her to a place not assigned to the merely intellectual. Her work is next in importance, and equal if not superior in interest, to those historical compendiums which have conferred high renown upon their authors. She has given upwards of fifty biographical and descriptive notices in the first volume, and nearly twice as many in the second. We cannot doubt the fidelity with which they have been compiled; and the interest of the subjects is enhanced by the simple, graceful style of narration. Here we have not tales, but truths, of the wildest romance, deepest pathos, and most thrilling import, of our own ancestors, of *the women of the Revolution*. The gentle and magnanimous tributes to the loyalist sufferers are not misplaced, and do honor to the heart of Mrs. Ellet. We cannot conceive of any woman's rising from a perusal of these books without feeling strengthened in her resolution to do all in her power for her family, her country, and her God. These works are for sale by B. C. Sargeant, 39 Central Street, who has also a fine assortment of gift-books.

To Contributors. We have, amidst a great deal of manuscript, quite a number of articles filed for publication, which shall appear as early as possible.

THE
NEW ENGLAND OFFERING:
A MAGAZINE OF INDUSTRY.

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**FEBRUARY, 1849.**  
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TO READERS AND CORRESPONDENTS.

We did not state in the opening number, as we should have done, that the first three numbers of this volume are the last three of a former one: and that for some thousand subscribers, and perhaps ten times as many readers, we must conclude some articles commenced in that volume. Those we will endeavor to finish in March; and we hope their conclusion will be so acceptable to our new subscribers as to induce them to call for the back numbers, of which we have a good supply on hand.

To correspondents we would say that, as a general thing, we prefer short articles — those which can be given entire in one number. This will not always be practicable, but it may be aimed at. We thank them all for the generous manner in which they have supplied us with manuscript; and, though some of their articles must wait long for publication, yet all are useful to us, as material for selection, as evidence of their sympathy and desire to sustain their magazine, and as a refutation of the assertions sometimes made, that we are dependent upon two or three pens for our contributions, and have, on that account, been obliged to call in the assistance of other writers.

To our new contributors we are grateful, because they enlist the sympathies and subscriptions of their friends, which co-operation is necessary for the sustenance of the work.

While so many publications are earnestly endeavoring to convince society what may and can be done for laborers, we propose to ourselves the more lonely, but not less useful, task of teaching them, by precept and example, what they may and should do for themselves. While, around us, there is a gradual diminution of labor hours, let our's be the endeavor to create a more general desire to spend those hours in social, intellectual and physical improvement, in promoting the best interests of the body and the mind. Let us strive to stimulate hope and a laudable ambition; and, if we are successful, though denied the name of "reformers," we may venture to class ourselves with philanthropists and Christians.

DUTIES AND RIGHTS OF MILL GIRLS.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "LIGHTS AND SHADOWS OF FACTORY LIFE."

CHAPTER V.

Scandal — Ridicule — Use of Pet Words and Phrases.

Avoid scandal as you would the deadly Bohan Upas. Foersch says of this tree — with more poetry than truth, as has since been proved — "A continued exhalation issued from the tree, and was seen to rise and spread in the air, like the putrid stream of a marshy cavern. Whatever this vapor or the miasmata taken from it touches, it killed; and as they had cursed that spot for centuries, not a tree, save the Upas and its progeny, not a bush nor a blade of grass was found in the valley, nor on the surrounding mountains, for a circuit of many miles. All animal life was equally extinct; there was not a bird of the air to be seen." Just so fatal to the life and growth of the moral and spiritual in our hearts, is the breath of scandal; especially if it be at all malicious, and most habits degenerate into the malicious, if they begin in the inconsiderate. There is besides this, the equally weighty consideration of the misery scandal brings upon its innocent objects, the distrust and hatred it engenders against its perpetrators.

Allow me to quote Professor Wayland upon this point. He says, — "How commonly are characters dissected, with apparently the only object of displaying the power of malignant acumen possessed by the operator, as though another's reputation were made for no other purpose than the gratification of the meanest, most unlovely attributes of the human heart. We are forbidden *causelessly* to injure another, even if he have done wrong. Yet, whenever justice can be done, or innocence protected in no other manner than by a course which must injure him, we are under no such prohibition. No man has a right to expect to do wrong with impunity; much less has he a right to expect that, in order to shield him from the just consequences of his actions, injustice shall be done to others, or that others shall, by silence, deliver up the innocent and unwary into his power." Now mark what follows. "The principle by which we are to test our own motives in speaking of that which will harm others, is this: — When we utter any thing that will harm another, and we do it either *without cause, or with pleasure, or thoughtlessly*, we are guilty of calumny. When we do it *with pain and sorrow for the offender, and from the sincere motive of protecting the innocent, or for the good of the offender himself*, and speak of it *only to such persons, and in such a manner*, as is consistent with these ends, we may speak of the evil actions of others, and yet be wholly innocent of calumny." For the calumny that has no foundation in justice *or truth*, there are no words of reprobation adequately severe; I only hope I have no reader who needs that any thing be said on this head.

Let it be urged upon the young ladies of the mills, to avoid ridicule; especially to avoid ridiculing any singularity that may appear

in the dress, language, or manner of the stranger in their midst. She may have come from some of the by-ways, and, on this account, she may wear frocks with short waists, short skirts, and with the oddest of all figures; a cape that was *a-la-mode* ten years ago, and a huge bonnet of faded silk, the very one she has been wearing these six years. Or she may have come from some of the high-ways, and thus appear in a dress better suited to the parlors of her native village, than to the dusty rooms of a factory. Yet, what of all this, pray? The high-minded, good-hearted factory girl will certainly be superior to degrading herself and wounding another, by ridiculing any such trivial forms of singularity, or to encouraging ridicule in others. It is not long before the stranger learns and adopts the usages of factory communities, in dress and such matters; and then the least evil in the consequences of the unkind treatment she received in her novitiate, is a vivid remembrance of this treatment, and a merited contempt for those who inflicted it.

What can one say of those absurd by-words and by-phrases so common among the young females of our factory, and indeed, all other communities? Many a modest, well-bred mill girl has felt her cheek tingle with the blush of shame upon hearing some one in the throng near her say, "Oh the Lord Harry! that was too bad!" or, "I vow, I won't bear that!" or, "Creation! how I did snicker then!"

There is danger that if the use of any such word is allowed to become habitual, it may be unwittingly uttered, in sudden surprise, terror, or vexation, and in the presence of persons of refinement and delicacy, in whose ears it will sound little less unladylike than an oath, and in whose good opinion, no subsequent exhibitions of decorum, polite language and good sense can perfectly reinstate you. Nor is this the greatest evil. This, like all reckless and vulgar habits, has the direct and *unavoidable* tendency to degrade more and more the character of your language and your thoughts. Remember that, if your heart be pure, its speech also will be pure; for, "can a good tree bring forth evil fruit?"

CHAPTER VI.

Department in Public.

The mill girl is so accustomed to walking amongst strangers of whom she knows nothing, and for whom she cares as little, there is danger that she comes to regard them as she does posts and brick walls, rather than as beings of feeling and reflection. I have seen those who seemed actually to have fallen into this abstraction. I will relate an instance:—In visiting Lowell, some six or eight years ago, I called on the keeper of a boarding house, to make enquiries about a lady of our neighborhood, who had been many years her boarder, and who was then recently married. While Mrs. W—— and I sat, talking of H——, her daughter, a fair, sprightly looking girl, of sixteen—it may be eighteen—rushed into the room. She glanced at me as indifferently as she would glance at a chair; and said, in a

loud, half angry tone, "Mother! where is the light dress I had washed last week? I declare! I can't keep any thing."

"Why, Clementine!" said her mother, coaxingly, and at the same time blushing. "This is Miss C——, you have heard our good H—— speak of her." There followed no graceful recognition, no apology for her noisy entrance, as one would have a right to expect from a young lady of her years. She blushed for her ungraciousness, however, and this was worth something, in the absence of all other tokens of sensibility. She turned instantly to leave the room, as she said, still poutingly,— "No, I don't know that ever I did,— I can't think where that dress is."

Poor Clementine! How unjust was she to herself! H—— had told me of her, that her passions were strong, but her impulses generous as light; that she loved her friends with a whole heart, and was ready to sacrifice ease, money, and every thing for them. Yet how contemptible was such a flagrant breach of common politeness! It shall be conceded to her, however, that there was much in her position directly calculated to create this disregard of strangers in one so young, so inconsiderate. Scarcely a day passed, in which two or three girls did not call on her mother for board. There were market people in and out, pedlers, visitors, strangers to her, although acquaintances of some of her mother's boarders; so that she was obliged to move freely before strangers or never move; to fret before them, or fret not at all. If she had met me "in society," no doubt her deportment would have been very different. But she is not justified on this ground. If her situation was *peculiar*, so had she need to exercise a peculiar politeness, a peculiar gentleness. Not as friends and acquaintances, is the mill girl to treat all those strangers who walk or sit a few minutes at her side; but as deferentially, certainly, and with a courtesy, differing only in its modes of manifestation, not in its degree or steadfastness. The factory community in which her lot is cast, is her sphere, her home, for the time; and for proper action here, it is her duty to prepare herself. She is not only to have her eyes, her ears, and her heart open to the well being of her friends, but she must exert a good influence upon all, by gentleness and circumspection in her whole deportment; in the street, in the mill, and boarding house, in her dress, and in short, in every thing she says and performs. If she accidentally discommode one in the throng, by treading upon her dress on the stairs, by pressing upon her in the gate, or any narrow passage, or by striking her with umbrella or parasol, she is to turn to her with a pleasant, "Pardon me, it was an accident," or any slight expression of regret and apology. Does any one say, "Why, I am sure I never care how much I thump people. Would you have me express a regret I never feel?" No, indeed, sister. But this let me say to you. If you really do not care how much you crowd people and tread upon them, it must be that you are a very thoughtless, or a very ill-natured girl. I will suppose it is the former. I will suppose you have never thought that it is just as annoying to another being discommoded, as it is to yourself; nor that the rule of conduct that the Saviour gave you, is, to

“Do unto others, as you would have others do unto you.” Then do not say, “I am sorry, pardon me;” for truth is at all times to be preferred to etiquette, when the two are in conflict. But this you must do; this you *will* do, surely. You will apologise, by saying, “Pardon me,” or “Excuse me;” omitting all expressions of regret until you are really benevolent or thoughtful enough to feel them. Compel yourself to think of your offence afterwards, and to be cautious about its recommission. By attending to your conduct in this careful manner, you will soon feel it in your heart, that it is no trifling thing I ask of you; that it is something to disturb, however slightly, the comfort of those around you; something indeed, to place before scores of young girls, a pattern of rude and unfeeling conduct. Think of it, my good ones, now in this still evening hour. If you have had a happy day, is it not *all* because you have been kind and courteous to others, and they to you, through the day? Is it not this that makes this life good and pleasant everywhere, in the mill, in the boarding house, in the domestic circle, and in the crowd; love, consideration, respect, effort to please? Yes; and these all come and go, to us, from us, in little acts; or rather in acts that would be little indeed, but for the love, the consideration, the courtesy, that stamp them with greatness.

Franklin, N. H.

OH! WHY DO MORTALS FEAR TO DIE?

Oh! why do mortals fear to die?
 To leave these haunts of sin,
 Why do we dread to leave earth's cares,
 And endless life begin?
 Is it the cold grave, that we fear,
 This hiding place for clay!
 Or hath earth still alluring charms,
 That we would longer stay?

Is it because we leave kind friends,
 That love us, here below?
 Is this the reason why we cling
 To this dark world of woe?
 Is it the pang that rends the soul
 From its frail house of clay!
 And is this why so oft we start
 And shrink from death away?

Oh no; it can be none of these;
 'Tis sin that drags us down,
 And Satan strives with all his power
 To rob us of our crown.
 Assured in Christ our sins forgiven,
 Death, as a friend, would come,
 And glad the summons we should hear,
 That bid us hasten home.

S. K.

I M A G I N A T I O N .

"O! Imagination! Imagination! Idol of the poet, sweet delusion of childhood. How oft hast thou brought before my mind's eye, sweet, delicious dreams of happiness; of scenes too holy and sublime for earth; of beings too pure and upright for this world of ours."

Such was the *reverie* into which I was led one evening, while sitting in my chamber, half asleep, half awake.

I recollect, when a girl of ten or eleven summers, I was at school in the country. It was in the middle of June, the sunny month of flowers, and birds of beautiful plumage. We had turned over a new leaf in our school reader one morning, and our next lesson seemed to strike my imaginative faculties more forcibly than any one I had before perused. It was a description of the productions of the East and West Indies, and other countries; of their flowers, spices, grains, birds, etcetera. As soon as I had read over the lesson referred to, my young imagination pictured to itself boundless fields of dazzling beauty, delightful to look upon beyond all conception. Here were to be seen immense tracts or brakes of cane, the sun reflecting against which, threw back its silvery beams, blinding the eyes of the beholder; there were fields of luxuriant coffee, waving to and fro in the glad summer breeze, which flowed so gently that it was almost imperceptible, had it not been for this unmistakable evidence of its balmy existence. No animate creature of our earth was to be met with in that broad expanse of luxurious vegetation, save innumerable flocks of golden and scarlet colored humming birds, which sported among the great variety of blossoms and flowers, now skimming the surface of the landscape, like the sea gull or the albatross on the broad bosom of the Atlantic or Pacific, and again rising high in the air, far, far above the vision of the eye, as if to mimic the eagle, the monarch bird of our sphere. Various descriptions of butterflies sported in the sunshine, and an insect which could easily be distinguished as the "*little busy bee*," but much more beautiful and bird-like than our own industrious honey-maker, was discernable on almost every flower, now sipping the sweet nectar from the blushing rose, now from the pale and dove-like blossoms of the magnolia. Flowers of every odor and hue were scattered in rich profusion over the wide-spread *rista*; the deep crimson colored rose, and its pale sister, the white rose, the blue-eyed violet, the red, red lily, and the modest daffodil; all, all were waving side by side in this Elysian paradise. My eyes were dimmed by the transcendent glories of the oriental scene, and when at length my sight returned, I beheld a bright marble palace, which seemed to tower to the very heavens. The frames of its doors and windows appeared to be wrought of pure gold, and the roof, of bright silver. A curtain, which looked as if it had been woven of roses, magnolia blossoms, and other flowers, was presently drawn to one side, and I beheld a creature who was more beautiful than the fabled

houris. She seated herself on what I deemed an oriental ottoman, and sang a song, which, for melody and silvery tones of harmonious delight, was as much superior to any thing of this earth, as we may suppose the psalms of the angels to be. I cast my eyes in another direction, and a short distance from the palace espied a fairy-like bower, wrapt in the fragrance of the sweet-scented vegetation. In an instant I saw a noble looking youth of about sixteen summers, apparently drinking in the sweet words of the charming song. Presently, the fair being in the palace arose, descended to the velvet carpet of the garden, and with a light and airy bound glided into the bower. Immediately the enchanting sounds of a silver lute, accompanied by a hundred heavenly voices, arose on the balmy evening air, and amidst the music of the fairy band I fell asleep.

Thus far had my imagination strayed, when the far from silvery sound of my teacher's rule awoke me to a sense of my condition. I had laid my head upon my arm, which rested on my desk, and thus fell into the arms of Morpheus, where the golden fields of the Indies, were transformed into this imaginative paradise. Such is a single picture, among many others, of scenes which the imagination has presented to my delighted fancy.

"O, thou delusive phantom, Imagination! Would that I were free from thy mystic influence!" was the oft repeated exclamation of my cousin Caroline; one which she was always sure to make when she visited me, after an absence of a few weeks.

"Do not express yourself thus," I would say to her. "I never feel so happy as when my imagination wanders to some far off oriental clime, there to behold such scenes as the one I have just pictured to you; or, reading some of the sketches of Irving, Willis, and others of our writers, my spirit seems to hold communion with a nobler and purer order of beings."

"Ah, some more of your romantic notions, Matilda. I thought I had cured you of the romantics, but I find I have 'counted without my host,' as the politicians say. I hate to be imagining things that can never be, and yet are so seductive and inviting," replied Caroline.

"Pshaw! you cannot mean what you say. I am sure such things have a salutary influence in fitting our heads for an appreciation of the good and beautiful in nature, causing our thoughts and affections to ascend to the Great Giver of all good. There, Caroline, I feel satisfied that I have caused you to be of a kindred feeling with myself, although it had to be effected by the means of a short moral dissertation."

"Indeed, you are quite right, my dear Matilda," said Caroline, "and in future I shall think more, and talk less."

Since this time, Caroline says she has conceived almost a passion for flowers, and only the other day she showed me several vases of the most beautiful, which she was cultivating, and which she is endeavoring to succor from the blasts of "grey-headed winter."

Ontega Springs, Ohio.

MATILDA.

P E N T U C K E T .

BY M. R. GREEN.

Pentucket, our village, Pentucket of yore,
Is rife in our hearts with traditional lore ;
'Tis the place where our Fathers, the bold and the free,
Reared a home for themselves, and Posterity.

In the wild forest temple, devoutly they sought
A shrine for religion and freedom of thought ;
Where the broad, shining Merrimack flowed, and still flows,
Their voices in prayer and thanksgiving arose.

No tapering church spires looked steadily up,
To gladden their hearts, like the vigils of hope,
Yet the siege of adventure they boldly defied,
For Faith was their buckler, and God was their guide.

Each heart was an altar, each bosom a shrine
For the Spirit's pure incense, and worship divine ;
In fancy look backward, and what do ye see ?
They have met ! 'tis for prayer, 'neath the shade of a tree.

And did not our Father in Heaven behold
Amid their rude worship, the spirit's pure gold ?
O yes, He was with them to gladden each song,
And bade them be fearless, take heart, and be strong.

The soul's pure devotion, how brightly it shone ;
O, give us a portion of faith like their own ;
Our Heavenly Father they cheerfully praised,
While the Indian his blood-reeking tomahawk raised.

How Time, the transformer has altered the scene,
Like the acts of a drama, or forms of a dream,
Where our sires' humble dwellings so peacefully stood,
Pride, avarice, and malice, like spectres intrude.

O, long vanished greatness ! O shades of the just !
Ye shall live in our hearts, 'tis a glorious trust ;
They labored and fought for Posterity's home,
Ah, what are we doing for ages to come ?

Alas, for improvement, if we do not find
The jewel of Truth in the casket of mind,
Our noblest endeavors, and all that we love,
Like the fair fruit of Sodom will bitterness prove.

The creeds that we cherish will fade and expire,
If the watch-light of freedom, Humanity's fire,
Burns languid and dim on the hearth's altar-stone ;
'Tis the *spirit* that lives when the outward has gone.

When our national Genius step'd forth in its youth,
Our forefathers sought, 'neath the banner of Truth,
For civil protection and Wisdom's pure ray,
Have we not a work to achieve in our day ?

Though it be not our lot to adventure the wild,
Where civilization has never yet smiled,
Where the voices, which waken the landscape without,
Are the wild-bird's shrill scream and the red hunter's shout.

The current of Error is onward and strong,
Earth groans 'neath her weight of oppression and wrong,
Our country, the fairest in nature's domain,
Has millions who languish in slavery's chains.

From Truth's golden precepts O may we not swerve,
But be true to ourselves, and the God whom we serve,
Act, act, for the future, in love to our kind,
And live in the hearts we shall soon leave behind.

Haverhill, Mass.

M E L V I N A H O W A R D .

CHAPTER II.

"The human heart ! 'tis a thing that lives
In the light of many a shrine ;
And the wealth of its own pure feeling gives
Too oft, on brows that are false, to shine.
It has many a cloud of care and wo,
To shadow o'er its springs,
And the One above alone may know,
The changing tune of its thousand strings."

The morning on which Melvina was to leave her home dawned bright and beautiful on the earth. And she, when the first faint streaks of red in the east heralded the king of day, repaired to her favorite retreat in the garden. It was a vine clad bower facing the river ; and this morning seemed more beautiful than ever. It was not without feelings of sadness, she bade adieu, for a short time, to this chosen spot, and as she turned to go away the dewy flowers lifted their heads and sent up sweet perfume to woo her longer stay. The birds, even, seemed to sing sweeter ; and old Carlo, the faithful house dog, walked closer by her side, as though he too, knew that Howard Cottage was that day to lose its sweetest inmate. In truth, Melvina saw all outward things through the medium of her own saddened feelings. The thought of meeting her friends and visiting the Empire City could not repress the falling tears as her father handed her to the carriage, and said, " God bless you, my child, and return you to us again in peace." While Melvina is pursuing her journey we will step into Fancy's airy car and speed before her, to her destination, which is a fine dwelling, the abode of wealth and luxury in the populous city. The twilight has deepened into night,

and the moon, with her starry lamps, sheds a softened light over turret, tower and steeple, and over the vast forest of masts with their white sails that thickly stud the river, and looks calmly down upon the multitude that throng the numerous streets, pressing this way and that, each intent upon his own purpose. The public gardens, pleasure grounds and theatres, are thronged with their votaries, while here and there a group may be seen seated on the marble steps, or gathered near the open window, or on the balcony to enjoy the cool evening air. We will pause and view one of these groups. It consists of a large benevolent looking gentleman, apparently about forty years old, his wife about the same age, on whose sweet face a smile is playing as she looks on the group around her. There are three others, Arthur Gray, with a high, intellectual brow and finely moulded form, Edward Howard, with his calm, thoughtful face, and his sister Mary, a laughing, roguish, blue eyed girl. Edward leans with folded arms against the window, his eyes directed to the starry depths above, as if he would read there the hidden mystery of other worlds. Arthur sits by Mary, who is telling him of cousin Melvina. "She will come to-morrow," said Mary, "and let me tell you to guard well your heart, for as impregnable as it has proved before, it will be in danger now." "Does my sister think so?" said Edward, suddenly awaking from his reverie, and fixing his eyes with a mournful expression on her's. "Yes, brother," replied Mary, "if she has stolen your's why not Arthur's too?" Edward colored deeply, and turned without speaking again to the window. "Perhaps he thinks I have none to lose," remarked Arthur. "No, not that;" replied Mary, "for he often gives you credit for one; but he thinks that the fastidious Arthur Gray can never be pleased with simply an unpretending country girl like Melvina, but you will, you cannot help it, for she is so good, so gentle, and I assure you I shall be ready to interfere whenever there is any danger to be apprehended from the rivalry between two such formidable characters as Arthur Gray and Edward Howard." "Well sister," said Edward, forcing a smile, "let us waive the subject and all go out,

"For see, the moon is up,
The stars are shining clear,
And beauty bathes the earth,
Why should we linger here?"

A few weeks after the above conversation there was a large and brilliant party assembled at the house of Mr. Nelson, and none there attracted more attention than Melvina. There was perfect ease and grace in every motion, and Arthur Gray was constantly at her side. Indeed, the prediction of Mary seemed fulfilled, for during her stay in the city not a walk or ride, or excursion could be proposed but he was her constant attendant; and a more dangerous one she could not well have had. He was one that few could look upon and not love. There was a depth and earnestness in his clear dark eyes that thrilled to the inmost soul, and a world of thought lay folded up in his high white brow. He had travelled much, understood well the world, and could trace the intricate windings of the human heart as few could

do. None knew better than he how to win a woman's love, and yet he ever apparently was the cold, passionless, though courteous Arthur Gray. Still Mary was right, for if one being in the whole broad universe could for one moment retain a place in his heart of hearts, that being was Melvina. And she did retain a place there, destined never to be filled by another, yet this truth was not now acknowledged even to himself, much more to Melvina. He would have scorned to woo her woman's love only to turn it coldly back upon the heart that lavished it. In his estimation, society had placed a barrier between them that might never be broken. Had he but looked into his own heart he would have found that pride, not society, had placed that barrier there. The winter passed rapidly to Melvina, engaged as she was in a continual whirl of excitement, and the evening previous to her return home, she preferred the quiet of Aunt Howard's sitting room to the crowd at Mrs. Alton's. She was going home, yet she felt quite as sad as when she stood with her mother on the piazza and watched the setting sun. She would have given worlds at that moment, had they been her's, just for one glance at the heart of Arthur Gray. She was alone, and seating herself at the piano with a master hand she touched the keys, and after a brief prelude, played a mass from Mozart. The breathings of an earnest loving soul were in those soft swelling cadences that filled the room. There is an unearthly beauty in some of the music of Mozart; a spirituality that envelops the soul and shuts out all outward things: it sees nought, hears nought save the soft thrilling tones that float around like the breath of angels. The undefined feeling of sadness that pervaded the bosom of Melvina was gone. She was a shade paler than usual, but very calm and a spiritual light was in her eyes, as she raised them to the mirror before her, and encountered there the ardent gaze of Arthur. So absorbed was she that she noted not his entrance. He stood by while she sang, and never had she appeared lovelier than at that moment. The melody she woke from the instrument before her fell on his heart as falls the mellow sun-light on an autumnal landscape, lighting up each dark recess, tinging with glorious beauty the high, holy faith of other days, till from its ruins there rose a fire that for the moment consumed all wrong, all pride, all passion. Arthur felt only that he loved her, loved her as he would an angel, and kneeling beside her he poured forth the heart's language in deep, earnest eloquence. "Melvina," said he, "can you, will you be mine?" There was no answer. The bliss of ages was crowded in that one moment; all doubt was gone, she knew for a certainty she was loved, loved too by the gifted Arthur Gray, and she wept tears of joy on his bosom. He bent over her, pressed his lips to her's, and that kiss sealed her his forever.

Why is a man's love for his sweet-heart like her daguerreotype?

Because, as he looks upon it from a distance, he sees a most beautiful woman; but, as he brings it closer, he sees nought but *himself*.

WINTER AT STOCKBRIDGE.

MORNING, DEC. 7.

Ice along the hill-top, ice adown the vale,
 Ice within the pitcher, ice within the pail,
 Frostwork in the garden, frostwork at the door;
 Frostwork on the window, frostwork on the floor!
 Snowflakes on the prairie, snowflakes on the trees,
 Snowflakes on the housetop, snowflakes on the breeze!
 Winter in the woodland, winter on the plain,
 Winter in the school-room, winter sure doth reign!
 O, his hand is icy, and his breath is chill,
 And he walketh proudly, doing his own will.
 Steps he on the field-flower, and it droops and dies;
 Looks he on the song-bird, and away it flies,
 Kisses he the maiden, blushes burn her cheek,
 Grasps the hand of pleasure, playing hide and seek.
 Cold and heartless winter, treading on young toes,
 Ungallantly pinching beauty's ears and nose!
 But thy days are numbered on the flowery plain,
 Through the echoing woodland short shall be thy reign!

EVENING.

Now the snow hath melted, not a flake is seen,
 Now the clouds have parted from the sky serene,
 And the moon looks softly from her azure home,
 Brilliant chandeliers adorn her spacious dome,
 We — gallants have vanished — sally forth in cheer,
 Warding from our guest, off danger, wolves and fear.

MORNING, DEC. 8.

Now the frostwork melteth on the outer floor,
 And the sunbeam shineth at the open door,
 Wrap thy mantle round thee, thou of giant form,
 March with leafless sceptre to thy land of storm,
 Thou mayest pass in triumph, it is in thy sway,
 But like other monarchs thou shalt hie away;
 We may entertain thee for a day or two,
 Genteel calls become thee — late and brief and few.
 But in thy own region crowned with diamonds bright,
 Mantled in thy jewels, flashing to the light —
 From thy bounteous wardrobe clothing vale and hill,
 Polishing thy pathway over rock and rill,
 Lavishing thy pendants on each tree and thorn,
 Weaving pearly garlands for the brow of morn,
 Building towers and temples, tracing suns and stars —
 With thy frost-wand snapping *pitchers, flasks and jars*;
 Hail thee! royal Winter, in thy own domain,
 Thy huge car is welcome on thy native plain;
 There thy merry sleigh-bells jingle in the ear,
 And the air is ringing with thy voice of cheer,
 Round thy happy hearthstone gather young and old,
 And their quickened pulses thank thee for thy cold.
 O, I loved thee, winter, as thy flashing eye
 Lit my native hilltop, 'neath the star-gem'd sky!
 Thou, a social fellow, winnest wanderers home —
 Echo bears thy watchword to my spirit, "come!"

FANNIE.

SKETCHES OF A MIDSUMMER EXCURSION SEVEN HUNDRED
MILES IN THE SOUTHWEST.

BY AN EQUESTRIAN.

Untaklo.

At present the Chickasaws pay several thousand dollars yearly, as a nation, for the privilege of living upon the Choctaw lands, and holding the same rights of possession that individual Choctaws do. Any persons who have the privilege of living in the nation can take up and cultivate as much wild land as they choose, within certain specified distance of what is already occupied, free of all expense; and are at liberty to sell *improvements*, at any time when they can find purchasers. The *land cannot be sold* to any body: it belongs to the *Choctaw nation*, not to the Choctaw people, individually. This is, I suppose, an arrangement to prevent white people from getting such a foothold as to become the stronger party, and at length through a mock treaty sending them still farther westward. Their former wrongs from this source are not forgotten. The annuity received from the Chickasaws is appropriated to national schools.

Before starting on Wednesday morning from the Agency — don't suppose we were entertained at the *house* of the Agent, there are no towns here except Doaksville, and neighborhoods take their names variously; the neighborhood of the Agency, is "The Agency." Each man, if he chooses, names his own place; few do this except postmasters and missionaries; other vicinities take their name from some river or large creek; thus people, some distance away from us, speak of going to Mountain Fork; and we, of going to Red River, &c. But, as I was saying, we were told in the morning that the same gentleman we met in that wide prairie was coming our way, and would like to accompany us. We were unexpectedly detained, however, and did not overtake him till past noon. He had taken his repast and was just ready to mount his pony when we rode up. He sprang into the saddle, remarking that he had passed over this mountainous road so frequently *alone*, that even the wild beauty of its romantic scenery had ceased to charm him. We were all disposed to be social, and before we had proceeded far he told us that he had not conversed so much with any lady for the several months he had spent in the nation; his business taking him frequently from one portion of the country to another; and at his every post, its regular occupants keep "Bachelor's Hall." Of his character and habits (except that he uses liquors) I know nothing, but his gentlemanly deportment, his unstudied politeness, his evidently cheerful deference to the feelings, opinions, and customs of our little party, certainly entitled him to a grateful remembrance, while the sentiment of filial and fraternal regard with which he speaks of his mother and sisters, and the interest with which he alluded to the social pleasures he had left in New Orleans, seemed almost incompatible with a character which the most fastidious would wish to banish from their list of friends. The tone of morals here among the intelligent is far below

that of our own highly favored land ; and while I admit that nowhere is it safe to trust to *appearances*, I cannot but regret that there is not, in most circles, more of that charity which "thinketh no evil," and which extends an open hand and a generous heart to strangers, until they prove themselves unworthy of social confidence ; and then it is a *false delicacy* which makes one afraid to treat them with the same frankness, which will make them feel the immense distance there is between virtue and vice ; I speak this of strangers *as such*, and not because these remarks have any reference to the case that suggested them ; and I alluded to the subject because my heart has been often pained by the cold suspicion which has so cruelly fallen like mildew upon the spirit of those whose only alleged crime is, that they are *strangers*. "We don't know her yet. She *may* be unworthy our notice. Wait and see what she proves herself." O, that these calculating moralists could but see and *feel* that they are aiming a dagger at the heart of some one who may have been, with a nature as open as day, all used to the sunshine and gentle dew of social and domestic bliss, and that their stern philosophy is teaching her to shut up her heart against the genial influences of sympathy and love, the balm which heaven pours, through human agency, upon earth's stricken ones. O, that they could see too, that the tendency of their frigid policy *may* be to send the virtuous, lone one, especially if she be young and inexperienced, to seek companionship among those whose semblance of virtue has no heart, and that she may "prove herself" what she has never before been — what she would not now be, had these welcomed her with that kind regard which the Bible so often bids us show to strangers. The medium between utter neglect, and that unbounded confidence whose betrayal might deeply injure us, is not surely so difficult to find as to puzzle a generous spirit. It is *very easy* to show a stranger, by your countenance and manner, that you recognize in every human embodiment the traces of your Father's hand ; and that your sympathies mingle more or less with the sympathies of every member of the great fraternity ; and what is there in all this that need expose you to the contamination of vice ? Will that contact with the world, which is the natural outgoings of such a nature, be more hurtful to your own peace of mind, than the cherishing of that *selfishness* — call it *prudence*, if you will, but 'tis a *selfish* prudence which shuts you out from your brother worm ; which says practically to every stranger — "Stand by till I have opportunity to hear whether I am not holier than thou."

"As fickle as a woman," has passed into a proverb. No one ever hears of the *fickleness of man*. The strength of his purposes, the tenacity of his affections, the endurance of his efforts, are to be likened to rocks, mountains, time, and all those long-lived affairs. Who ever knew a man to change his mind ? And what a monotonous world would this be if the women also were steadfast and unchangeable. Let the rocks remain hard and immovable ; but who wants the wind to blow always in one direction ? Who would like to see the clouds going forever, like the sun, from east to west ?

ROXY AND DORCAS: OR, ALL FAITH AND NO FAITH.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "ABBY'S YEAR IN LOWELL."

CHAPTER IX.

Those of our readers who have followed our tale, may have noticed the apparent change that had passed over Dorcas; that she seemed to lose more of her original character than her friend. But the alteration was principally this,—her watchful, suspicious nature had lost its first timidity, and now assumed more the character of attack than of defence. Even her attacks might generally be resolved into prospective defences. She suspected people because such was her instinct; she sometimes wronged and abused them through the fear that they would wrong and abuse her. This is a character which matures early, for it is old of itself; generally, but the result of long and unfortunate experience; it is more *natural* to the aged. Roxy, on the contrary, had grown more quiet and subdued. She had so often found herself repulsed, deceived, and misunderstood, that she was more backward in her offers of help and sympathy. But the warm, genial heart, all filled with love and trustfulness, still beat within her bosom: still was she the confidant of her old friends; and still, upon the altar of her faith, were laid tributes of hope and trust from many a stranger, who had but to look upon her cheerful, open countenance, to obey the first impulse, and unite their hearts with hers.

Roxy and Dorcas had joined a division of the "Daughters of Temperance." Their frequent meetings were very pleasant, and their annual galas highly interesting. Besides the social enjoyment, there was the satisfaction that their influence was thrown into a good cause; that social, intellectual, and philanthropic pleasure was all blended together. Everything went on finely until Dorcas was chosen president. Hers was a nature which would not wear its honors meekly. She immediately set about a general reform, a purging and purification of the temple, entrusted to her care. It was with her, as it is with many other persons, her own virtues were the only ones for which she had any regard or respect. For the faults which she did not possess she had no toleration. Sentences of excommunication passed against one girl after another; for it was a rule of the society that all belonging to it should be of "good moral character;" and there were those who, with good feelings and intentions, had at some time done something which rendered them obnoxious to the sharp-eyed Dorcas. But in her zeal she began to forget her caution. One girl was unjustly attacked, who determined to resist and defend. She did it with such spirit that she succeeded in clearing herself from all blame and suspicion; but, when she had done it, she withdrew from the society. These things created sad trouble. Dorcas was obliged to resign, or the society would have been broken up. As it was, she had done it an irreparable injury. Roxy was nominated her successor, but declined the honor, through distrust of her own qualifications, and regard for the feelings of her friend.

CHAPTER X.

"A reduction of wages." This was the expression heard, at morning, noon, and night; in boarding-house, mill, and street: and with every variety of tone, emphasis, and gesticulation. "A reduction of wages," said Roxy, as though news so distasteful could not be true. "A reduction of wages!" exclaimed Dorcas, as though who should dare to mention such a thing in her hearing. What was to be done? All methods of resistance were proposed, but which were to be adopted? At length, a combination was resolved upon, and Dorcas was chosen for its head. There were many of those who hated her, who wished her to take this position. Their feelings of resentment at the blow inflicted upon their interests was strong, and they would like to see the same spirit, suspicion, and wanton attack, exhibited against their employers which had been directed against themselves. She succeeded without difficulty in inflaming anger, exciting prejudice, and creating a horrible feeling of hatred and distrust. But she could not create that union of purpose, that stability of determination, in which alone were strength and hope. One of her efforts was to draw up a paper, containing resolutions like these:

"Resolved; that we, the operatives of this city, are fully aware of the base, malignant design to reduce us to that state of dependence, destitution, and starvation, which is the lot of manufacturing operatives in the old world; and we, the undersigned, consider it our duty to ourselves, and our sisters, to resist this wanton determination to degrade us to the level of the southern slave.

"Resolved; that we consider it a duty owing to ourselves, as women, to present a bold front to these continued encroachments upon the rights of our sex; that we see fully the end of this beginning, the design to debase us to the position of those unfortunate wretches who gain their livelihood by the barter of their bodies and their souls.

"Resolved; that as republicans, as lovers of our country, we resist the machinations of those whose design is to create a class dependent upon them, and thus in time to concentrate a power within their own ranks which shall utterly destroy this democratic government.

"Resolved; that we, the undersigned, determined to resist these encroachments, pledge ourselves never to work upon reduced wages, and will assist with our efforts, and our purses, all to leave the mills who have not at hand the means to do so.

"Resolved; that we are powerful, if we will only unite and use our strength; that, spite of the contempt with which we are treated, we know that we are the foundation upon which aristocrats attempt to build their fortunes and their power; that without us they can do nothing; and that we are, in fact, the pillars upon which their great temple of Mammon is made to stand."

These, and other resolutions, rapidly received the assent and signatures of the girls, and great was the surprise and horror when Roxy refused her name to the paper. In the first place she thought it drawn up in too bitter a spirit. She was not sure that there was a

wish to make negro slaves of all the girls, to overturn the government of the country, to destroy everything that was good and valuable in society. She could not believe that men, who looked so human, cherished such fiendish designs in their hearts. There was also too little recognition in the paper of what those had done. She knew that she, and Dorcas, and fifty thousand more just like them, could not have established a manufacturing city. A great deal had been done, aside from their labors, and was still doing; and she knew that their labor was more easy at any time to be obtained than the skill and capital which had made that labor so valuable to themselves.

She saw that Dorcas had wholly forgotten the time when she came, timid, shivering, and destitute, to the factories; and that in them she had wholly changed her situation and prospects,—had laid by money, besides clothing and improving herself, and had given much to her mother. She knew that there had been no effort to degrade them—there had been a reading-room established for their benefit, lighted, warmed, and supplied with reading at almost no expense to them; there was a city library established where, for a trifle, they could supply themselves with useful and entertaining reading through the year; there was a free church, there were free lectures upon Sabbath and other evenings; and, more than all this, there was unrestrained freedom to go anywhere, to parts of the Union where there were no factories, and an opportunity to gain quite a sum to go with. Was this like negro slavery? or any other slavery? If so, was there not slavery out of the factories? for certainly the operatives were no better off, as to wages and liberty, anywhere else. Perhaps it was true their employers were selfish; but they also had been selfish,—they worked from no philanthropic motive; they came and staid for no one's benefit but their own. There was the same selfishness among all other employers, as to reducing wages where they could, but all others did not pay as surely and promptly. Nor did she believe that the girls would abide by their own resolutions. They would work on the reduced wages, and they would not help their fellows to go away.

Dorcas argued with her in vain. She tried to convince her that it was their duty to look out for themselves; that the employers did not need her efforts to hunt up arguments in their behalf; that it was treachery to the cause of the suffering and oppressed to act and talk as she did. Roxy was much distressed. Her sympathies were with her fellow-operatives; but her character for truth, justice, kindness, and stability was for herself to sustain. She could not pledge herself to do what she might not do; what she might not be sustained by the others in doing.

But she soon found herself shunned, maligned, and detested as though she were a monster. There were rumors started that the overseer bribed her to this course; that she was in the conspiracy against the operatives. Sharp eyes were asquint to see if privileges were not allowed her, if liberties were not taken by her, which no one else might presume to venture upon. But nothing was discovered. Still the suspicion and hatred continued; and, many a night, was her

pillow drenched with tears when she had received some new token that she was a being loathed by those to whom she would have devoted her heart and purse in any but a hopeless cause.

Few, in proportion, redeemed their pledge to go away, and to help others to go, though every girl wished every other girl to show this "proper resentment." Each wished to throw the responsibility of active resistance upon somebody else; and some, who had said that "none but fools would stay," remained themselves, with the constancy of sentinels, at their posts.

Dorcas was one who could not deny her active participation in the rebellion, so she went away as she had threatened; but she soon found her inactive, unprofitable life with her mother very irksome, and she returned to Roxy and the mills. Which was right, Roxy or Dorcas?

Pawtucket Falls.

THE VOICE OF WINTER.

BY JANE B. HAMILTON.

Again I have come, in my chariot of storm,
A thick mantle of sleet close envelopes my form;
An ice-crown of rich jewels encircles my head,
And I ride o'er a carpet, my breathing hath spread.

The bleak, chilly north-wind as a sceptre I sway,
And the garlands of Summer, I have borne far away;
The coronal of Autumn I've stripped from the trees,
And have scattered its fragments to each passing breeze.

The blithe bird of the wild-wood hath heard my hoarse tone,
And hath fled in affright from this now frigid zone;
While in sad cadence echoes, from over the lea,
The low sound of the Winter-king's plaintive "Pee-dee."

All nature I have changed,—the meadow and hill,
And the pine-covered mountain looks dreary and chill;
While the streams hang congealed on the face of the falls,
And their waters glide onward 'neath silvery walls.

Yet, despite my rough contour, I'm greeted again
With loud notes of welcome in a glad, happy strain;
For blessings I scatter in my path as I come,
And "multiply vastly the enjoyments of home."

Now young men and fair maidens think o'er with delight,
The gatherings of mirth on the clear winter night;
And childhood is gliding, like the summer-cloud fleet,
On the face of the river with iron-shod feet.

But my pleasures are fleeting, and soon will be here
New joys and new beauties, that will gladden and cheer;
Soon nothing but mildness on my visage you'll trace,
My nature will so soften by feminine grace;

For when Phoebus returns, he hath promised to bring
Me a bride from the south, the mild beautiful Spring;
And though there may neither be sleighing nor sledding,
I hope that all present will be at my wedding.

Dwight Cor., Chicopee.

AUNT DEBORAH AND HER PROTEGE.

In this manner the young years of Viola were passed till our story introduces her, at the age of thirteen. At this time an event transpired, which caused an unusual sensation in the family. This was the reception of a letter by Mr. Hammond, from an aunt, whom he had not seen since a short period before the death of his wife. She had then left the country for England, where she afterwards married a gentleman reputed to be immensely rich. She stated in her letter, that, "Death having deprived her of her husband, she had returned, a childless widow, to spend her remaining years with her friends. She had resided nearly six months in a small town, distant about seventy miles from her nephew's residence; and, having now ascertained it, she intended to give herself the pleasure of a visit to his family."

She slightly alluded to some change in her pecuniary affairs, but, considering the great wealth her husband possessed, Mr. Hammond concluded if there had been any change, it must have left her still opulent; and as he was her nearest relative, and consequently heir, it behooved him to cause all proper arrangements to be made for her reception. Accordingly, there was much bustle and great preparation made, during a few days previous to the expected arrival. But what was the disappointment and mortification of the hostess and her daughter, when, instead of the richly clad, important personage they had imagined, the plain Aunt Deborah made her appearance.

It was late when Mr. Hammond returned from business, and, meeting his wife in the hall, she acquainted him with the arrival of their guest, and also the result of her own conclusions in regard to her altered circumstances. He was much surprised at the changed aspect of things, but really esteeming his aunt, he greeted her cordially, and expressed himself happy in the prospect of again enjoying her society.

She had made her abode with him at the time of his first marriage, and her good judgment and wise counsels had then led him to consider her almost an oracle of wisdom, which he often found it very convenient to consult.

The deafness of Aunt Deborah rendered it rather irksome to converse with her, and when, at an early hour, she expressed a desire to retire for the night, Mrs. Hammond gladly rung the bell for Alice to show her to her room.

"She will occupy the large, back chamber;" said that lady, in a low voice to the maid. Accordingly, our heroine found herself ushered into a large uncarpeted apartment, which appeared by the miscellaneous articles placed here and there, to be used as a sort of store-room for old apparel and such things as were not wanted for daily use. When she was left alone, she quietly proceeded to make a more minute inspection of the room, which for a short time she was to call her own. It seemed a satisfactory one, to judge by the peculiar smile which rested on her face, as she returned to the little

three-cornered table and placed the lamp upon it. There was a large antique looking-glass suspended above the table, and, as she raised her eyes, and caught the reflection of her own good-natured countenance, she noticed also a door half open on the opposite side, which had been before unperceived by her. She approached, and looking in, found a small bed-chamber, also uncarpeted, and scantily furnished. There was no lamp, but the moon's bright beams shone through the uncurtained windows, and discovered the little form of Viola seated on a low stool at the foot of the bed. Her face rested upon it, and her arms were thrown around her head ; and she seemed, from the convulsive motion which now and then shook her frame, to be weeping violently. Aunt Deborah gazed upon her silently for some moments, and then approached her before she was aware of the intrusion.

"Viola!" said a kind voice at her side. She started, and looking up bewildered, met the mild look of the face that was bent over her.

"Why do you sit here? are you not cold, my child?"

She did not answer, but covering her face with her hands, sobbed aloud.

"Come and tell me why you are weeping: your thoughts while sitting here alone must indeed be painful ones, to cause such an abundant flow of tears;" and seating herself she drew the yielding figure towards her.

"I was thinking of my mother;" at length answered the child.

"And do the thoughts of your mother, who is happy now, I trust, cause you so much distress!"

"I have been praying that I might go to her, and be happy too; as I do every night when I kneel down to say the prayers she taught me: she was so very kind to me; and now no one loves me; no one is kind to me."

"But I will be kind to you, and love you as she did. Do you never think of her you used to call "aunt," who fondled you in her lap when you were a very little girl? And do you not remember the visit she made you when your mother lay so sick? Have you indeed forgotten *Aunt Deborah*?"

"O, no! I knew you when you came, but——"

"But I did not recognize you."

"No, that was not it;" and she hid her face, again covered with tears.

"All is not right here," mused Aunt Deborah, half aloud. "No wonder I did not know you, for you have so strangely altered,—not grown, for you are scarcely taller than when I last saw you." And as she raised the wet face from her lap where it had rested, and gazed upon it, she could hardly realize that the sallow, unwholesome complexion, the large, mournful eyes, and the sharp, old-looking features, were the same which belonged to the beautiful, sprightly child she had known five years before.

"But do not cry now," said she, "and I will talk about your mother; and tell you what she wished me to do concerning yourself, when I made my last visit to her just before she died."

[To be continued.]

NEW ENGLAND WINTER.

O ! 'tis merry in New England,
When the snow is on the ground,
And the winds, through drifted hollows,
Chase each other round and round,
When the little twinkling lakelets
Lie beneath the ice asleep ;
And along the naked branches
Doth a frosty covering creep.

Then, by star-light, down the river
Gracefully the skaters go,
And in light and bloodless battle
Fly the snow-balls to and fro ;
Then the sound of distant sleigh-bells
Tinkling down the woody road,
Tell where glide, along the hill-side,
Bounding hearts, a buoyant load.

O ! 'tis pleasant in New England,
When the north wind howls aloof,
And the clear and icy crystal
Hangs in fringe along the roof ;
When Jack Frost, with nimble fingers,
Pictures all the windows o'er ;
And the snow-bird's dropping footfall
Prints the white heaps by the door.

Then the cheerful pine knot blazes
On the brisk Thanksgiving fire,
Lighting up the storm-worn features
Of the honest-hearted sire ;
On the hearth, the ruddy apples
With the children's faces vie ;
While the busy, patient mother
Makes the gleaming needles fly.

O ! the homes of dear New England !
And the loving hearts that beat
'Neath each roof-tree's genial shelter,
Louder than the driving sleet !
Like their own tall pines, unfading,
Like their cloudless wintry sheen, —
Pure are all their simple pleasures,
And their virtues ever green !

THE HOLIDAYS.

THANKSGIVING DAY has passed,—that day of days in childhood's time, with its associations of "goodly cheer," of merriment and glee, when pies and puddings, and songs and frolics "did much abound," and when there was no care and thought to throw a shadow on the scene.

Then there was, with us, the later time, when the scattered household band strove for a re-union at that annual festival; and when those who met talked cheerfully of those who were absent from their home. We, who have no such days now, rejoice that others have them; that the New England holiday is still observed in all its spirit and its gladness. To us, it brings thoughts of the desolated home;—of those of our band who are where they do not keep this festal day, and of the still greater number who are where they keep a never-ending day of thanksgiving and praise.

CHRISTMAS DAY, with its merriment, has also come and gone, with perhaps less of family and more of religious observance; more of a holy and less of a holiday; when, even in the homestead, green pines seem to obey the behest of the psalmist, and *lift up their heads* in worship. This has become, even with the descendants of the Puritans, a day of gifts and greetings; when Momus and Santa Claus are sure to have the tribute due, and the little children wonder how St. Nicholas has come through chimneys, funnels, heaters, and grates, with his unsoiled tokens of affection for them. It seems as though, without giving up their own "peculiar institution," the Yankees are desirous of incorporating in their calendar the merry days of the European world.

NEW YEAR'S DAY has also come and gone; kind wishes without stint have been poured upon us, and we have all returned them with interest. How happy shall we be if the heart but seconds the lips; if the effort to assist and cheer us, succeeds the wish; if those who hope that the coming year will raise us higher and happier in the struggling world, will but endorse their words by fitting deeds.

No summer holidays can be compared with these of hale, hearty old winter. "Thanksgiving Day" *will* inspire with gratitude. "Merry Christmas" *does* infuse a new hilarity into the heart. "Happy New Year" does come with a joyful, renovating influence. Their stimulus is prospective and retrospective. We are enlivened long before in anticipation, and the gladsome memories are cherished long after the enlivening realities have passed. "May Day," "Election Day," even "Independence Day," what are these, compared with the gay, festive days of the going and coming year! the one anxious to make his retreat, the other his *debut*, with honor to himself.

But the New Year has fairly commenced. Our pastors have preached their New-Year sermons, and given us their New-Year greetings, together with the excellent advice which in some form, or in many forms, is sure to be bestowed upon us at this time. How hard to obey it! to listen in a right spirit, even to the monitor within, who marketh so often our wayward deviations from the path of duty!

I sat alone on the first night of the year. Hour succeeded hour, and passed away, while thought was very busy with the past and the future. At length the heavy hand of sleep was laid upon my head, and though I struggled, 't was in vain, for it bowed lower and lower beneath that pressure. At length it met a momentary support upon a thin, pale form. His mantle was old and worn ; his shoulder, upon which I rested my head, was like of that of a skeleton, his frame was bent, his knees were trembling. A scroll was in his hand, all soiled and creased, and blotted with tears. It was the record of the old year. There was a painful feeling of insecurity while I leaned upon that form, as though it would sink and take me with itself down, down, down, down. I strained my eyes toward the scroll, but why look at the mournful writings there ? Here was a blackened page, and there a tear-stained leaf ; but why gaze on them now ? Had not their contents already weakened and distorted my soul ? Why look always at the troubled past ? As I turned away my head the motion disturbed that feeble frame, and it tottered, rattled, and, falling apart, gave way beneath me. I should have fallen but that another form sprang upward from that sinking one, light, young, and beautiful, like her who sprung a goddess from the head of Jove. The fresh, strong limbs were under me, and the smooth, plump arms around me. The breath, like that of balmy spring, was on me, and the glad face, upturned to mine, was full of hope and joyfulness. A pure white scroll was in her hand, and a golden light played over her spotless vestments. Her voice was like the matin song of a bird, and her words were those of promise. "Thus," said I to her, "cometh ever the New Year ! And what hast thou for me ?" "At least I bring trial in no new form," said she kindly, "and O, how much of gladness !" Then, in a quick, earnest tone, she spoke of the bright and beautiful she would bring to me,—of the friends she would not let forget me,—of the new ones who should replace the forgetful or departed ; of the new scenes which should make me unmindful of those I might not view again. She spoke of the admired and honored ones whom I had but seen in imagination, but whom she would show me face to face.

There was one great pleasure that the New Year promised. It was of a meeting with one whom I had not seen since the early days of girlhood ;—of him who, through so many years, had but looked that changeless look at me from the hanging portrait. How altered both since we parted then,—the young man on the threshold of active life, earnest and buoyant, and the young girl, dreaming of a future all rainbow, sunshine, flowers, song, and golden light.

How has life changed in the hearts of the brother and the sister, as they have struggled on, as hope has vanished and time has thrown his gloom around them. As the New Year raised me up, and laid me back upon my seat, my opening eyes caught a faint glimpse of a phantom scroll, on which were traced a long, long list of names, and we thought that perhaps they might be those of subscribers for the *New England Offering*.

H. F.

EDITOR'S TABLE.

THE HAUNTED MAN OR THE GHOST'S BARGAIN, by *Charles Dickens*, is the fifth of his Christmas stories. While reading it, one wonders whether it is to turn out a dream, an allegory, or a veritable orthodox fiction, claiming credence and sympathy like any other tale. The Haunted Man "with his grizzled hair, hanging like tangled seaweed about his face, as if he had been through his whole life a lonely mark for the chafing and beating of the great deep of humanity,"—is poetically described, and the moral interwoven is this; that, deep among those sensibilities of the heart, whence spring its sorrows and its memories of wrong, are also the roots of its truest joys and most delicious emotions. But, spite of this haunted man, each heart must judge for itself, whether to forget or to cherish its past, its griefs and remembrances of its injuries, will best fit it for the labors, duties, and trials of the future. The story is quite an improvement upon the one that immediately preceded it in the author's series of Christmas fancies.

THE HOUSEKEEPER'S RECEIPT BOOK is an excellent compendium, in which cooking is taught upon *temperance principles*, by an experienced lady, who had been a housekeeper more than thirty years. Though there is a knack at dishing a fricassee, making a gravy, and rolling paste to bring its strata to an upward inclining plane, which cannot be learned from a book, yet all that can be taught, with a variety of useful information and receipts, never before given to the public, may be found in this new edition, published by James Munroe & Co., Boston.

THOUGHTS OF A LIFETIME, by *Caroline Gilman*. This work is most beautifully published, by James Munroe & Co., and its contents deserve well their outward adornment. They consist of poems, dramatic, historical, and miscellaneous, with hymns and ballads. We looked for some that had been early favorites, but which are missing here. One, a description of a summer noon, and of which we can only remember one verse,

"Poor Tray lies asleep in the noon-day sun," &c.

we had always attributed to the author of

"Mother; how still the baby lies," &c.

The book, as a whole, is distinguished for its easy versification, and pure, elevated thought. Mrs. Gilman indicates, also, that her heart warms, instead of cooling, as the sun of life passes its meridian; a happy circumstance, attributable, doubtless, to religious culture, and a home upon which Providence has smiled propitiously. "*Joshua's Courtship*," a New England ballad, we expect to see in the newspapers, and had we room we would give other lines than these:—

"Thou didst tinge the rose
With delicate glow—throw silvery whiteness o'er
The lily's cup—touch the bright sea-shell, like
A spirit's blush, and weave a whisper through
Its spiral folds."

THE
NEW ENGLAND OFFERING:
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MARCH, 1849.  
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PROSE POEMS.

BY L. LAROOM.

V. THE BOY AND THE LEAF.

A boy sits by an open door in the clear light of an autumn day. The sceptre of the frost-king has just been laid upon a noble oak before the door, and while the boy looks wishfully out into the shade, its first withered leaf floats in on the sighing wind, and drops upon the floor before him. The merry child laughs to see it fall, and holds it up in triumph to the gaze of his companions.

Thoughtless one! thou dost not dream how like thy conduct is to that of ungenerous souls who rejoice to mark the first token of decay in a gifted mind; who glory when the mighty are shorn of their strength.

Not thus wilt thou laugh when the vigor of thine own youth is departing. O, learn not to look proudly on thy beauty, thy intellect, or thy possessions; but, lifting thine eyes in trusting hope to the unfading groves that skirt the River of Life, say, humbly, "*We all do fade as a leaf.*"

———
VI. FLOWERS AFTER FROST.

A bevy of little maidens were wont to supply a vase upon their teacher's table with the freshest and loveliest flowers. One day they went forth into the woods with this intent; but a ruthless hand of ice had been before them, blighting all beautiful things. After a long search, they found only a few hardy asters and bright-blue gentians, which they brought, with many regrets, to the friend they loved.

But to her, these few survivors of the frost seemed more precious than the profusion of summer blossoms. While her hands arranged the scanty nosegay, thoughts of early friendships were clustering in her memory. She thought sadly of those whom Death had taken in the bloom of their years; of those whom time and long absence had estranged. But there were yet a few who had not forgotten, who would not forget; and with a spring-like glow in her heart, she said, "They are like these flowers." And Affection twined their names together, giving them an enduring shelter in the chambers of Memory.

THE SPIRIT'S CONFLICT.

Within a closely-curtained room, a new-born infant reposed in quiet slumber. Her birth had been anticipated with no ordinary emotions. She was the first-born; the child of ardent hope. As she reposed sweetly, new breathing the atmosphere of earth, the spirit of the mother rose on white-winged prayer in earnest, agonizing supplication for her precious one, to the throne of the Great Omnipotent. The portals of heaven opened wide, and from those shining courts a seraph bright advanced with outstretched wings, lingering a moment to receive the commands of heaven's eternal King. "Go," said that ruling voice, in a tone of love and pity; "go to yonder sleeping babe, make her the object of thy guardian care. Look well to thy trust, and bring that soul to me in safety." "Thy will be done," replied the shining one. "Amen; glory to God in the highest!" shouted the assembled host around the great white throne.

"Swift as an eagle cuts the air," the guardian spirit winged her way to earth, and by that sleeping infant's couch assumed her watch; henceforth, sleeping or waking, to be her constant guide.

The old adversary, "the prince of the power of the air," as he "walked to and fro on the earth," "seeking whom he might devour," beheld the white-winged spirit descend as a guardian angel to that young immortal, cast upon life's troubled sea. His proud, malicious, unconquerable spirit writhed beneath the dazzling radiance of that holy one; and, ever filled with hate to *all* good, he instantly purposed to thwart the will of the Almighty.

"Who, of all my legion, will bid defiance to that *hated* spirit, and bring that soul to me?" cried he, as he stood amid the fallen band. Up rose a spectre wild, an unsightly monster, and, bending low in mock obeisance, thus addressed his liege lord:—

"Acknowledged King, *I* joy to do thy bidding." And swift from Pandemonium's direful shade he bent his way to plan the ruin of that guileless one. The angel spirit knew her adversary well, and broad spread her guardian wings over her precious charge, the worth of whose soul was of more value than the combined universe, to shield her from the blighting touch of his fiery darts; while he recoiled beneath her frown, repulsed, yet lingering ever near, ready for assault.

The first faint smile that lighted up those tiny features, reflected her faithful guardian's image bright; but was quickly shaded by the dark visage of the foe, as he pressed closer to her side. As the innocent child basked in the sunlight of early infancy, the bright angel's presence illumed her every feature, and kept at bay the dreaded foe, and "love, the golden chain that binds the happy souls above," beamed in her every look and act.

As her intellect expanded, and she advanced in the knowledge of good and evil, then the tempter plied his wily arts; often as she bounded in mirthful glee, pouring out her heart's music in tuneful melody, a fiendish whisper mocking, darkened that heavenly light;

but that blighting influence was only for a moment. The holy whisperings of that divine monitor, early shaped her course for heaven, forming her so sweetly affectionate, so truthful, and so good. As time passed on, bearing on his precious freight, that fiendish monster pressed closer and closer to that little one, bringing to his aid the well-trained band of Passion, Pride, Discontent, Envy, Hatred, Vanity, and every other impulse to evil, of which he was the prolific source. Wellnigh did he gain his end, by entangling her feet in enticing snares, gins, and pitfalls, with which he beset her way continually. But He against whom none can lift a rebel thought without permission, upheld his trusty messenger, and to her aid three powerful helpers sent: Patience, Prudence, and Piety. Thus reinforced, the conflict waged strong and desperate. But no power of evil can withstand this fourfold guard; and the adversary with his emissaries were sent to their own place for a season.

As truthful, sunny childhood gave place to changeful youth, other scenes of glittering temptations and vices, together with childhood's errors, were interwoven by those active agents of their master spirit into a glittering web of beautiful allurements as almost to bewilder the youthful mind; and every scheme of mirth and pleasure, yea, even crime, that the spirits of darkness could devise, were planned to work her ruin; and often in the agony of despair has she cried, "Help, O, my Father, help! for the powers of darkness beset me round about!" All their wiles were completely baffled; that guardian spirit ever whispered in her heart, "Be chaste, be sober, be vigilant." "Fear God, always." "Gird on the whole armor of righteousness." And to the promptings of hatred and revenge, that ever-pleading voice breathed in sweetest accents, "God is love;" "Vengeance is mine, saith the Lord, I will repay."

That guardian presence was truly a source of sweet delight, breathing around her an atmosphere of holy love, of meekness and humility, causing her to "grow in favor both with God and man;" while the insidious intrusions of the adversary were a source of anxious thought and bitter grief, causing her the more to cling to those heavenly influences beaming around her in rich profusion. Maturer years passed on; and with them came the stern realities of life. Strong and tender ties were continually binding that soul to earth, which the tempter readily seized upon as potent spells to drag her downward. As she gazed in love and admiration upon those little ones, "bone of her bone, and flesh of her flesh," the promptings of the evil one were full of pride and exultation. But the kindly-warning voice of her faithful mentor, sounded in her ear: "All flesh is as the grass of the field." "Set not your heart upon the things of earth, but look upward to the things that are above." Trials, sickness, and death clustered around her path. A darling babe was taken from her embrace and carried on angel's wings to the world of glory. Another was cut down in youthful bloom; and yet another, in manhood's prime; and yet another still; a lovely daughter, her pride and joy, the staff on which she hoped to lean in life's declining eve. And

then the husband of her youth, her companion on life's toilsome way; he too was summoned away by the messenger of death; and she was left alone. No, not alone! That angel band was with her still, to comfort and to bear the fainting spirit up.

The tormentor, unable to win her soul by childish follies and youthful errors, eagerly seized upon her afflictions as a temptation to murmurings and repinings, and charging God unjustly in her trials, thereby hoping to gain the prize so long sought for; but the inward whisperings of a conscience at peace with God, foiled the fiendish scheme. Resignedly she looked upon her afflictions as the furnace in which her soul had been tried, as gold is purified in the fire, and was ever ready to exclaim, "I thank thee that I have been afflicted." Her treasure was in heaven, and her heart was there also; what waited she for, but to join the redeemed in glory?

The last hour of conflict arrived. The messenger death was sent to summon the spirit home. The adversary, as a last resort, sought to clothe himself in robes of terror, with scorpion's sting, to fight the soul away to the abode of darkness. But that seraph bright, with the angel band in terrible conflict, put the host of darkness to flight, beating a cowardly retreat, baffled in every attempt to win *that* soul to ruin. With glad shouts of joyful triumph, those ministering spirits gathered around the dying couch of their charge; their united presence reflecting a halo of heavenly radiance around her head that every feature assumed the glory of the upper world. Again the portals of heaven opened wide to receive that shining band, conducting the ransomed spirit home to God, amid the resounding hallelujahs of the redeemed made white in the blood of the Lamb.

Lowell.

L. A. C.

AN INVITATION.—DEDICATED TO MARIA.

BY CAROLINE M. WHITNEY.

The curtains of night all around are descending,
The shadows of twilight with daylight are blending;
The sweet-scented blossoms the dew-drops are drinking,
And, dearest Maria, of thee I am thinking.

O, come, let us pass this sweet evening in walking,—
For gladly I'd list to thee, when thou art talking
Of the scenes of the past, with its griefs and its gladness,
Its prayers and its anguish, its yearnings and sadness.

Then come,—let us go where no sound shall be jarring
Our minds with a discord, our happiness marring:
The whippoorwill far in the forest is singing,
Awaking my fancy, and thoughtfulness bringing.

South Adams.

DUTIES AND RIGHTS OF MILL GIRLS.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "LIGHTS AND SHADOWS OF FACTORY LIFE."

CHAPTER VII.

Deportment at Table — Anna G———'s Picture.

Factory agents have only to be, what, thank God, they generally are, men of kindness and reflection, and to see, as I have seen, the contrast, in all its numberless, endless ramifications, between well and ill regulated boarding-houses, to feel as they ought the responsibility of the act, when they appoint women to their keeping. To fill the place, to perform all the duties of *mother* for a score, or for two scores of young girls, without the support of the authority belonging to that relation; to minister to all disease, moral and physical, incipient and confirmed; to assist in the regulation of their expenditures; "to counsel and reprove" at the right crisis, and in the right manner; to give an orderly, dignified, and cheerful tone to the house and all that is therein; what strength, tact, refinement, and "wisdom from on high," are needed for this great work! And we find them now and then all united in one woman. My friends of the mills know what other good things we find then, in going through her house. They know that her dining-room is large, white, and clean; that it has no long, bare, cross-legged tables and white-pine benches; but on the contrary, square tables, with white covers, white, blue, or mulberry wares. They know that pleasant girls surround these tables, with quiet movements, kind and quiet words; girls of education and refinement, who would grace any station in the land; and yet other girls, who, though not highly educated, are yet amiable, intelligent, disposed to do all in their power to make their own life, and the life of all in the house, happy. They know very well, too, what love there is between those girls and her whom they all call mother. They know that if a vulgar, ill-natured girl does make her way into this "flock," she does not "poison all the rest;" they bear with her, they save her, if they can; if not, she must go hence.

If all houses were of this character, no more need be said; the mill girls would pay their duties, receive their rights. But, alas! for hundreds, yes, thousands of young girls, "the future wives and mothers of New England," many of them are far, far from it. There are houses whose keeper is a low-minded, brawling woman, whose boarders are of the same grade; and here one hears the din of many voices, all loud that they may be heard, some in boisterous laughter, some in rodomontade about new dresses, new bonnets; some in demands for bread, water, butter; some in "railing accusations" against overseer or neighbor in the mill, or hostess; (and if she is in the next room when she hears it, all the better;) some in ill-natured sarcasm on a neighbor at table. Ah, when all these meet and mingle, as some of my readers *know* they sometimes do, then indeed it is horrible for ordinary nerves. And how destructive must the constant participation in such scenes be to the softness and delicacy one so loves to see in woman; and the growth of which, under the influ-

ences of refined associates and the better advantages of large towns, it is so pleasant to watch in some young, timid, and hitherto awkward country girl!

Apropos, let me draw Anna G——'s picture on this page; I do it in the hope that its hideousness will induce those who are like her to mend their manners, before they are brought to sit for *their* pictures.

Anna seems to lose her consciousness of *individual* responsibility, when acting in the crowd; and thus commits absurdities which would be far enough from her in her own quiet neighborhood at home. With loud words and loud laughter, she "elbows her way" through the yard, along the sidewalks, and then rushes into the house. She opens the dining-room door with a force that sends it back against chair, or wall, or human being behind it. Suppose it is the last of the trio, suppose the door gives one a painful blow on one's forehead, and suppose Anna is made fully conscious of what she has done by a scream of pain from the sufferer, she turns round, and perhaps with a laugh, perhaps with a frown, says, "Well, you must keep yourself in a better place then."

Now a chair comes in her way; and see! She gives it a push, and away it goes shrieking along the floor, bounding against a table, setting the dishes in noisy motion; striking the ankle of a nervous girl, making her shriek; *almost* striking the corn of an ill-natured girl, and making her scold. Loud as is this confusion, Anna's coarse, unwomanly laugh is heard above it all. Ah, if one might also paint *sounds*, my picture would not want repulsiveness.

There! Anna has pushed, and crowded, and jostled, until she is fairly seated at table. Her knife and fork are rattling; and now she calls for, "Bread, Joe!" By "Joe," she means Lizzy, perhaps; perhaps Mary. "Joe" happens to be as intent upon swallowing her dinner as regardless of the convenience of those around her as Anna is; she either does not hear, or she feigns abstraction; and now the call for bread comes with new power of lungs; "Joe! Lizzy Morey! are you deaf? Some bread! some bread! some bread! now! quick!" And all this time she is playing an impatient tattoo with her knife, fork, and drinking-glass. Lizzy, in playfulness, or obstinacy, or real abstraction, you can never tell which by looking in her face, she can command its expression so perfectly, is still heedless of her demands. Another girl in the neighborhood of the bread, keeps on eating, "laughing in her sleeve" at Anna's trouble; and determined to revenge upon her the disregard of her calls for the sauce at the morning meal. Another—she is never mischievous, she can never stop for that—but she *must* be back in the mill cleaning her machinery in *certainly* in fifteen minutes from the time she left it. On this account she is swallowing her victuals whole, and really has no time to pass the bread. Anna determines, therefore, to make her own way to it. Half in sportiveness, half in vexation, she discommodes Lizzy and all others near her as much as possible, by nearly crowding them from their seats, upsetting one tumbler, and dropping fragments of bread, in passing, into another.

Anna loves commotion. Through the whole meal, while clatter-clatter go her knife and fork, chatter-chatter goes her tongue. She laughs loud and long at Harriet's story of the defeat she put upon her overseer that morning, and then relates a similar conquest of her own. She scolds about that selfish creature who works at her side in the mill, interlarding all she says with cries of "Pass the water; the pure, cold water! What, pudding gone while I have been screaming for bread, and eating meat? too bad, I *do* declare! Here, Liz! you have turned your plate into a pudding-dish, it seems. Here is my plate; fill it; you'll never miss it; there, see, girls! go to Liz, if you are looking after pudding, any of you. What, done, Harry? and you too, Mary? You must have some steam process; here, pass the white bread, Sue. Bah! no more fit to eat; fumbled and tumbled, half baked in the first of it; our hogs at home would 'nt eat it, I tell you! We had a hog when I was at home last fall—or, we had three hogs, and as many pigs, for that matter—but one of the hogs—butter, Joe!—it would do you good to see him eat. When he tried to take a walk, he could only sit still and grunt. He sat and eat, and grunted a real contented grunt every time he swallowed; and then mother was—more water, Sue!—mother was worried because she could 'nt cram dough into the fellow, as she did into the turkey she was fattening for Thanksgiving. Done, Sukey? Just wait one minute; let me swallow this. There, now I will go with you. O, dear! I've eat so much I can hardly go; and this is the way I—out of the way, Joe!—this is the way I do forever, when we have steak and pudding. 'Out o' the way old Dan Tucker.' Where on earth is my bonnet? I threw it down in a corner somewhere. Did you ever?—Mrs. Wood, who keeps No. 19, wont have a boarder who don't hang bonnet and shawl on her own peg in the entry. Where?—and she's just so particular in everything; and her boarders are like her, in pink dresses, hair ribbons, lace tuckers. See! I'd like to horrify them all with these long steps. Come, Sue; I've found my bonnet. If I live! ha, ha, ha! I'm going so, with my bonnet back part before, by Mrs. Wood's. 'Out o' the way old Dan Tucker!'"

Out of the hall into the street the girl goes, singing "Dan Tucker;" and this stroke finishes her picture. A most revolting one it is, truly; and its original is even more so.

There are darker scenes than this; when coarse ribaldry, unfeeling jests, and harsh invectives are bandied about, in utter disregard of the burning cheek, tearful eye, trembling lip, and oppressed breathing of their victim; even gratified by these tokens of the successful workings of the poison they are infusing into the life around them. Said a good and interesting Irish girl to me, not long since, "I could 'nt stay in the boarding-house. The girls all called me 'paddy,' and made me cry nights, and wish I was in heaven then; so I went up on the street to board along with some people that came from Ireland."

"Is it a good place?" I asked. "Do you live well?"

"No, no," she answered hesitatingly. "No, we don't live near

as well ; and the man gets drunk, and — and — but then, ma'am, there's no one there to call me 'paddy,' and make me feel bad in the night: I would rather be there, ma'am, I would rather be there." I have heard other instances of unkindness similar to this ; and I confess I am too indignant to make a single comment on such cruel conduct. I can bear it better that our own girls be harshly treated ; for when trouble of this kind comes to them, it is not often the "drop too much in an already full cup." But it is a mournful thing to make *any* human heart suffer ; for who is there, what young factory girl is there, be she Irish or American, who will not suffer enough in this life, if her associates do all in their power to make her happy ? I think this subject is not well considered ; and that, from want of consideration, rather than from deliberate malice, come the harshness and want of courtesy so often found in the lower order of factory boarding-houses. For your own sakes, my sisters, and for the sake of those who are journeying a little of life's way at your side, let there be no more of this from this hour. There are thorns in this way, that human hand hath not planted, that human arm cannot remove,—death, poverty, and disease. These you must bear, and assist others in bearing, as well as you may ; but let there be none of unkindness in any of its forms ; none of neglect at table, or elsewhere. See often to those who sit on the opposite side of the table, and pass those dishes that are beyond their reach. If you call for anything, let it be with gentle words and a gentle manner, always prefaced with an "I will thank you for," or "Please help me to." If you accept a dish offered you, do it with a pleasant "I thank you ;" or "I am obliged to you," and a slight bow, or at least with a bow and smile. If you decline, do not do it by a solemn shake of the head merely, or merely a "No ;" but "No, I thank you," or any polite form of refusal you please to adopt.

Again I say, these are not trifles I am asking. Miss Sedgwick says truth : "A respect for your fellow-beings, a reverence for them as God's creatures and your brethren, will inspire that delicate regard to their rights and feelings, of which *good manners* is the sign. These little chance courtesies are smiles on the face of manners, and smiles are like sunshine ; we can scarcely have too much of either." If our mill girls were indeed the *canaille* of the land, if they were born and bred in huts, and if all their days were to be spent in them, and in the mills, acting no part in life but spinning, weaving, eating, and sleeping, it were then of little consequence, comparatively, how they eat, if they might only be sure and eat enough, and in little space. But we all know that this is not their condition or their destiny. With but few exceptions, they go to the mills from well-regulated tables of respectable homes. In a few years, perhaps months, they go out thence to a supervision of tables of their own, which are to be made places of comfort and improvement to their husbands, their sons, and their daughters ; or the reverse ; according, in a great measure, as they shall be well or ill qualified for the discharge of their duties. To be able to discharge these well, requires all the preparation one can derive from fixed habits of courtesy and kindness.

CHAPTER VIII.

Treatment of Overseers.

Your overseer is the better judge of what he can, and what he cannot, do in the way of repairing your disordered machinery, giving you the looms or frames you desire, allowing you to go when you wish to, and furnishing you with good work, and "a spare hand," if you need help. It is your part respectfully to state your wishes in these and all matters; and there are few overseers in our New England factories who will not gladly comply with your reasonable demands, when it is in their power, unless you have forfeited your just title to their favor and respect, by ill humor, want of faithfulness, or some fault which deserves the punishment of ungratified wishes.

Accept any favor your overseer may grant you, in the gratefulness due to all kindness, from what source soever it may come to us. If he is *cross* occasionally, as it is to be feared overseers *sometimes* are; if he does slam your machinery and his tools, every moment frowning deeper and deeper; if he even lose sight of his dignity so far as causelessly to wound you with harsh words, yet let your feeling and your manner be regulated, through it all, by the respect due to him as your overseer, and by the delicate forbearance we frail mortals owe to human nature, even when we see it in error. Cry, if you are so grieved that you must; but do not for one moment forget what you owe to yourself and to others, so far as to pout, or slam, or scold in return.

G O O D - N I G H T .

Good-night, pen and ink and paper,
Solitude and thought, good-night;
Good-night, thou, my shining taper,—
To-morrow eve be thou as bright.

Good-night, *basket-full* of letters,—
Gems from friendship's richest mine;
Good-night, heaps of scattered fragments,—
One day you shall *burn* and shine.

Good-night, books and weekly newsprints,
Rest for weariness are ye;
"Cabinets," "Offerings," "Magazines," "Journals,"
Good-night; smile again on me.

Good-night, calm and quiet dwelling,
Shelter from the damp night air;
Thou from many a storm hast shielded,—
Good-night, tiresome toil and care.

Good-night, shrill-toned little chirpers,—
Blithe and merry is your song;
Good-night, caty-dids and locusts,
Frogs, and all the happy throng.

Good-night ye, my little dreamers,
On your couches in repose;
Good-night "cap," and all who love you;
Good-night, friends,—I know no foes.

FANNIE.

SKETCHES OF A MIDSUMMER EXCURSION SEVEN HUNDRED
MILES IN THE SOUTHWEST.

BY AN EQUESTRIAN.

Utahchina.

Gentle reader, pardon this long digression, but pray don't pass over it. Our *stranger* alighted with us at a spring, farther on, glad to learn its locality, for future use, and partook slightly of our *dinner*, in token of sociability. As we reposed under the grateful shadow of a venerable tree, he alluded to the morning's ride; said he waited some time for us, then rode slowly, and, thinking we must have deferred our ride till another day, was preparing to start in haste and go to an inn a few miles beyond ours, the same day. This he seemed very happy to have avoided, as it would have exposed him to the probability of performing the whole route alone, and mentioned the difficulty he had in lighting his cigar, as the fortunate circumstance that detained him till we came up. Hereupon W—— took occasion to repeat to him some remarks of ours upon the use of cigars and their kindred. "I am glad I have heard that; I might have smoked," rejoined he, quickly; and on the evening of the next day, he assured us that he had not smoked in the mean time. The declaration, being voluntary on his part, opened the door for a little pleasant discussion on the merits of the question. We of course thanked him for his politeness to us; and regretted that he had no higher motive to lead him to abandon entirely, what we thought, at best, but a *questionable pleasure*. He plead the merits of his favorite so eloquently, that we rebelled against that arbitrary law of public sentiment which prohibits ladies from participating in such luxuries, and marvelled that the gallantry of the other sex had not long since insisted that their fair friends should share their choicest sweets. He looked blank for a moment, then replied that such pleasures were *too gross* for ladies, and that he would deeply regret to see either of his sisters following his own example, as much satisfaction as himself had found in the practice. There was much gentleness in his manner, and I almost feared that I had offended one who had manifested so much respect to our preferences. Next evening, when he gave me his hand to say "good-by," I said, by way of apology, "You will think of me when you smoke." "With pleasure I shall," was the conciliatory reply; and thus ended our acquaintance. How different, upon the happiness of each member of that little company, was the influence of the mutual sociability of that three days' intercourse, from the effect of a rigid reserve, which would make society worse than banishment. Spare me from the lot of those doomed to the presence of philosophers of that school. When, thrown into a promiscuous company of strangers, I observe the effects of these contrasts of character, not only on my own feelings, but upon the welfare of those about me, I am astonished that we all hold in so light estimation the power we have of doing good or evil, by our almost involuntary actions, and that we forget so readily our respon-

sibility as stewards of Him, who, among thousands of inestimable gifts, has commanded us to set a high value on the influence we *ought* to possess as social beings. Why do we not avail ourselves of *all we might become*, by constantly seeking improvement in *manners* as well as *mind*, in *habits* as well as *heart*, to enhance our usefulness as members of the great social compact, as fellow-sojourners to the same eternity?

We reached Spencer Academy on Friday evening, having been absent some days longer than we anticipated; which delay these friends had not failed to interpret into a fulfilment of their fears. They gave us much joy, however, on our improved appearance; and though we were several shades *browner* than before, every one acknowledged that our ride had proved beneficial to health. They had taken tea; but a repast was soon provided, which proved social and intellectual, as well as — appetitish — I did 'nt coin that word. Half a dozen of the family accompanied us to the table, and while we did ample justice to its load of delicacies, for such they were to us at that time, our description of the scenes we had passed through seemed relished with an equal zest. For one, a slight fever had attended me through the day, destroying my appetite, making me continually thirsty, and reducing my strength, so that, to ride over forty miles of very rough, rocky, mountainous road, Seven Brothers and all, upon a saddle hoisted up to a pitch that kept it constantly rolling from side to side, giving me a perpetual sensation of sliding off, and in fact requiring constant effort to prevent it; was not this enough to make me petulant, in the hot sun? And was 'nt I excusable for being childish and disagreeable? Let those who say no, be subjected to the same ordeal. But I was not sick to an extent to require other medicine than the cool, evening air, and the rest and hospitality which was now our bountiful portion. By way of preparing all for the result, I had prefaced my supper with the remark that I intended now to atone for the loss of appetite of three days; and that social meal was an antidote for all my ailments. A very agreeable gentleman, who had no eating to do, seated himself by my side, and for the time being there was a mutual monopoly between us. A lady stole into the room, and, coming up behind me, threw her arms around my neck, gave the kiss of welcome, and, greeting each affectionately, joined W——'s group on the other side of the table. In two or three detached parties, we kept up what a spectator would call a chattering, but perfectly intelligible to ourselves, though when we had occasion to refer to each other across the table, it was sometimes difficult to gain the attention of the person addressed. After we had been a long time at table, W—— lifted his eyes, and with a look all his own, begged me *not to eat fast*. I assured him he need not fear being left to eat alone, and we each resumed our "table-talk."

Next morning N—— chose to proceed homeward, having company at her disposal. A new and improved seraphine, and the entreaties of friends, were attractions too strong for W—— to resist; and the sound of music, the same entreaties, and my own preference

for visiting and resting prevailed with me over all homeward attractions. We passed the Sabbath here very pleasantly. On Monday we dined at Pine Ridge, and devoted the afternoon to calls in Doaksville and vicinity. The news of our arrival, and some of the above adventures, had preceded us. A message having been left for me in D., I called into a shop and was introduced to a valuable gift, the prettiest of the kind I have ever seen; it reflects much credit on the good taste as well as generosity of the donor. I was now within a day and a half of home, which desired haven I soon reached, amid the congratulations of friends, and with the deep conviction that our heavenly Protector had renewed claims upon our fervent gratitude.

Thus ended our wearisome, but health-inspiring journey; and thus endeth my tedious narrative. For its immoderate length I have but two apologies to offer; the first is, these Sketches were written for friends, who will take an interest in the minute details, because they are a page in the life of one to whose happiness they have generously contributed, and dictated by a heart that knows how to appreciate their love, and penned by a hand that would gladly, if it might, minister to their bliss. Secondly, and finally, the Editress of the Offering asked for sketches of Western life, scenes, and manners; and these seemed to offer more variety than I had at command in any other form. I had no idea of their length till transcribed, and she is authorized to use the scissors.

T O E L S I E.

Back to my heart sweet memories come,
O, cousin dear, of my childhood's home;
As thy fancied form oft, oft appears,
Companion loved, of my earlier years.
Once more the glad rivulet's gentle flow
In my ear is murmuring soft and low;
Again do my footsteps wildly tread
The magic soil of its pebbly bed.

Each hill, and glen, and flowery wild
Once more I traverse, as when a child;
And thy silvery voice is ringing clear,
As in days of yore,—O, 't is joy to hear.
And thy parents' home; it weareth a charm
No pillared palace can e'er disarm;
For springs of love would around me coil,
When resting there from a school-girl's toil.

One treasured spot, to my heart it seems
Oasis-like in my childhood's dreams,
That dear old cot! — O, parents, ye come
Like gleams of light round that sunny home.
The spoiler! — O, rudely his arrow hath sped,
And the light of that cottage forever has fled.
Let me turn from the dream of my childhood, to weep
O'er the dust of my mother, sweet vigils to keep.

Hinchley, O.

SARAH.

ROXY AND DORCAS: OR, ALL FAITH AND NO FAITH.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "ABBY'S YEAR IN LOWELL."

CHAPTER XI.

A malignant and very fatal fever was raging among the citizens and operatives. Even that proportion of the latter who generally remain through the hot season, was much diminished from this cause. Cautious, reflective girls weighed the value of life and health against extra work, and double wages, then gave their notice, and packed their trunks for their country homes. Young and unreflective girls received letters filled with commands and entreaties to return to their anxious mothers; and those who had no homes, no parents, no really interested friends, often yielded to the instinctive fear of death, and fled from the pestilence. Difficult as it was to find help for the mills, and though permission to go out to attend upon the sick was always readily granted, the want of nurses was most fearfully felt.

Dorcas had been one of the first to go home. Roxy would have accompanied her, but that she was wanted to take care of a sick girl. Dorcas urged her friend to flee with her, but to no purpose. She prophesied sickness and death, but with no effect.

"I do not think I shall catch the fever," said the hopeful Roxy. "I am not subject to fevers. I never had a fit of sickness in my life. At all events I am well now, and my services are needed by the sick. It is my duty and my pleasure to stay." Dorcas argued upon the duty to self involved in the first law of nature; at the same time expressing her own desire to do what she could, consistently with a proper regard to her health and welfare. "And what then *can* you do for us?" asked Roxy. "I can pray for you all!" rejoined Dorcas. "But," said her friend, "the Bible says '*Watch*' before it says '*Pray*.'"^{*}

Dorcas went, leaving good wishes and advice behind her, and Roxy stayed to nurse the sick and watch the dying. Her strength, patience, sweetness, and self-forgetfulness, seemed to know no limits. As soon as the angel of Death, or that of returning health, had removed one from the necessity of her care, another demanded it. It was in vain that she received admonitions from those who were sure that she must be going beyond the powers of her nature. She seemed not to feel fatigue nor fear. "I will not work," said she at length to Mrs. Smart, "but I will go and sit with the sick, that those who fear the fever may keep themselves away."

Perhaps even her sympathizing, helpful nature would not have carried her so far, but that it received a stimulus from the remembrance of a former misunderstanding with regard to herself, at the time of the reduction of wages. It was not from a desire to indulge in that laudable revenge expressed as "heaping coals of fire upon the head," so much as to assert the truthfulness and kindness of her own heart,

^{*} This reply was really given upon a similar occasion, by a Lowell female

and to disabuse them of an error, that impelled her, in preference, to go and peril her life for the sake of those who had abused and maligned her. And she was rewarded. Smiles of welcome, and tears of gratitude, met her wherever she turned her steps. There were those who acknowledged themselves indebted to her for life, and those who left with her the blessings of the dying. They understood her now. She did redeem her character, even from suspicion. The past was forgotten, or remembered only as the mistake of a too kindly nature.

But those who prophesied the penalty of disregarded nature, were right. Roxy at length sunk beneath the burden of sleeplessness and fatigue, and was laid herself upon a bed of sickness; and she who had so remembered others in the day of her strength, was not forgotten now. Sophy, whom she had watched through a fever, was her constant attendant; and there was no want of assistants nor watchers.

CHAPTER XII.

It was a beautiful evening, and the light of the setting sun streamed cheerfully into the large, airy, front chamber, as they gathered around the death-bed of Roxy. Those who loved her best were there; her room-mates, her overseer, the kind woman who had been her mother in her factory home, for so many years, and others also; for she had sent for the mistress of the family, where had been the home of her earlier years, as soon as the physician told her there was no hope. The good woman had left all, though in the busiest season; and though it was a strange thing for her to leave her home, she had left all to go to Roxy. There was not one in the family but would have gone also, had it been necessary or desirable. Patrick did go,—at least he gallanted his mistress to the stage-coach, with the politeness of a courtier; helped the driver strap her trunk on tightly; and then, yielding to the impetuous feeling of the moment, jumped on the seat with him, and declared he would go too; forgetful that he was minus jacket, shoes, and purse; and that he bore with him a surplus quantity of mud and smut, upon the garments that were not minus. But he thought better of it ere he reached the first stopping-place, and took himself off to retrace his way on foot; though not until he had bade his mistress a most affectionate farewell, and charged her to *tell the little girl how he went to see her*.

Dorcas went also, the next alternate day. Those who were ready to repay her, in kind, for some gratuitous ill nature, said that she hoped to inherit the little that Roxy was worth; and now that the fever was abating, and her constitution was invigorated by rest and country life, she could return. They did not give her credit for the affection she really bore to her friend; and those were assured of it who saw her when she bent in anguish over the companion of so many toil-spent years.

There was another also, who did not intrude into the chamber of death, but who paced with rapid steps the entry below, to learn the intelligence which Sophy bore him every time he called. It was that cousin of her's who, though now a husband and father, could not forget that he had mingled the bitterest cup of which the gentle

girl had ever drank. He heard a light step upon the stairs, and looked up. "Is she" ——? he could not finish the question. "No," replied Sophy; "but I told her you were here, and she has slipped this from her wasted hand." It was a ring that he had once given her, with the motto so common to these tokens, "Let love abide forever." It was the only thing she had not previously disposed of. Her silver pencil, marked with her name, was assigned to Patrick. No one had been forgotten, and none had now forgotten her. In the room where she had worked, the second and third overseers tended work for several girls, that they might be with the dying; and all were waiting with grief to learn the sad news that all was over.

She was cheerful still; the faith which had supported her in life, failed not in the hour of death. Once Dorcas brought to her a Bible, with some texts marked for her consideration in this eleventh hour. But she gently placed the book under her pillow, with a look that said, "I have already all that is to be gained from this." And there was no more said; for even Dorcas felt, what so many feel, that, with Him who knoweth the heart, that which has been the religion of the life must be the religion of its close; and that to Him must be resigned the soul, with all its frailties, and all its claims upon his mercy.

"Dorcas," whispered the dying girl; and her friend bent over her. "Love everybody," she feebly continued, and could say no more. They saw the change which was passing over her; the quiver of the limbs, and *that look* of the eye. Her lips moved, and they bent low to hear what she said. But one word could be distinguished; it was *Father*. Who was there watching by that bed could know whether there came to her those visions of childhood's life which sometimes come to the dying; the presence of a parent, who had loved and cherished, before his death consigned her to the charity of strangers; or whether she addressed herself to Him who to her had only appeared in his relation as parent, as the Father of all his weak and erring children? but, with that smile of sweet satisfaction with which a wearied child might lay its head at length upon the bosom of a long-awaited parent, she breathed her last.

We have now concluded the longest story we have as yet published in our magazine. Two characters, who may stand as representatives of two almost distinct classes of females, have been carried through the different phases of life which usually "*try women's souls*." With this aim in view, we do not think they have been too highly colored. Of each chapter some different development has been the object; and thus we hope the dislike to broken fragments of stories, in a periodical, have been obviated. It is hoped that the different portions, published at different times, have been so independent of each other as to have had an interest in the estimation of the transient reader.

Pawtucket Falls.

LINES TO MISS RUTH AMIDOWN.

Lonely maiden, child of sorrow,
Traveller on life's weary way;
Is there aught for thee to borrow,
But a sad and cheerless ray?

Where are friends, that in thy dwelling
Once did cheer thy heart, and bless;
Calm thy soul when grief was swelling,
Lonely and companionless?

Gone, all gone; their seats are vacant,
Some are resting 'neath the sod;
While thy spirit, firm in duty,
Meekly bore the Chast'ner's rod.

Thou hast mourned the loss of brothers,
Sealed a sister's dying kiss;
Thou hast smoothed their onward passage
To a brighter world than this.

Many months of anxious watching
Spent thou by thy mother's bed;
Till in peace thou calmly laid her
In the mansion of the dead.

Thou hast watched an aged father,
With a singleness of heart,
Patiently performed thy duty;
Thou hast acted well thy part.

Now thou dwell'st bereaved and lonely;
In the grave thy sire is sleeping;
Morn and night will find thee only
In that home, sad vigils keeping.

Tell me, maiden, now so lonely,
What can cheer thy heart, and bless;
Calm thy soul when grief is swelling,
Mourning thus companionless?

"Ah!" methinks I hear thee saying,
"Though alone and bent with age,
I have won the glorious promise
Of the Christian heritage.

"This can light my lowly cottage,
Cheer the humblest child of earth;
Shed a ray of peace and gladness
Where stern Death has made such dearth."

Peace to thee, thou Christian mourner,
Strong in faith, in hope, and love;
May good angels guide thy spirit
Safely to the realms above.

AUNT DEBORAH AND HER PROTEGE.

She rose, and after closing the door to exclude the rays of the lamp, reseated herself near the window, where the moonbeams entered and diffused a cold, though gentle light about the room; and bidding Viola take a seat by her side, she took both her hands within her own, and meeting her look of trusting confidence, said, "We will sit here in the moonlight, as you were sitting alone; for I love to recall the scenes which are past, on such a night as this. They come back saddened, to be sure; but it is a sweet sadness, which softens the awakened grief and regret we feel in contemplating them.

"When your mother knew that she must die, her greatest grief seemed to consist in leaving you. She feared that the affectionate nature of your disposition, and the peculiar sensitiveness of your mind, would unfit you for the trials you might be exposed to, when deprived of a mother. Your father, she well knew, would not allow you to suffer for anything you might need: he would carefully supply your bodily wants; but affection, such as you required to render you happy, he could never bestow. It was not in his nature. He loved you and cared for you; but he would not lavish that tenderness upon you which she had ever done; and, had he regarded you with the utmost fondness, a father could never supply the place of a mother, to a child.

"In her anxiety, she entreated me to counsel her; and implored me, if it should be in my power, to take you under my own care, and direct your education till you arrived at womanhood. I promised to do this; and how have I as yet fulfilled my trust? I fear you have suffered even more, in these few short years, than she ever dreaded for you, poor child!

"I was obliged to leave her before she died, to go to England; but I intended to return within a year, and then, I assured her, I would take the charge of you; your father having already given his consent.

"But Fate forbade it; and among other great afflictions which I have been called upon to suffer since then, the consideration of my unfulfilled promise has not been the least. I married soon after I arrived there, and my husband being ill at the time fixed for our departure, I was detained, and I little thought that illness would finally terminate in death. But it was even so. After four long years of pain and suffering, endured in the most patient manner, he died; and I, lonely, wretched, returned to learn what had become of my charge."

Here Aunt Deborah paused, overcome by the sad thoughts she had called up; and Viola, who had continued silently weeping by her side throughout the narration, now sobbed with heartfelt sympathy.

And there they sat; the aged woman and the young girl; and the cold moonbeams entering the frost-covered window, fell alike upon the wrinkled, time-worn features of the one, and the smooth, though grief-marked face of the other; and who knows that the amount of misery which had blighted the short life of the younger was not equally as great to her, as the accumulated griefs and trials of three-

score years to her, who, in proportion to every new affliction, received increased strength to endure it?

Aunt Deborah thought it might be so, as she listened in turn to the recital of the child, whose wrongs had rendered her young life almost a burden. She consoled her with cheering prospects of the future, which she represented would be bright in proportion as the past had been dark; promising she should return and live with her, as soon as arrangements could be made with her father.

It was near midnight, when Viola, having fallen asleep on the bosom of her friend, was placed by her in the same bed which was prepared for herself; and so bewildered was she when she awoke in the morning, to find those protecting arms about her, that she scarcely noticed the cheering rays of the sun, which had already dispelled the frost from the window and effected an entrance; nor the portentous presence of her step-mother, who stood beside the bed, looking in silent wonder and perplexity on its occupants.

"I do not understand this," said Mrs. Hammond, as the slowly unclosing eyes of Aunt Deborah met her look of displeasure. "It is much past Viola's hour for rising; and I have twice sent up to her room; but the maid could find her nowhere; and now," said she, rudely raising the shrinking girl, "in consequence of your indolence this morning, you will not go out to-day."

Viola's face blushed crimson, as in silent fear and dread she instantly rose and commenced dressing; while her stately step-mother, pausing to take breath, looked at her guest, who had remained silently gazing upon her, and said, "I hardly expected a visitor would interfere so far in my family arrangements; I hope this will not again be repeated."

But she who was addressed, said not one word in reply, nor were her eyes for one moment taken from the face of the speaker, who, after waiting in vain for an answer, ordered Viola to hasten her preparations; and then, without stopping for their completion, drew her from the room.

"And so this is to be my treatment, is it?" said Aunt Deborah, a short time after they had left her, as she stood before the mirror, and, womanlike, arranged the folds of her muslin handkerchief over her bosom for the third time. But her face looked wondrously cheerful, and many a smile flitted over it, as she went on talking to herself.

"This is to be my treatment! I declare it makes me feel quite *juvenile*, to be scolded at in this manner, before I'm up in the morning; it recalls to mind the correcting rods, and frowns, and all their pleasant accompaniments, which I was acquainted with fifty years ago. They say that the aged become like children, *young* again; but I certainly never realized it before. I wonder if the *rich* aunt would have been addressed in this strain? probably not; the tone would have been different." And having satisfactorily adjusted the snowy texture about her neck, she proceeded to place her cap.

"I wonder if *she* was to have occupied this chamber?" continued she, glancing up at the row of old bonnets, of antiquated style and construction, which stared her in the face from every protruding nail

in the ceiling ; and then down upon the stray boots and shoes, which seemed at home *anywhere* on the floor. But just as she was polishing her spectacles preparatory to putting them on, and so completing the last office of the toilet, the maid looked in and said the family had breakfasted, and she wanted to know how much longer *hers* must be kept waiting. "No longer," was the reply. "I thought I should be called when it was ready, and have not hurried ;" and, following her officious leader, she descended to the breakfast-room and took her seat alone at the table.

HELEN.

L I F E ' S D R E A M S .

BY J. L. BAKER.

Last night I dreamed that I stood
 In the home of my early youth,
 And the past came back again
 With each joyous dream of untried truth ;
 And I, a guiltless child as of yore,
 Sported with birds and flowers once more.

I dreamed with a prophet's eye,
 I scanned each rapid-coming year,
 And read the pages of my life
 Without one starting pulse of fear ;
 For every leaf wore a rosy hue,
 And life from hope its coloring drew.

Then the future seemed all bright ;
 The glad young earth was clad in green ;
 And my spirit sought to stand
 Where no clouds could steal between
 The earthly life that struggles high
 And the inner life that cannot die.

O, I dreamed that I might stand
 Beside the great, the good, the meek,
 And from wisdom's gushing fount
 The spirit's quenchless thirst might slake ;
 Might drink till my life became as bright
 As yon pure star on the brow of night.

And still I keep dreaming on :
 O, God ! must I at last awake
 To see these visions, one by one,
 In dark'ning shadows round me break ?
 Must all these blessed dreams of youth
 Die, and leave no trace of truth ?

And shall I still plod along
 And never, never strive to rise ?
 Ne'er spread the spirit's snow-white wings
 For realms of thought beyond the skies ?
 Ne'er strive to live as best I may
 In life's uncertain sultry day ?

Manchester, N. H.

MELVINA HOWARD.

CHAPTER III.

"It is sad

To see the light of beauty wane away,
 Know eyes are dimming, bosoms shriveling, feet
 Losing their spring, and limbs their lily roundness;
 But it is worse to feel our heart-spring gone;
 To lose hope, care not for the coming thing,
 And feel all things go to decay within us,
 As 't were our life's eleventh month." — *Faust*.

"Good-morning, Montague," said Samuel Bond, more generally known as Sam Bond, as he entered the office of the young lawyer.

"Good-morning," responded Montague. "So you think of turning *Benedict*, Sam."

"No, can't say I do," replied Sam; "only a little flirtation, you understand, eh?"

"Yes, yes, the same old story; but have a care, Sam; the measure ye mete to others may be returned to your own bosom, pressed down, shaken together, and running over."

"Poh! Montague, how gloomy you are! 'Pon my word, I think you have been taking lessons of Howard. By the way, that makes me think; have you heard the news?"

"No, unless you allude to Arthur Gray's engagement with Helen Dumont."

"Precisely the same, my dear fellow. Now would you have thought it?"

"Certainly; she is the one of all others for him; young, accomplished, very beautiful, and an heiress, too, which is the best recommendation in the eyes of his father."

"Then you think him instrumental in bringing about the match?"

"I do; depend upon it, Gray would never have pursued the heartless, ungentlemanly conduct he has toward Miss Howard, without being very strongly influenced by some one; and, unless I am mistaken in the character of Helen Dumont, he will have cause for bitter repentance."

"Perhaps he will; but I see how it is, Montague; you have got most a *desperate* fit of *blues*; and, to avoid contagion, I'll be off. Good-morning."

"Good-morning," returned Montague, taking up the volume he had laid aside, as Sam Bond entered the office. We will leave him buried in its pages, and follow Melvina once more to her home.

Spring, with its buds, had given place to summer and her flowers; and summer in turn, to autumn, with her store of golden fruit; and then came old winter, stern and hoary, with sullen storms, chilling winds, and wreaths of snow; but Arthur Gray came not; neither came there tidings of him, only as Mary wrote; and she wrote, too, of her own happiness, of her approaching marriage with Alfred Montague; "and you, my dear cousin, must be present. Indeed," she said, "my happiness will not be complete without you; you must come." Mary, with mistaken kindness, had withheld the truth from

Melvina ; and she, with woman's faith, still trusted, still hoped, till, glancing over the columns of a paper one day, her eye rested on the following : " In this city, by Rev. Doctor ———, Arthur Gray, Esq., to Miss Helen, daughter of Colonel Dumont, all of this city." She did not faint ; but starting up, she clasped her hands tightly over her brow and rushed from the house. It was late in December, and the cold, white snow covered the frozen ground. The trees were covered with a mail of ice, and glittered like crystal in the morning sunlight ; yet the snow and the ice were not colder than the heart of Melvina, as she rushed along the path that led to Glen Ora. The glen was very beautiful in summer, with its towering hills on the east and west, but bleak, dreary, and desolate in winter. Melvina heeded not its desolation ; it could not be more desolate than her heart ; and the winter that swept over its bosom could not be more terrible than the winter of her soul. She sunk on the prostrate trunk of a tree ; dreadful phantoms flitted before her ; strange sounds were in the air, and all was fearful confusion around her, till consciousness departed. In this state she was found, and borne back to Howard Cottage. Days, and long, weary weeks passed by, and reason returned not ; she lay there, a blighted flower, withering away in the early spring-time of youth, and hovering between life and death. O, how the hearts of the stricken parents yearned for their beautiful one ! Gladly, most gladly, would they have sacrificed everything, even life itself, to have removed the crushing weight from off her heart. But it might not be ; and sadly, through long days and longer nights, they watched over their darling child. Edward Howard, too, was there ; and the paleness that rested on his manly cheek, told how deeply he suffered. One day, as he sat beside her, with her pale hand clasped in his, she murmured his name. Then, the first time for weeks, she slept ; and the faithful family physician pronounced the crisis past. Her parents, worn out with constant watching, had been persuaded to seek repose ; and Edward, as he sat alone beside that gentle girl, could not restrain the emotions that filled his soul ; unmanly though it might be, a tear dimmed his eye, and rested for a moment on his cheek. The brotherly love he had cherished for her, when a child, had grown with his growth, and strengthened with his strength, and in manhood, came to be something stronger and deeper than a brother's love. Then deem it not weakness, if, for just one moment, he wept over the blight that had fallen on the young girl before him. The hand he held, trembled in his ; and a half-drawn sigh, like what one hears when consciousness dispels some nightmare-dream, broke from the lips of Melvina, and, languidly opening her eyes, again she murmured his name. Reason had returned ; but long, very long, was it before she left her room ; and then, trembling, she clung to her parents, or Edward, for support. Edward knew Melvina well, and knew that with returning strength she would strive to be herself again ; and bright were his golden dreams of the coming years, when he hoped, with Melvina by his side, to go forth and win souls to the Saviour. One day as they sat together, she spoke of the past. " It seems like a dream," she said ; " and, like a dreamer, I am resolved

to forget it. For a few moments of thrilling bliss, I have paid long, dreary hours of terrible agony. O, Edward, when I first knew that all my fondest hopes were blighted,

'A faintness came chill over over me, and my sinking frame,
Amid the ruins of that hour,
Lay, like a pale and scorched flower,
Beneath the red volcano's shower.'

Yet still there is much to live for; father, mother, you, my dear cousin, and all my friends; and then the suffering poor. O, yes, there is indeed much to live for, and I will still live, still be happy."

And playful she turned, that he might see
The passing smile her cheek put on;
But when she marked how mournfully
His eyes met hers, that smile was gone.

And rising, that he might not see the change, she added, "I will begin even now, lest my good resolutions fail. If it please you, we will walk over to Mrs. Clayton's; she is very ill this morning, and Clara is her only attendant."

J. L. B.

Hooksett, N. H.

TO A FRIEND.

When morning sheds her rosy light
O'er valley, hill, and sea,
When wakes all nature glad and bright,
May I remembered be?

When tired nature sinks to rest,
And day recedes from sight,
Then, with a soothing power, steals on
The lovely evening light.

The twilight hour, I love it well;
Then calm reflection reigns;
And memory, with her magic spell,
Reverts to by-gone scenes.

Then, while you gaze on yon bright star,
As it looks down on thee
From its own peaceful home afar,
Bestow one thought on me.

Sweet star of eve, I love thy rays,
So radiant, bright, and pure;
So, like that star, to endless days
May our fond trust endure.

If, in the stillness of that hour,
Petitions rise from thee,
Then, if you pray for absent friends,
Breathe one short prayer for me.

Hopkinton, R. I.

CLARISSA.

EDITOR'S TABLE.

It is now one year since we commenced the publication of the new series of the New England Offering. We entered upon the enterprise not *knowing* whether we should receive the slightest assistance, or patronage; yet trusting for a welcome to the kindness of that community which had previously met us with favor. In that we have not been disappointed. We anticipated, also, calumny, opposition, and efforts to injure ourself and our work. In this, also, we have not been disappointed. But we have pressed on, overcoming one obstacle after another, until now, when we should hardly know where to turn to meet an open foe. We have never before alluded to assailants in these pages. We have been determined they should be kept free from altercation of every sort. Foreigners think our periodical literature distinguished for its *quarrelsomeness*. In a magazine written wholly by females, most of them young in years and novices in the literary world, they ought to find at least one publication not obnoxious to this censure. We may be called "milk-and-water," "tools of aristocrats," "cowards," "dupes," and other appellations of the sort, but we shall never be moved by them to retort in kind.

However, with a few exceptions, we have much cause for gratitude towards the editorial fraternity, and here tender our grateful acknowledgments for the pleasant courtesies which we would so gladly reciprocate. No word of kindness has met us unappreciated, nor failed of its power to cheer and encourage us in our task; and these will all be remembered by us long after the machinations and misrepresentations of our opponents have been entirely forgotten.

A copy of the Cincinnati Daily Sunbeam has been sent us by some unknown friend, calling our attention to the following notice:—

"'The Lowell agent of the most celebrated piano-forte manufacturer in Boston, states that he has sold no less than eight pianos, during the past six months, to girls now actually employed in the factories in that city. The prices ranged from \$250 to \$350.'"

"This paragraph is a perfect insult both to common sense and the working classes; and more, we have no doubt it is a lie; a barefaced, damnable lie. What work-MAN (even in Cincinnati, where wages are perhaps, for a short time, far better than most places,) can afford to give from two to three hundred dollars for a piano? Mr. Allen, while lecturing here, showed that white slavery, of the most galling nature, existed there. Supposing it were even so, that by any chance one of these work girls had got a piano, what services, other than working in the factory, were rendered to the millionaire proprietors?"

The unbelief of the editor seems based upon what he thinks the impossibility of so great an acquirement to a factory girl. We have seen the statement of the agent alluded to, in papers nearer home; but with no thought of discrediting it. We do not know who the individual was, or whether *his* story is fact or fiction; but we believe it to be the former. At least it is quite within the range of possibilities. We have been personally acquainted with several

of those factory girls who have purchased pianos, and can give their names if it is doubted. They have been among our contributors. There are doubtless very many more, of whom we have never heard, for our acquaintance with the musical sisterhood is very limited; and it is not often that the same individual can work in the mill, practise music, and contribute to a magazine. Yet instances can be given where all this has been done; done by orphan girls, who had not that assistance which some of the young ladies, referred to in the paragraph above, may have received through mothers, who were boarding-house keepers, who could, by giving a daughter her board, and helping her about her necessary sewing, make the affair much less wonderful.

But why doubt so spitefully, when it must be known that possessions much more valuable than a pianoforte, have been acquired in the mill; houses, lands, investments in banks, &c.? There have been many girls here who have averaged their two hundred dollars per annum, besides their board. If they choose to purchase a piano, they have at least a refined and innocent gratification. But perhaps they calculate more wisely. It may be that they intend to become teachers in those States where music is an indispensable accomplishment; or to be music teachers at home. This was the case with our friends.

Is an insult implied by the last sentence of the quotation? We have heard of one operative who averaged seven dollars per week, besides board, for the year before the last reduction of wages: we have ourself received more than a dollar per day for work in the Merrimack mills of this city; but no services, other than labor at our looms, were rendered to "the millionaire proprietors." We had cause for gratitude that health and strength was ours; that a good compensation was accorded us; but we never felt prostrated by any consciousness of personal indebtedness to any one.

THE ARTIST'S MARRIED LIFE; being that of ALBERT DURER, by *Leopold Scheffer*. Translated from the German, by *Mrs. J. R. Stodart*. Published, from the London edition, by James Munroe & Co., Boston.

This is an interesting work, whether the author delineates the life and heart of the Albert Durer of history, or that of his own imagination. If the latter, we are in doubt whether to feel most pity, admiration, or contempt for the artist. Any man who will allow himself to be *henpecked*, deserves the fate. We shall take up weapons in behalf of Agnes Durer. Beautiful, spirited, virtuous, high-minded, she is a model of a heroine. The blow given to Pirkheimer, at the wedding dinner, was a noble onslaught; and when she spit the ring, given her by the princess Margaret, into the wine-cup, our heart said, Bravo! She was perfectly right, too, in wishing him to pay his debts abroad, and to own his house at home, and in putting a stop to that incipient flirtation between her artist husband and Clara, the nun. No doubt it was all very Platonic, but then — Agnes was right. "The artist blossoms from one development into another," is a very poetical way of expressing and excusing his inconstancy; and, with all possible respect for "the brethren," we do not doubt but that the whole sex are sufficiently artistic to love the new or unattainable. Babies are artistic. They admire and cry for the moon.

But Agnes wore her husband into the grave! He lived nearly threescore years; longer than artists usually live; longer, probably, than he would have lived unmarried. On the whole, we think Agnes was a very fine woman; and Albert, no doubt, was a very fine — painter.

THE
NEW ENGLAND OFFERING:
A MAGAZINE OF INDUSTRY.

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APRIL, 1849.  
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TO OUR SUBSCRIBERS.

The present number of our magazine commences the second year of the new series of the New England Offering. The past year has been one of struggle against adverse circumstances—the difficulties which beset all business adventurers—the blight resting upon manufacturing interests, and the cloud overshadowing all efforts and enterprises. Though we trust the present season will strongly contrast with the one that has past, it is all uncertain how we may be affected by it. Already has our publisher withdrawn from the work; and we must struggle alone, or the magazine be discontinued. It does not look probable, that two individuals, whatever their exertions may be, can be supported from a little periodical, the average of whose subscriptions, deducting all expenses of collecting, is fifty cents per annum; and at that price to embellish with those attractive engravings, which many of our young people so strongly desire, is impossible. We have found by conversation with our female subscribers, that few of them are aware of the expense attending embellishments; and, even if they were, and we could expend two thousand dollars per annum in mezzotints and colored plates, we would wish that all should feel that they were merely the ornaments, not the work. We trust that is most valuable which they are sure to obtain.

But we will do what we can. We will give reading which shall be inferior, in literary merit, to no other one dollar magazine; and superior in interest to those engaged in female manual employments, and also to those at a distance from us, whose curiosity is excited to know more of laboring woman and her avocations. We will embellish, if warranted in so doing by the continuance of a good proportion of our old subscribers; and, to the best of our ability, we will attend to all the manifold duties of an editor and publisher. Mistakes may occur, but we will try to guard against them. Sins of omission and of commission may be charged against us; but we will endeavor to rectify the one and to avoid a repetition of the other. We make no further appeals, but let our title-page solicit the patronage and sympathy of the community.

H. F.

EPISTOLARY EXTRACTS

FROM FAMILIAR LETTERS.

Nov. 25. "Saturday night brings rest and quietness here, as well as in the land of the Puritans. Surely, if any one should be thankful at its approach, it is the housewife. There is a great deal of truth in the old adage,

'Man's work is from sun to sun ;
But woman's work is never done.'

Certainly the latter line holds good with regard to a Western household. But now the candles are all moulded, the baking done, the dishes washed, and with my little baby-niece asleep in the cradle beside me, I have seated myself to write to you, rejoicing that there is only *necessary* labor to be done until Monday again. The 'poetry of labor' is a very pretty thing to talk about; but I have been thinking, for a week or two past, that the beauty of the thing is in the *theory*, and not so much in the *practice*. No doubt everybody is happier to be employed about something; but how few there are that can do *just what they want to do*. I don't want to be idle *only just when I feel like it*; but when I am keeping school, I think, anything, anything, but this endless harping upon 'A B C,' and 'twice one are two,' and 'a noun is the name of any person, place, or thing.' Then, when I am helping sister about her domestic affairs, I think, O, the misery of having memory, thought, and invention continually tasked over beef, bread-and-butter, coffee, mops, brooms, and soap-suds! These latter are the things that now engross my time and attention; but I don't always enter into the spirit of my employment, for I am in the habit of building air-castles while I am at work. Philosophers call this an unwise and injurious habit; and perhaps you are philosopher enough to reprove me; but I shall defend myself. My air-castles don't hurt me; I neither expect nor hope to realize anything of their beauty; I only think what a dear, delightful, little Palace of Happiness I *might* build, with a few kind friends to help me. I know it cannot be, but I don't fret about it, and I shall not, until I realize more of my *reasonable* wishes than I have ever done yet. There are many good and pleasant things left in this bad world still, and I suppose there is a bright side to every task. I often think that a moral might be drawn even from skimming milk and washing dishes; nay, I even go so far as to try to draw one myself; but I find that the *story* is much more easily remembered than the *moral*, as I used to think of Æsop's Fables, when a child. My creed of labor is this: All useful toil is honorable. Employment should be sought for the purpose of being useful, and enjoyed for the energy, strength, and cheerfulness which it imparts; but none but a drudge can *love* drudgery.

Nov. 28. "I have no very startling news to relate from our little village. Election day passed without any casualties; and I do not know that the quantity of whiskey consumed at the *bar-room* on that

day was greater than usual. I regret to say that we have such a pest here ; but so it is. The words ' Bar-Room,' in great black letters, are posted up on a small house near us,—a blot upon our quiet village, and the only public one that I am aware of. It is not much patronized by the villagers ; its chief support is from a low class of foreigners residing in the country around, and from the swine-drivers who pass through on their way to Alton and St. Louis. They are talking about establishing a division of the Order of the Sons of Temperance here, and it will probably be done.

" A temperance meeting was held not long since, and, with the rest, came a man who had long been known to sell liquor, though not so publicly as now. One of the first things spoken of was concerning taking measures to prevent the sale of ardent spirits among us. Upon this, our dram-seller rose and said that he came to the meeting to discuss the great principles of temperance, in which every man must be interested ; but that he must say he felt himself *personated* ; and he has been highly offended ever since. What his ' great principles of temperance ' are, is unknown, as he did not define his position.

" There is little beauty in prairie scenery in winter, as I have before told you ; and a prairie *town* is not uncommonly picturesque, at any time. The locust-trees have all lost their foliage, and, now that Nature has refused her aid in veiling the imperfections of our habitations, we have to acknowledge that unpainted houses and rail-fences are not *very* pretty things. Yet we have some tasty little dwellings, which do not suffer by contrast with the great square *hotel*, whose top no shade-tree has yet been ambitious enough to reach. But when you come to see us, let it be in the summer, when the woodbine is green and the flowers are in bloom. Yet stay, for then you will miss a sight of the prairie-fires. 'T was but the other evening we had a grand one ; the flames sparkled and grew dim, and the smoke rolled up into the starlight, till one could easily have fancied it a city in a blaze. Presently another darted up on the opposite side of the horizon, and still another, and another, until every quarter of the heavens was illuminated, as it were, with beacon-fires. I am told that these fires give but a faint idea of a burning prairie in its wild state, the grass is now so eaten down by the cattle ; and certainly there is something not so very grand in thinking that perhaps 't is only the farmers burning up their corn-stalks. Do you believe there is any corner left in this world wherein a body may be *comfortably* romantic ? Alas !

' Where shall we find a place
For any spirit's dream ?'

But a dreamer will dream anywhere ; and I still build my air-castles, not of, but in spite of, corn-stalks and swine's flesh, hominy, and candles.

Jan. 29. " Before I close this sheet, I will tell you something of our fine sleighing this season. What is very uncommon, snow has remained on the ground three or four weeks ; and we have

had what I call real Yankee weather. People have improved the sleighing as well as they could so unexpected a favor; but I have not seen a regularly made sleigh since I left Lowell. They are not kept, because they are not wanted. But when the snow came, and seemed inclined to stay, the 'men-folks' began to set their wits to work to manufacture a little pleasure from our white visitor. Some nailed four rough boards together, and then, bending hickory poles into the shape of runners, made quite a tolerable sleigh. Others simply placed a square box upon runners; and I have seen a board nailed upon bent poles, which seemed to answer every purpose to the merry riders. They don't call them *sleighs*, however; *jumpers* is the more common name. I made one of a party of seventeen, who went from our village, on a prairie sleigh-ride, some two or three weeks since. 'T was rare enjoyment, after pleasant conversation and pleasant music, and a plentiful repast of venison and prairie fowl,—pardon my mention of these creature-comforts,—riding home at midnight, over the prairie, which seemed like a broad, frozen lake, faithfully reflecting the image of every 'bright particular star,' or particularly bright star, just as you please to word it; it makes no *reference* to me, as old Nurse Eddyman would say. By the way, said Nurse is quite an anomaly, a bit of a wonder. She will have it that the way of life is so plain 'that a sea-faring man need not *air* therein.' And she thinks it wrong to 'improve people, before company.' I don't know what she would say about *reproving*. But a truce to scandal. Our Vine Lodge friends send love, and so do I."

"R. R."

A N A C R O S T I C .

There is a deep, rich vein of lofty, pearly thought,
Hidden in the recesses of the mind, inwrought,
Ever gushing out, resistless, though heeded not.

Not a few of Genius's children, yet unborn,
Enriched shall be, by the gleams of the rising morn,
When Literature turned not from true worth in scorn.

Exulting, they will eager gather up the gold
Now scattered in stormy regions, dreary and cold;
Gather up the priceless jewels of wealth untold,
Laden with the richest treasures those mines unfold;
A glittering pageant, truthful, gallant, and bold;
New lustre they will shed on efforts now unrolled,
Deep set with spirit gems, but never, never sold.

Offerings of head and heart, with labor combined,
Few rarer worth or richer *gold* can ever find;
Flowing in beauty from the unpretending mind,
Ever blending in unison with souls enshrined,
Radiant with fresh laurels from science entwined;
Inviting all sister spirits in love to bind
New garlands, that through the heart will wind,
Giving strength and vigor to true effort combined.

Lowell.

L. A. C.

L I F E ' S C H A N G E S .

Within a pleasant village, bordering on the banks of the bold and majestic Connecticut, may be seen a neat, red cottage, situated in a little valley ; and so retired is the spot, that it seems as though nothing could mar the pleasure of its inhabitants. On one side of this cottage you will observe the towering heights of Mount Holyoke, while on the other the beautiful river I have just mentioned is gliding merrily along, seeming to overcome every obstacle ; continually floating, till it shall reach its journey's end. Just beyond this, you may see the rocky hills of Mount Tom, with its tall pines waving in the breeze, while their towering tops seem nearly to reach the skies. It is a *lovely* place ; and though at first it might not attract the eye of the passing traveller, yet would he but stop for a few moments, he could not help loving it, so quiet and romantic is the spot. In front of the cottage may be seen two large sycamore-trees, which in a summer's day afford a most inviting shade, while beneath them are several kinds of smaller trees, which the good man of the cottage has placed there for the purpose of improving, if possible, the works of nature by those of art. At the north of the cottage, is the little garden ; and, should you chance to pass it in the summer season, you would see the vines of the squash and potato on one side of the walk, while on the other, perhaps, the turnip and beet might be bursting from their dark hiding-places, rising up very rapidly, to pay, as it were, the good farmer for his toil in planting them. In short, all those vegetables, so useful to man, might be found in this pleasant garden. Large numbers of peach and plum trees, you can also see, with large poles under their boughs, to prevent them from falling beneath the load of luscious fruit which is hanging on their branches. If you will tarry yet a little while longer, I will point out to you one corner which perhaps you have not observed. It is a small piece of ground which the kind gardener has reserved for the good housewife and her daughter, who, instead of planting it with the seeds of vegetables, have taken flower-seeds of all descriptions, and laid them in the earth ; while now they are reaping the reward of those labors, in daily weeding and watering them, by seeing the full-blown rose, with the pink and the peony, looking up, as it were, to thank them for their care. On the south and west, is a large orchard of fruit-trees ; and just beyond this is a large pasture, where may be seen a large number of cows grazing ; for, as the owner of this little place is a farmer, his good partner would think her dairy something not to be dispensed with. Poultry of all kinds may be found in the farm-yard, and everything looks neat, pleasant, and convenient. Let us now take a peep in-doors and see what is going on there. We will suppose it to be the quiet hour of evening. The day's work is finished ; the household, as well as the farming utensils, are laid aside ; all are seated round a blazing fire, resting from their labors. The mother is knitting, while the daughters, three in number, who are

now grown to be young ladies, are busily employed with their needles, preparing, perhaps, some article of clothing for their father or brothers, who are all listening to a story which the father is reading from the weekly paper, which you know in every family is a welcome guest. It is thus they spend their evenings, enjoying themselves, and at the same time receiving instruction, which will in after life be highly useful to them. Anger and strife, envy and malice, are all strangers here ; for all are happy in each other ; and when the hour for retiring comes, the father commends them all to God, and, after asking His kind care over them through the night, with a kiss from the younger children, and a kind good-night from the older ones, they separate with happy hearts, till morning shall dawn and call them to resume their labors.

I have thus briefly described this family as it once was ; but none would dream of the great change Time will make in a few short years. Would you like to look at this family as it now is ? Come with me, then, kind and patient reader, and I will show you, in a few moments, all that remains of this once happy circle.

R. G.

Rockville, Conn.[*To be concluded.*]

MEMORIAL OF MY MOTHER.

BY "MYRTIS MILWOOD."

When summer flowers had faded quite,
And autumn winds blew chill,
When winter, with its garb of white,
Had mantled vale and hill,
My mother died ; 't was sad to die,
So early in a grave to lie.

I saw them bear her to the tomb,
Where cherished loved ones lie ;
And bury her beneath its gloom,
Whilst friends stood weeping by :
I gazed and wept,— I wept that I,
Child though I was, could not then die.

But years have flown since those sad hours,
And life's stern truths are mine ;
Misfortune's clouds have gathered showers,
And Fortune's sun hath ceased to shine :
Yet Memory wakes, with magic tone,
And lingers round that mother gone.

I will not deem her in the tomb,
Where loathsome worms waste her away ;
But to a purer region flown,
Where beams eternal, joyous day ;
And there, with her I hope to dwell,
When earth receives my last farewell.

Lawrence Cor.

AUNT DEBORAH AND HER PROTEGE.

[Continued.]

The reader will now please to imagine that two months have passed, (thus assisting me to dispose of them in a very summary manner,) since we left Aunt Deborah taking her solitary breakfast.

She had meanwhile full opportunity of becoming well acquainted with the real dispositions and characters of the respective members of the family. Of Mrs. Hammond and Caroline, she had formed a correct opinion in a much shorter time. They took no care to disguise, in her presence, the evil in their natures; nor, indeed, the dislike and contempt which they felt for herself: but Viola, whom she found to be gentle and submissive under all the cruel usage she received at their hands, would often show by a grateful smile, or a loving look from her large, floating eyes, as she raised them a moment from her work, that she was her friend, although prohibited from otherwise declaring it; for, since the night she had shared her room, her step-mother, divining that a friendship was springing up between them, which threatened to prove detrimental to her system of tyranny, had caused her bed to be removed to a distant chamber, and they now seldom saw each other, except in the presence of the family.

But the time had arrived, when they were to be rid of their troublesome guest; for, having satisfied herself that Viola very much needed that care and protection which she had determined to give her, and that she had already suffered too much, both physically and mentally, to be kept longer in such a state of servility, she had decided to confer with Mr. Hammond; and, having obtained his consent, to spirit her away from her unhappy home, like some fairy god-mother. While she was pondering upon the subject, and meditating in what light to place it before him, her attention was for a time diverted by the sudden bustle and stir created by the arrival of a new visitor; one whose coming was hailed with joy by two at least,—and might have been by her, had she then known that he would one day prove himself a helping angel in her cause.

Harvey Clifton, the affianced husband of Caroline, was entirely her opposite in regard to character; and, noble minded, intellectual, virtuous, and refined, he thought he worshipped in her those qualities which would naturally command the love of such a person; but, while he imagined he had found his ideal of gentleness and excellence, he was only worshipping an imaginary one. The reality of his dreams did not dwell in her; and the time must come, when the infatuation which bound him would yield before the glaring errors and deficiencies of her *unmasked* character.

She had formed his acquaintance while on a visit of six weeks at Cuba; and, attracted by his noble exterior, and great wealth and influence, she had put forth all her powers of captivation, and, aided by her mother, had succeeded in luring him to a declaration of attachment. And when, at the end of that short period, she returned

home, it was with the understanding that he would soon follow, and make her his bride.

With all his good qualities Harvey Clifton, like every other one of Eve's descendants, possessed many faults; and among others, which his nobler nature often prompted him to repress, was an impatient, impulsive spirit. He had in the present instance, as in many others, acted more from impulse than from any deeper, stronger feeling: but he was yet very young, and with more than the usual recklessness of youth; perhaps it is not so marvellous, that, dazzled by the beauty and fascinations of Caroline, he should form that engagement which after reflection had often whispered was a rash one,—but which he had now come to fulfil.

The day on which he was expected was the one before that which Aunt Deborah had fixed for her departure. And she was even then making preparations; for she had just obtained Mr. Hammond's consent to take Viola with her, and was going to acquaint his wife with her intentions; for her option had not been consulted, and she was as yet in entire ignorance of the plan.

Proceeding to the parlor she there witnessed a very pleasant confusion of smiles, blushes, greetings, and congratulations,—for Mr. Clifton had just arrived; and, after standing a few moments in their midst, she was condescendingly introduced to him. She was struck with his easy grace of manner as she listened to his civilities; and the nobleness of soul, the powerfulness of intellect, imprinted on his countenance, made her almost doubt that he was the betrothed husband of the artificial Caroline. She could not help mentally pitying him, and thinking him a victim. And even Viola, as she glanced from her lone corner, thought he was one who might prove kind to her; so much gentleness was there in the look which he fixed upon her, as he seated himself at a short distance and began to converse with Caroline.

Mrs. Hammond was now disengaged, and Aunt Deborah, thinking it a propitious moment, approached, and acquainted her with the arrangement which her husband had acceded to. Her auditor listened with little variation of countenance while she stated some of her reasons for the step she had taken; but, when she had concluded, without any reply, save a dark, threatening look, she hastily left the room to seek Mr. Hammond.

Not anticipating that her proposal would be met with such a demonstration of anger, though she had feared some opposition, and therefore had first secured Mr. Hammond's acquiescence, Aunt Deborah stood amazed,—following her with her eyes, till she closed the door somewhat vehemently behind her; then, feeling the awkwardness of her position, for the sudden departure had not been unnoticed, and all seemed to look to her for an explanation, she crossed the room, and seating herself by the side of Viola, informed her that she would accompany her on the morrow, and must therefore make what preparations were necessary.

Caroline listened with amazement to this announcement, and comprehended, in a moment, the reason of her mother's anger; for she

knew her too well, to suppose she would assent to such a measure. She was at no loss to conceive the motives which would influence her to detain Viola. She knew she could not easily dispense with one, who was so useful to her in many ways; besides, she would wish to pique one who had interfered with her plans, and who was acquainted with all her evil designs.

But the joy, the gladness, which was expressed by the hitherto forlorn one, cannot be described. It was like that of the oppressed slave, when the chains which have so long bound him are suddenly burst, and he launches forth upon the wide sea of freedom. The dream of deliverance and happiness, which, during that two months, had engrossed her every thought, had now become a reality. She was to leave that home where she had been so wretched, and to go forth with the only friend she truly possessed. Happy, happy thought! *too* happy for her whose monotonous, wearying existence, was all unused to such transports. She seemed almost insane with joy. With her large eyes fixed on her deliverer, with an intensity that was almost startling, the color glowing and deepening on her thin cheek, and her whole frame dilating, as it seemed, and trembling with nervous agitation, she approached her; and, casting her arms about her neck, kissed her, and softly murmured, "I thank you;" then, bursting into tears, she covered her face with her hands. But it was only for a moment; she soon raised it, beaming with a more joyous smile than had irradiated it for years, and, kissing the withered cheek again and again, she smiled and wept, by turns, while she walked about the room, heeding not the astonished looks of Caroline, nor the presence of her lover, who gazed on in wondering silence.

She had walked towards the door, and, just as she stood opposite, it opened, and Mrs. Hammond entered. There was a smile of triumph on her face as she passed her, unaware of her proximity, and walked quickly to the end of the room, where the rest were seated. Without heeding any one else she approached Aunt Deborah, and abruptly addressing her, said,

"I have seen Mr. Hammond, and he wishes me to say to you that, as he decided without previously consulting me, he feels himself justified in retracting his promise; and that, although *you* are at liberty to depart when you choose, Viola will remain at home."

It was now another's turn to be angry; and, with all her self-control, Aunt Deborah could not smother the fire which was quickly kindled in her breast. The flame spread over her face, and the light flashed from her eye. She made no answer, for she would not trust herself to speak till the demon was subdued. There was a painful silence for a few moments, while all were watching the changes of her countenance, and expecting a reply.

But softly, gently, almost noiselessly, that silence was broken, by the sinking down of the form which, all unheeded, had stood during the pause, like a statue, in the farther corner of the room.

The sudden shock imparted by the words of her step-mother, which she had heard, was too great for her fragile frame to sustain. The

tide of joy, which was flowing forth from her young heart so freely, had been suddenly checked in its course, and forced back by a current of grief and despair, which overwhelmed every other feeling. The transition was too abrupt, too powerful; and she lay upon the floor, motionless and insensible. All rose, as by one impulse, when they saw that prostrate form.

"Look at your step-daughter," said Aunt Deborah, turning to Mrs. Hammond, who had remained standing, and was now gazing towards her with a look of perplexity; "look at her now, and congratulate yourself on your own work. You have added another to the catalogue of your crimes against her." Then, quickly going up to her, she raised the inanimate form, and, seating herself, supported it by her side. But, as she bent over it, the expression of anger gradually died away from her face, and gave place to one of pity and affection.

Mr. Clifton was instantly at her side, offering to relieve her of her burden; and, gently yielding it into his arms, she bade him follow her up stairs.

All this time Mrs. Hammond had not moved from her position; but, recovering herself as she heard the direction, she hastened forward and countermanded it, saying that he might place her on the sofa. But, without heeding her, he followed his guide to the chamber occupied by herself, and carefully placed his charge upon the bed. Water was speedily brought, and, with his prompt assistance, she was soon restored to consciousness; and, when left alone with her friend, she sank into a quiet sleep.

HELEN.

[To be continued.]

MOONWARD GUSHINGS.

BY "ANGELINA ABIGAIL."

O, virgin moon! O, queenly moon!
Turn, turn thy pensive glance from me.
I'll scan thy circling glories soon;
But now, *I'm busy getting tea!*

Fair Luna! thou'rt no partial queen:
Thou smil'st on lovers in a flutter;
And just as tenderly, I ween,
On me, when *munching bread and butter.*

O, say, within thy mystic bound,
Whose wonders unto man ne'er waked,
Was e'er a doleful maiden found,
Who *burnt the cakes she should have baked?*

Hark! sphery music glads my soul!
Sure, from thy realm those numbers sweep.
Deep—louder!—ah! too shrill they roll:
O, baby, won't you go to sleep?

Farewell! a weary weight of care
Now draws me earthward: no wild wishes
Or dark regrets my spirit tear,—

Vine Lodge, Ill. But O, *I have n't washed the dishes!*

I M M O R T A L I T Y .

BY J. L. BAKER.

“If a man die, shall he live again?” was the thrilling inquiry ages ago, and the soul has not ceased to ask the momentous question. Now, as then, it goes forth with aspiration for immortality. It cannot brook the thought that this little life, beclouded with sin and suffering, is all; that when death comes, wrapping us in a snowy shroud, we shall cease to be; that all beyond the grave is dark, dark and cheerless. O, no! it cannot be. The voice within pleads for itself, pleads for its loved ones, pleads to live on, though all else shall perish. Wretched must he be, who has no faith in immortality. When he stands beside the grave, how heavily the cold clods fall on the coffin, shutting out forever from his sight, some loved one; perchance, the gentle girl, who gave her heart’s young love unreservedly to him; or the little infant blossom, just expanding into beauty. There, before him, lies the form alone. The spirit, ah, whither hath it fled? Is it crushed, crushed out forever from the list of beings? He looks around for some hope to which he may cling, in that trying hour. But all is dark; not one ray comes down from that starless sky, to cheer his sinking soul. He hears no voice of inspiration speaking to him of a deathless world, where that wife, that child, are robed in immortal beauty, and crowned with eternal youth. He hears no voice from the flowers that fade and die, only to spring up bright and more beautiful again; none in the sighing trees, the grass, the chrysalis, emerging through death into new and happy life; none in nature’s vast and varied changes; none in the morning that dawned so gloriously on the world, when Christ, the mighty conqueror, burst the bands of death, and rose triumphant from the grave, bringing life and immortality to light. Let the stricken mourner listen then, when his earthly pathway is so darkly shrouded, to the still, small voice that cometh not in the tempest nor whirlwind, and it shall sing to him as sweetly as angels sang, when Christ came to earth, of a world all radiant with glory, where he “shall look to recognize again, through the beautiful mask of their perfection, the dear familiar faces he has sometime loved on earth;” and he shall “yearn for realms where fancy shall be filled, and the ecstasies of freedom shall be felt; and the soul reign gloriously, rejoicing in its glorious destinies.”

Hooksett, N. H.

Death; — we call it only sleep,
For it knows a waking;
And its slumbers, strong and deep,
Calm the spirit’s shaking.
But, though sleep, it is the last;
Dreams and night have with it passed.

Y O U T H I S A H A P P Y P E R I O D .

It is often remarked, that youth is the happiest portion of life ; but, like many other wise and deep sayings, it passes by us unheeded, till, at some late period in the great journey, we look back upon our track, and, by a comparison of the past with the present, are forced to feel and confess the truth which we have before doubted. Mankind are ever tempted to think that there is something better before them ; if they are not happy yet, they still indulge bright hopes. They are reluctant, even when advanced in years, to believe that the noon of life's joys is past ; that the chill of evening is already damping every breeze that feeds their breath ; that there is no returning morn to them ; that the course of the sun is now only downward ; and that sunset is the final close of that day that has dawned upon them, and lighted up a world full of hopes, and wishes, and anticipations. It is not till the shadows, dark and defined, are creeping around us, and forcing us to deal honestly with ourselves, that we admit the truth, that life is made up of a series of illusions ; that we are constantly pursuing bubbles, which seem bright at a distance, and allure us on to the chase, but which fly from our pursuit ; or, if reached, burst in the hand that grasps them. It is not till we are already at the landing, and about to step into the bark that is to bear us from the shore, that we come to the conclusion that human life is a chase, in which the game is nothing and the pursuit everything ; and that the brightest and best portion of this chase is found in the spring morning, when life is fresh, the fancy pure, and all nature robed in dew, and chiming with the music of birds and running waters. It is something to have enjoyed life, even if that enjoyment may not come again ; for memory can revive the past, and at least bring back its sweetest echoes.

H. F****.

Appleton Street.

T H E F L O W E R S .

The flowers are gone, but not forever,
Unlike the friends we mourn ;
For the flowers will come again this spring,
But our friends will never return.

We do not mourn the flowers as lost,
When we see them fade away ;
For we know we shall see them all again,
In a bright and sunny day.

We will not mourn our friends as lost,
When we see them fade and die ;
For we know, if prepared, we shall see them again,
Dwelling in bliss on high.

Manchester, N. H.

LUCY.

RETROSPECTIVE GLIMPSES OF RECENT TRAVEL.

For the first time in our life, we started for a place beyond the middle states; for "*the south*" as we say, though there is another south far beyond that. And we started alone. Our publisher had gone before us, and would watch for our arrival. We started too, at an unusual time, the week before *The Inauguration*, which was the theme of interest to so many hearts. We felt little fear of being lost, or miscarried; for, all unused as we were to travel, it was but necessary to throw ourselves into the human tide which was rushing towards *the capital*, and the only difficulty would have been to get out of it. We took the new route from Lowell, and went over the Stony Brook road to Worcester, thence to Norwich, and from thence by the night-boat to New York. After about fourteen hour's travel we found ourselves in New York, but too late for the first train to Philadelphia. So we must wait a few hours. It was too early in the morning to call upon our friends there, and tediously would time have passed but that a fellow-waiter spelled the name *carded* to our trunk, and introduced himself as an old acquaintance and school-mate. It was pleasant then and there to talk of that past; of the school-mates married, absent, or dead; and to revive those recollections of early days. After treating ourself to a fine intellectual repast, but without our breakfast, we started for Philadelphia. We have forgotten the hour of our arrival, but there was no time for dinner, and we were changed from cars to "bus," from "bus" to cars, and cars to boat, with a multitude which caused all things to appear confused to us. The usual route was disarranged by the breaking up of ice in the Susquehannah, and the great company was passed on as well as it could be accommodated. While in the omnibus, a boy passed along for the fare. "How much?" I asked. "A levy," said he. "A what?" "A levy." "What does he want?" said I to a man beside me. "Give him ninepence," said he, laughing. If that man had been a New Yorker, he would have said "a shil'n." At one of the depots a man came forward, and remarked that we appeared to be alone, and he offered to relieve us of the charge of our baggage. It was what a perfect gentleman would have done, and it was what a rogue might have done. We had heard of "the spoilers" who mingled with the throngs converging to the capital, and felt that we must be wary. We looked up into the face benevolently beaming upon us, and then placed our check in his hand. We knew it was imprudent at the moment, but we could not have turned him away with an expressed suspicion. Prudence, after all, is the very Tom Thumb among the virtues. Our confidence was not misplaced. Our eye had read that face aright. The gentleman had been quite a traveller — had passed years in South America, mostly in Brazil, and we found his company exceeding pleasant. His kindly care was not withdrawn until we arrived at Baltimore. We do not know his name; but, whoever or wherever he is, we wish he might meet this testimonial of our gratitude.

The cars, between somewhere and somewhere else, are not like ours. There is no aisle in the middle. Doors at the side let the travellers in, where they sit, as in an omnibus, *vis-a-vis*: one half riding forward, the other half backward. With the courtesy which a woman always meets, we were never at a loss for a seat. At Newcastle we took the boat, a small craft, which could not well accommodate half who now thronged her. Those who understood affairs, crowded forward and tumbled down stairs, in all haste, to secure berths; and those who knew nothing but that there was a rush in that direction, went "tumbling after." But the "outs" were spiteful, and would not let the "ins" have any rest. They were knocking at the state-rooms, ringing bells, shouting and hurraing all night; at least the few hours we had of night there. Supper was served as soon as it could be, where none had elbow room, and almost the only seats were the table benches. With us, hunger had long passed; but we ate at eleven o'clock or thereabouts, having had nothing but an apple and some oranges, since the night before. Men can run out at a depot, but a woman is more fettered.

After supper, we found our way down stairs into a little crowded cabin, where were no preparations for sleeping. But we got hold of a cushion, and lay down upon the bench. The bad air, the crying children, the distressed mothers, and our hard bed, were not favorable to sleep, and we did no more than close our eyes. "That lady is travelling alone," said one woman to another. "How do you know?" "I heard her say so." And we were looked upon as quite a curiosity. Presently, we heard the captain's voice at the head of the stair-way. We could only catch the words, "We have now on board"—"a collection taken up"—"forty dollars at this end of the boat." Our northern imagination was immediately inflamed, and we interpreted accordingly. Then, softly swelling above us, like a gentle pean of liberty, gathering strength as it recovered its power, arose a gush of harmony. That music! How it subdued and absorbed the discordant elements by which it was surrounded. We went up stairs, and found that it was GUNG'L'S BAND, and that we were to have a concert. The "forty dollars" must have been *fourteen*. Gung'l himself closed the concert, with a solo for the ladies, "Sweet Sounds from Home."

At three o'clock we reached Baltimore. The city was full, twenty cars having returned from Washington, with sojourners for the night. Yet the passengers must all leave the boat; all but myself, who, in consideration of our being *a lone woman*, might stay on board until morning. When the carriages came to the boat with passengers for her return trip, we took one, and went to the Washington depot; from thence, in the cars, to Washington, where we found ourselves expected and waited for, and were soon in the home engaged for the few important days.

At Washington, we saw *so much and so many*, that we must give it a chapter by itself. We must also do the same by Baltimore, and Philadelphia. We spent one day in Alexandria, where we visited a nice cotton factory, and had the pleasure of meeting with one who

had been our overseer in Lowell, years ago; and with his family, and some old acquaintances in the mill, we passed some truly happy hours. This would be a very pleasant place for those girls to visit, who have in them the spirit of enterprise, and love of adventure. Here are New England overseers, and New England wages. Here is the beautiful Potomac, which flows by the old home of WASHINGTON. Here is a climate, favorable especially to the consumptive. Here, upon a holiday, is Mount Vernon and Washington, within a short and pleasant ride. In short, there are many inducements for one to spend a year or two in this place.

The next manufacturing place we visited was Lancaster, Pa.; an old town, situated in the midst of a delightful farming country, and where the mill-girls seem much respected for their worth and public spirit. Their superintendant related to us an instance, where, in a collection for the poor, he endeavored in vain to check their benevolence. These are steam mills, and, in a coal country, must be profitable; especially, as the propelling power warms the rooms, and makes the gas which lights them. They seemed to be under excellent supervision, and a new factory, not yet in operation, is a beautiful structure outwardly.

Paterson, N. J., was the next place where we endeavored to enlist sympathy for our magazine. This is, probably, the oldest manufacturing town in the country. But it has suffered much the past year, from the same cause which brought reverses here. But more severely; for many of the inhabitants were poor, there was little capital among the proprietors, and much foreign emigration through New York, from which it is but a short distance. Here, there are thirty different mills; but some are very small, and some very old. One of the largest had just been burned down, and several hundred were thrown out of employment. Here, almost everything is accomplished by individual enterprise. An Englishman, acquainted with manufacturing comes here, rents a mill, or one, two, or three floors of a building, hires his help, and goes to work "on his own hook." We saw silk and cotton works in the same mill. Nankin, mosquito-net, towelling, &c., &c., we saw in process of manufacture. We visited the fringe mill, where the prosperity of the operatives depends so much upon the mutations of fashion, that we obtained no subscribers. We never before considered fringe so excusable an ornament; never before felt it so brought home to us, how the luxuries of the rich are also the luxuries of the poor. These mills are all carried by water-power. The Passaic river is a fine stream, and the town has a very romantic location. The mills are named, and it may not be invidious to mention, that in the "*Industry Mill*" we obtained most subscribers. We found, of course, much individuality where all were so independent; and were met by different proprietors, with more or less courtesy; but, in general, found ourselves kindly welcomed in proportion to the intelligence of the person appealed to. We were not rudely treated by any person worthy of remembrance. In general, the recollections of our journey are very pleasant, and in particular, some of them are delightful.

H. F.

DIARY OF A STORMY EVENING.

The storm-king is abroad ; I can hear his shrill voice, as he rattles against the windows, and whirls rapidly past my dwelling. Now he comes rushing on with redoubled fury, as if he would demolish all that opposes his progress. Alas, how great is the ruin he may accomplish this very night ! From the dwellings of the rich and powerful he will be sent, like many of poverty's children, groaning and howling away. But he will enter the cot of the poor man, will sit by his fireside, and extinguish the last coal that glows on his hearth.

A noble ship is riding majestically upon the bosom of the mighty deep ; many hearts, now on board, beat high with hope and happiness. As they near the land of their nativity, many eager eyes are strained to catch the first glimpse of their father land. Perhaps there is a mother there, who has come thus far over the deep, to see and embrace, once more, the child from whom she has long been separated ; or, it may be, a son and a daughter returning again to the dear delights of home. But few there are who are not looking forward to a kindly welcome from some loved and cherished form. But the storm-king beheld them, and has marked them for his prey. He speaks the commanding word, and the mighty waves foam and dash against the ship, and soon naught is to be seen but a few fragments of the wreck. Cold-hearted and merciless tyrant ! why not be content with exercising thy wrath upon the inanimate objects of nature, uprooting trees, levelling the giant oak and the noble pine to the ground ? Why fill so many hearts with sadness ? Why cause so many tears of bitter anguish to flow ? Alas ! I forget that I am only talking to the wind.

MARIA.

Wentworth, N. H.

L I N E S

Written on seeing the ruins of the Methodist Chapel, burned Feb. 13, 1849.

Tread lightly, O, stranger, o'er this hallowed spot ;
In mirth round its ashes, O linger ye not ;
'Tis the birthplace of souls that forever will shine,
As stars, with the Saviour, in yon heavenly shrine.

From this spot oft has risen, on evening's still air,
A sweet-spreading incense of praises and prayer ;
And the God of eternity here has revealed
Himself to his saints, as "a sun and a shield."

Then tread softly, O, traveller, o'er this sacred spot ;
'Tis a place that by angels will ne'er be forgot ;
On errands of mercy they've oft lingered here,
The heart-stricken to soothe, the mourner to cheer.

South Berwick, Me.

ELLA MARIA.

A R E V E R I E .

What joy thrills the bosom while reflecting upon the sunny days of childhood ; its joys, its pleasures, its troubles ; but momentary, unmolested with cares. Those youthful sports ; the fragrance of the flowers, the woods, the meadows, the garden ; the large elm tree, under the shade of which I have busied myself for hours together, with innocent amusements ; sometimes with my young associates ; partaking of joys so sweet, that their recollection brings the freshness of those scenes I then so much enjoyed.

While thus meditating, my mind became lost in contemplation ; it being one of those beautiful mornings in autumn, when the fields, far and near, present to the eye a luxuriant harvest, and all nature seems to speak gratitude to its Author, for so rich a display of its bounty. I fancied myself seated beneath the shade of the elm-tree before alluded to. As I looked around I beheld not far distant, coming towards me, a companion of former days ; one with whom I was wont to share pleasures peculiar to childhood. As she approached, I addressed her with a smile, requesting her to be seated. After conversing awhile upon former scenes, we arose and turned into a narrow path, which led through a lane and adjoining field, to the shores of a large pond, on the banks of which we had spent so many happy hours plucking wild flowers, and amusing ourselves in various ways.

As we walked slowly along, viewing the trees loaded with fruit, the fields already ripe to harvest, and listening to the sweet music of the birds, as they flew from tree to tree, pouring forth their morning songs, a gushing sensation of the past rushed through every vein. I fancied myself in childhood, partaking of those pleasures peculiar to that season of life. At length, coming to the margin of the water, and looking over its calm and tranquil surface, we beheld, not far distant, the island which in childhood we were sometimes permitted to visit, and which afforded us much pleasure.

After viewing, with intense interest, the haunts of early recollection, and spending many hours amid scenes of early childhood, we again resumed our walk towards the before-mentioned tree. While thus musing, the hours passed unconsciously away, and before we were aware, the sun had almost sunk in the western horizon. As I approached the tree, I turned to address the companion of my walk ; but, behold ! she was gone. I looked to see if she had not reached the tree before myself. I saw her not. Thinking she might have stopped to gather fruit, I seated myself under the tree, waiting her return ; but I saw her no more. I turned to gaze upon the garden, the trees, I saw them not,—I found myself seated in my chamber, with a book in my hand. Surely, said I to myself, the scene I this day have witnessed is indeed a picture of the past.

LINES ON APRIL.

BY E. W. JENNINGS.

I hied me away, where 't was quiet and still,
 To weave me a song for snowy April;
 But ere I had got my warp well spun,
 It began to snow away "like fun."
 O, what shall I say to the snow to-day,
 Save that I wish it were far away?

I had thought to say some very fine thing
 Of that noted lady they call Miss Spring;
 But I think I shall have to wait awhile,
 Till she gives me another kindly smile;
 For Winter has saucily bid her retire,
 And told me to make up a nice, warm fire.

Old Winter seems very loth to go;
 I think him quite naughty to trifle so;
 We were very glad to have him come,
 And we sha 'nt be sorry when he has gone;
 I think he ought to know his own place,
 And take himself off with a better grace.

I 'm sure he put his best garment on,
 As if that would for the sin atone;
 But what care we for his fine, white dress,
 Since we know he will not with sleigh-rides bless?
 I know some long for the loaves and fishes;
 But who ever longs for the empty dishes?

Well, one thing is certain, he cannot stay long,
 For old friend Sol will keep him too warm;
 So he 'd better "slope" off, far over the hills,
 And not stay here, keeping things by the gills.
 But now I must stop, for I cannot make chime
 These hasty lines of my doggrel rhyme.

Lowell.

A NIGHT IN MY NATIVE VILLAGE.

BY "GRACE GAYFEATHER."

Did you never think, dear reader, that upon this earth there was one particular spot more beautiful than all others? where the sky was bluest, the bird's song sweetest, and where the flowers were the first to burst their "earth bound fetters"? that there friendship was most sacred, and the maidens were the loveliest and best in the world? My woman's faith upon it, if like me you have returned to your dear native village after an absence, and been met with a welcome which brings tears to the eye. Delicious drops! They compensate for months of anxiety amid a cast-iron world. They invigorate the "wing-wearied" soul, and every heart-throb is an extacy of delight. And yet time has wrought its sad changes. We miss the warm greeting of some we were wont to meet; some one far away on the "rolling deep," and in distant climes; others have passed

away to an angel-land. In the busy world, where we daily see death's black vehicle on its mission, we see it with a careless eye ; but when a night in our village tells us it has passed in these familiar streets, and borne to the "seed-field of God" school-mates and friends, the young and the beautiful, as well as the aged and respected, it impresses upon the heart some of life's best lessons.

A night in our village tells us that the fire-demon has been here ; that he has feasted upon our poor wardrobe, and our small but choice library ; that his insatiable appetite has not spared the family bible, nor even one of a thousand mementos hallowed by time and affection. But the chalice of life is not all sorrow and disappointments ; and not the least of its "honey-drops" is the sweet evidence which a night in our village brings, that the affection of dear friends is as unchanged as the bright stars now peeping in at the window.

A kiss from thy morning breeze, and then back to the busy world and its cares !

Waltham.

TO THE OFFERING.

BY CAROLINE M. WHITNEY.

I hail thee with gladness,
Thou fair little book ;
My heart knows no sadness
While on thee I look.

Each one of thy pages
Comes laden with song ;
Its spirit engages
My sympathies strong.

In simplicity's dress
I know thou art clad ;
But still, none the less
Can'st thou make the heart glad.

For good is the aim
Of thy mission, to all ;
And each one can claim
Thy true, friendly call.

I read other pages
Through fancy's bright glare,—
The comments of sages
And poets, with care.

But the bright gems of worth
That are treasured in thee,
Of love, joy, and mirth,
Are dearer to me.

Heaven aid each endeavor
Of our sisterly class ;
And bless them, wherever
Their lot may be cast.

South Adams.

A W A Y W I T H C A R E .

BY "IDA ST. NICHOLAS."

Away with care, with grief away ;
 Away with dark-eyed sorrow ;
 We will enjoy the present day,
 Whate'er may come to-morrow.
 We'll pluck the flower that's in our path,
 While travelling on together ;
 Enough to meet the stormy wrath
 When howls the wintry weather.

If friends and rosy health are ours,
 Why shroud the soul in sadness ?
 Life soon enough will bring sad hours,
 To dim the spirit's gladness ;
 For, should the future shade our path
 With storms, which now are sleeping,
 We can't prevent the coming wrath
 By sitting down and weeping.

The feeble heart, that frets and shrinks
 At every rude commotion,
 Will be the first to break and sink
 Beneath life's troubled ocean ;
 While those who calmly, cheerly wait,
 The waves will not o'erwhelm ;
 They'll safely sail o'er Grief's dark strait,
 With Reason at the helm.

Then make the most of sunny hours,
 Since they are short and fleeting,
 And nerve the soul with all its powers
 To brave stern Sorrow's meeting.
 "Hope on !" though hard our fate may be,
 The skies will yet be fair ;
 Thus we will sail o'er life's strange sea
 Of mingling joy and care.

Southbridge.

E X T R A C T S F R O M A J O U R N A L .

Friday evening. Well, my parents say that I must write a diary for them this week, and let them know my first impressions of Lowell. But I am so confused now that I hardly know how to begin. I am here, safe and sound, after being almost jolted to death by New Hampshire stage-drivers, and New Hampshire rocks. Yes, I am here in a large brick tenement, with a great dining-room, a little private sitting-room, a kitchen, scullery, and more chambers than I have had opportunity to count. I am in the least desirable one in the house—"the long attic"—and in the only vacant place—six including myself in the room ; three beds to accommodate them, and a whole row of trunks to sit upon ; two chairs for visitors, a small light-stand, and a little looking-glass ; one window, with a cotton cur-

tain, and a shelf, which extends the length of the attic, for band-boxes, those travelling badges of the mill-girls. Such is my room, as clean as it can be while so crowded, but in no respect inviting.

My companions are Betsy, my mate, who will never like me, because she hates everybody. She is sick and cross; I pity her, and myself for being so situated with her. These unhappy folks must have a place in the world, but I wish it might be where they could be *monarchs of all they surveyed*, and where there could be none *their rights to dispute*.

Hannah is the reverse of Betsy — fair, plump, and merry, always good-natured, and she does much towards keeping the rest so.

Fanny is a little beauty; but uneven and capricious — sometimes very happy, and at others just as miserable. She has cried twice this evening, and had as many long hearty laughs.

Mary is very slow, uninteresting, and ‘plain spoken.’ She appears to be sensible and very pious.

Emily I do not know yet. Her’s is a character which requires study; and I may be mistaken in my judgment of the others.

But I believe I must give up writing soon; my impression now is, that the hot cake and butter which I ate, does not agree with me; and the tea, which I drank because I did not like the *cold* water, makes me feel nervous. *Cold* water! It would not be called *cold* up in the mountain villages of New Hampshire.

Let me look out of the window! The night is clear, cool, and starry; no moon, and no landscape. I see only the brick block opposite; it stretches like this the length of the street.

Lowell seemed to me, as I was whirled in the stage among the ‘corporations,’ like a brick forest. Shall I ever like it? Hannah says I shall, but Betsy knows I shall not. One says these tears will be the last I shall shed on account of leaving home; the other tells me that I may weep more bitterly at some future time, for coming to this horrible place. One tells me to have my portrait taken now, and contrast it in a few years with the skeleton I shall then be; the other bids me wait until I am handsomer, and have got the *tan off*!

In a new home I should not quite forget the new “mother.” Mother! she is not *you*; yet she seems anxious that every member of her large family should forget that this is not her home. To me she has been very kind; has told me stories, introduced me to the boarders, helped me arrange my things, given me some cordial for my stage-sickness, loaned me a book and two newspapers, and promised all future assistance in her power. With her, and the sisterhood, I will strive to be happy; and if people can make themselves miserable where they like, why may they not be happy where and when they are determined to be? I know I was not made to grumble and find fault. I cannot do it heartily and honestly; not with the good grace which makes it seem all right for Betsey to hold forth the *dismals* so plentifully.

But my head does ache. Good night, father and mother; I wish I could *say* it to you.

Lowell.

CALL NOT WOMAN WEAK.

BY MARY JANE M'AFEE.

She stood beneath her country's flag,
 When all beside had fled;
 And proudly waved its glorious folds
 O'er dying and the dead.
 Yes, left alone, amid the strife,
 Was fair young woman there;
 And to her true and faithful heart
 Was left her country's care!

Thickly around the fierce shot fell,
 Her blue eye quivered not;
 Her proud young heart seems tenant of
 But one, one only thought.
 My country! See one slender arm
 High in the smoky air;
 And there, amid her foes is raised,
 Her patriot soul in prayer.

And aid is given; onward there comes
 A faithful, gallant band:
 She sees — ah, joy! and firmer grasps
 The banner in her hand.
 'Tis saved! she said, "my country's free!"
 And sank to the cold earth;
 A band of brothers round her stand,
 Loud shouting woman's worth.

Lebanon, N. H.

THE VOICE OF NATURE.

Nature is ever calling upon us with a sweet and eloquent voice, entreating us in the most beautiful language to reverence her God. I say reverence, yes; to adore and praise Him. We are too apt to think that we are placed here merely to labor from day to day, to obtain our living; and then when the day of death shall come, to fall back into a state of forgetfulness. Why slumber we thus, and fall so far short of fulfilling those noble duties for which we were created? Who that has listened to the bird, as it warbles forth its praises to its Creator, has not felt a sweet and softening influence steal over the heart, which causes them to think more deeply of their duties to their Creator and their God? And who that has looked upon the bud, and watched it until it gently opens and expands, till at last it becomes a full-blown blossom, presenting to the eye all the colors of the rainbow, has not seen therein the handiwork of God, and been led to think why he has clothed the earth with such beauty? Is it not to refine and purify our hearts, and to teach us there is a God in Heaven? Without doubt it was for this design, for he might have made the earth "without a flower at all." Then shall the birds and flowers pay homage to our God; and shall we, whom he has endowed with intelligent minds, refuse the homage due?

E. F. D.

Portsmouth, N. H.

EDITOR'S TABLE.

From B. B. Mussey & Co., of Boston, we have received a copy of their beautiful edition of WHITTIER'S POEMS; a volume which has already received the high encomiums of the leading magazines and reviews. And all unite in commendation of the superior manner in which the publishers have performed their task. The volume is large, and bound in uniform with the fine editions of Willis, Bryant, Longfellow, and perhaps some other popular favorites. The engravings are highly finished, and tastefully designed. The friends and admirers of the poet, who for so long a time have had no collection of his lyrics more complete than the scrap-book gathered from the newspapers, will now be rejoiced to find their home-made edition superseded by this, so much more splendid, and so much more perfect. And these admirers are that great proportion of our countrymen who are readers and thinkers. Whittier is national; to us perhaps more; he is eminently New England; for those who call him "the Quaker Poet," may find that, slightly modified may be by the doctrines of Penn, his characteristics are those of the New Englanders; and they will mark the difference between a Yankee pedler and a Yankee poet. His life and writings all receive their tone from the age and people in whom he lives. Indeed, the only fault-finding attempted, is that he is a "poet of the present," instead of being a poet of the future. We can only say to these visionaries, that they too little value the present; the created of the past, the creator of the future; that which is to our life as the atmosphere is to our bodies; and also undervalue the character of that poet who, instead of painting strange visions upon the cloud canvass of the future, sweeps his hand across the harp of myriad strings which lies before him, drawing forth its deepest, richest tones, and imparting to it new vibrations.

We wish we had room for some extracts; that we could give some of those fine poems which have sprung up from a strong, pure imagination, as we have seen a floating island spring from the deep, fertile waters of a lake, with its noble trees, its luxuriant vegetation, its fragrant flowers, its refuge for birds and humming insects, and the bright light resting upon all. The play of fancy is like the twining vines and brilliant blossoms, running under, over, and through all, and beautifying the whole. Sometimes we find a fresh truth amid the glowing fancies, like a new-born princess spirited to the fairy land; where the simple grandeur of its humanity wins love and admiration, even from those revellers of moonlight, dew, and incense-breathing flowers. We give the following lines from the fine description of *Weetamoo*, the "child of the forest," portrayed in the first poem:—

" Unknown to her the subtle skill
With which the artist eye can trace
In rock and tree, and lake and hill,
The outlines of divinest grace;
Unknown the fine soul's keen unrest
Which sees, admires, yet yearns away;
Too closely on her mother's breast
To note her smiles of love the child of Nature lay!"

" It is enough for such to be
 Of common, natural things a part,
 To feel with bird and stream and sea,
 The pulses of the same great heart ;
 But we, from Nature long exiled
 In our cold homes of Art and Thought,
 Grieve like the stranger-tended child,
 Which seeks its mother's arms, and sees but feels them not.

We have marked the lines which particularly pleased us in the above, and wish we could give more. We said the edition was complete, yet we do not find the "*Songs of Labor*" in the book ; an omission which inspires the hope that those which have appeared, are but fragments of a series with which we are yet to be presented.

We have received the March and April numbers of "SARTAIN'S MAGAZINE," the most valuable monthly which is published. The engravings are of uncommon merit, and five or six full-sized plates are given in each number. *Undine* and *Esmeralda* are superior creations of the artist ; the illustrations of Scripture scenes are highly interesting ; and Darley's delineations are worthy of his powerful pencil. "*Jack Hawser and the Stranger*" is finely conceived, especially the stranger. Respecting the literary merit of the work, it is but necessary to say that Prof. Hart edits ; Mrs. Kirkland assists ; William Howitt, Frederika Bremer, N. P. Willis, and "a host of shining ones," contribute ; Mary Howitt is announced as a regular contributor ; and Professor Alden has already commenced a series of historical sketches, of which "*Rose Standish*" is the first, a Puritan tale, written with a poet's appreciation and beauty. "*Roanoke*," is in an original vein, and has interested us deeply. Success to the work. 64 pp., monthly ; \$3 per annum.

"THE PLOUGH, THE ANVIL, AND THE LOOM," is a periodical to which we have before alluded ; and we wish we could do more to circulate a knowledge of its plan and merits. It takes a position above, or rather beneath, the usual works of this character ; its broad views are at the foundation of all. It treats *generally* of the great sources of a country's wealth ; of the relations which should subsist between agriculture, manufactures, and the arts ; and *particularly* of divers subjects connected with these, especially agriculture. It is published in Philadelphia, by J. S. Skinner & Son, at \$2 per annum, where five unite ; \$3 for a single subscriber. 64 pp.

The delay in the appearance of the March number, caused by our absence, will be excused, we are confident. That of the April number may have this positive advantage, that all who wish it, have had opportunity to decide whether they will take it another year, and to inform us of their intentions. Those from whom we have received no advice, we look upon as subscribers, and shall supply them accordingly the ensuing year.

To writers we would address one word. Some of our distant subscribers request more statistical and descriptive articles ; more relating to mill life. We know that the mill girls do not ask them ; they say they "have enough of factory life in the mill ;" and they shall have something else. But we may give some more of the former, in perfect accordance with the aim and character of our work. And notices of the minutia, social and moral, in which many places differ, may give to such articles an interest ; give then to us something besides the outlines which apply to all.

T H E

NEW ENGLAND OFFERING:

A MAGAZINE OF INDUSTRY.

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M A Y, 1 8 4 9.

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T O R E A D E R S .

The Offering seems to be "behind the times," with regard to date. We place *May* as the date of a number which does not reach them till nearly June. But, "as the old woman said," "if d-e-p-o-t does not spell depot, what does it spell?" So, if to be edited, printed, published, and distributed, in May, does not constitute a May number, what would be a May number? Many of the magazines endeavor to be two or three weeks in advance of their date. Some of the weekly papers are five or six days in advance of their's. There is no particular harm, and no great benefit, in this. If they arrive at regular periods, it is all that most subscribers want. If they could desire anything farther, it should be that they come precisely, to a day, at the time of date. This is what we would like; and hope to edge forward so as, ere long, to furnish the Offering to its distant, and its near, subscribers, the very first of the month in which it appears. But we shall be obliged to gain this time gradually. We have assumed the labors of publisher, with those of travelling agent, mail distributor, &c., including the usual duties of man, woman, and boy. The interest of the work does not depend, like that of a newspaper, upon the promptness of its details. Its freshness is the same, whatever the date upon its cover. But, where a publisher can fall in, as well as not, with a custom of the day, and gratify a whim, or minister to an innocent habit, it is pleasant to do so. We would therefore, if possible, be not only even with our date, but a little in advance of it. Therefore the time may come when all will have an opportunity to read the "Offering" before — not *its* arrival — but that of the month for which it is published.

We earnestly solicit all the friends of the "Offering," especially in this city, to assist us to increase our subscription-list, and to diffuse a more just idea of its true character and aim. The objection, sometimes brought against it by "the girls," that we "intend to get a living by it," is one that will apply to the publisher of almost every other periodical. Granting it true, why might not we, to say nothing of the work, as well receive their patronage as those who need it far less? We have proved to them that we neither despise nor dislike manual employment, by a longer life in the mill than most of them have spent there.

DUTIES AND RIGHTS OF MILL GIRLS.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "LIGHTS AND SHADOWS OF FACTORY LIFE."

CHAPTER VIII.

Lest I be thought unreasonably exacting in my requirements *of* mill girls, or *for* them, let us stop here and consider who and what mill girls are. Are there among my readers those who look upon the long line of young girls at their mill labors, or upon the throng which moves along the *pave* at the ringing of the bells, just as they would look upon a maze of whirling and clanging machinery, which they do not comprehend, nor wish to, in whose movements they have no interest, if only cloths will be good and cheap? Let us see if thus it is. Let us think if they have not flesh and blood, heart and brain, as we have; if cold does not pinch, if heat does not oppress them; if pains and fevers do not rack their limbs and brains, as they do ours. We will think if kindness and love do not "clap wings to them," as they do to us. And, if we might look with the All-seeing eye, we would see if they do not give conflict to temptation; and mourn, as we do ours, their deviations from the right way. Some of them, it may be, wander farther than we do; and tarry longer in their wanderings; but, perhaps, because their tempters are stronger, their own powers of resistance constitutionally weaker, or the influences of the latter are not quickened to a saving efficacy, and the sway of the former broken by fortunate circumstances in their social position.

Let me take my reader back with me eight or ten years, to those yellow mills and white dwellings by the Merrimack, near the booming falls, in the shade of those noble old trees. Besides us factory people, there were two clergymen, a physician, an attorney, two firms in trade, mine host of the "A——— Hotel," and some six or eight artisans, and their families. Well, we mill people were on the same ground with the clergymen, the lawyer, the merchant, the landlord, and the artisan. We not only gave the ministers their salaries, and the doctor his fees, but no sleigh-ride, pic-nic, May walk, subscription, or singing party could be made up without us. Thus we were understood and respected; thus we respected ourselves, and lived a good and pleasant life there in that quiet, shady place. We met our agent, superintendent, and overseers at church, in the Bible-class, in society, and everywhere. They were considerate and kind, like brothers. We do not know what this consideration, this respect which we met then, did for all those young girls. We do not know how far it went to qualify them for the responsible stations which so many of them, whom I have kept in sight, now fill.

I will show you what some of them are now; and we will see if it is not well, that then, when the foundation was laying for the rest of "the life here," that kindness was shown them, that encouragements to cultivation and improvement were held out to them by liberal hands.

That tall, pale girl in the opposite corner of our little room, labor-

ing so intently over her four looms,— now she is the wife of a Congregationalist clergyman,— of him for whose education she was then toiling. She moves here and there in a large society, and people look up to her for example, encouragement, and comfort. Not far from her, I remember a little girl with round, red cheeks, black, flashing eyes, and nervous, but gentle, agreeable manner. I saw her name, some months ago, at the head of some pretty stanzas in the “Offering.”

Often a gay laugh went through our small room. It was A——’s. She always smiled; had a tall, graceful figure, a proud head, and when she walked, a firm, dignified step. Her husband was an officer in the army in Mexico. He was toasted, dinners were given him; he was pointed out, and eyes followed him and his wife, wherever they moved. At her right worked her sister; very young, yet with a tall, bowed form, with the hectic of excitement or fatigue often on her cheek, and a yearning seriousness in her eye. She sang continually. When one passed her, one almost always heard a part of, “There’s nothing true but Heaven.” Her health failed, at length. She was sad, we all were sad, when she left us. She had a home of plenty and comfort. There she went; and in a few months she passed to the eternal home. Reader, she — her name was Caroline — Caroline had stood and sat there, month after month, in that line of mill girls. She came and went through the gate with the throng, in nothing distinguishable from the mass, by those who looked coldly on. But was she “part and parcel” of the mechanism in that old mill? Did she fall, as a worn-out wheel or shaft falls? Was it nothing to her, is it nothing now to us, what words we spoke to her, what acts of attention and kindness we did, or left undone? Thank Heaven, she was not an unappreciated, slighted thing. All knew Caroline. There was not one in the village who did not know her, and deal gently with the gentle girl; so that no bitterness was in her heart, no self-neglect in her ways; but love and thankfulness that everybody was so kind, and that God was so good; a meet temper for those who live; meet, indeed, for those who die.

One who worked a long time on my left, and who is now a wife and mother, with her husband, is doing as much, perhaps, as any woman in the city of M——, to stamp the manners and morals of the pleasure-loving and fashionable part of the community.

And thus I might go on. One girl, of timid but graceful manner, who called often to see me, to talk about nature and poetry, was married “all of a sudden,” to a good and wealthy gentleman of Boston. He fell regularly in love with her, one summer that he came to A——, ruralizing with Dr. M——. Two more are the wives of physicians, and have the training of daughters on their hands. Another, who was often by my side in the mill, in the long rambles by the river, and in my room in the still evenings, from her home in a southern city, whither she lately went a happy bride, sends “sketches,” or “tales,” or “stanzas,” to the “Lady’s Book,” and to other magazines and papers at the north. Another is wife of one of the aldermen of ——, and has the wealth of three daughters, sev-

eral houses in town, besides twelve thousand dollars in the funds. Two others are the wives of factory proprietors, and are copied in the quiet, manufacturing village where they have settled. All these, and many more of whom I think now, through means of their goodness, talent, wealth, fashion, one or all of these, have positions of no ordinary influence and responsibility, for which they are by no means *too* well prepared, with all their advantages of moral culture, health, and social improvement.

Believing that I have well established my premises, I shall proceed next to speak of the

CARE OF ROOMS IN BOARDING-HOUSES.

It is impossible, without a very great degree of care, to preserve pure air and order in the chambers of factory boarding-houses. They are so often destitute of closets and shelves; so often either small, or, if large, still absolutely choked with beds, trunks, bandboxes, clothes, umbrellas, and people, that one sometimes finds it difficult to stir, even to breathe freely. Ah! in such a case, I well know "it is easier advising twenty people what to do, than to be one of the twenty to do these things." I promise, however, to give few if any rules whose practicability I have not tested by successful experiment.

Do not on any consideration whatever occupy a room in which there are more than two beds, four occupants. If there are no shelves or closet in your room, employ a carpenter to put one up for you; it will cost you no more than a shilling. Upon this you can place your bandboxes, of which it is well to have two, (of different sizes, that one may be put within the other in travelling,) one for your bonnet, and another for those articles that are easily soiled and creased. Fold your dresses neatly, in want of a closet, pin them up in newspapers so closely that the dust cannot reach them, and deposit these likewise on your shelf. Here your shoes should be kept enclosed in a box or paper, together with your workbox, when it is not in use. What? you have no workbox? O, then go out, if you are abundantly able, buy a pretty one of wood, with several compartments; if you are not, call where you are accustomed to go for your English or fancy goods, and ask for a hose-box, a glove-box, or some other sort of box. The dealer will give you one, if you have regularly given him your custom.

Lines for the reception of small articles in common use, are unsightly things in a chamber, and ought always to be dispensed with, when they can be without too great a sacrifice of convenience. If you must have one, keep it in perfect order, not allowing a black and a paper-colored hose to be hanging together, while the mate of the one is dangling with a cravat, and of the other, with a pocket handkerchief. Keep as much as possible of your clothing in your trunks, and your trunks closed carefully against the ingress of dust, under your bed, if there is not convenient room elsewhere, and there is not often, I fear, in factory boarding-houses.

"How can this last be done? please tell us this," might a host of of mill girls say, clinging the while to their trunks, *their only seats*.

This is bad ; wearied and worn with standing and walking in the mill a long, long day, and then *in her home*, no seat but a low, oval-top, nail-bestudded trunk, without back, without arms, without cushion, with not one appendage of *comfort* even ; no chance of getting conveniently near the light, but with the disagreeable necessity of disturbing others or being herself disturbed, as often as the trunk is opened. Far be it from me encouraging the girls in any species of unreasonable exaction upon their hostess or their employers ; but certainly, certainly they have a right to be made *comfortable*. The hostess should furnish every room with a chair for each occupant. If she really cannot afford to do it under present rates of board, it is for the agents of the corporations to know it, and pay more, directly. But if this is not done for you, my sisters, still be patient ; and if you can afford yourself the indulgence, go yourself and buy a chair. You can purchase one and have it conveyed to your room for fifty cents. And, when you leave finally, you can sell it to your hostess, or give it to her in consideration of some of the gratuitous labors she has conferred on you. Then, when your room is furnished with chairs and shelves, when all your clothing is nicely put away, you have only to take a little care in all your movements, to keep it so.

Upon the care of beds, I shall quote Dr. Combe ; he says : “ The exhalation from the skin being so constant, and so extensive in its bad effects, when confined, suggests another rule of conduct [beside those he has just been giving for frequent bathing, he means,] viz : that of frequently changing and airing the clothes, so as to free them from all impurity. For the same reason, a practice common in Italy, merits universal adoption. Instead of beds being made up in the morning as soon as they are vacated, and while still saturated with the nocturnal exhalations, which, before morning, become sensible, even to smell, in a bed-room, the bed-clothes are thrown over the backs of chairs, the mattresses are shaken up, and the windows thrown open for the greater part of the day, so as to secure a thorough and cleansing ventilation. This practice, so consonant to reason, imparts a freshness which is peculiarly grateful and conducive to sleep.” Try it, my readers, you who have not tried it already. Shake your beds up well before leaving your room in the morning ; open your windows, and so let them remain until noon ; taking care to throw the clothes with some system over the chairs, and to have everything else in place throughout the room, so as to prevent its wearing a disordered appearance. A few well-chosen prints on the walls of your room, with borders of moss, or evergreens, together with a few well-chosen books and papers — and among these let the “ Offering ” be always seen — will contribute not a little towards giving a pleasant, home-like aspect to your room, and towards making you contented and happy there. Be sure you don’t forget the books ; don’t forget the “ Offering.”

Franklin, N. H.

THE WATCHER.

Behold
 A maiden young,
 Close by the curtain's fold,
 As fair as ever poets sung ;
 Waiting anxiously, with muffled breath,
 The ever welcome step, to every doubt the death.

Strange fears
 Her bosom thrill,
 As, passing on, she hears
 The footsteps die away ; yet still
 She fondly clings to the kind words he's spoken,
 Nor heeds the many vows he heedlessly has broken.

Twilight,
 With beauty rare,
 Dark, deepened into night,
 As silently she waits him there,
 Where many pleasant hours they have together passed,
 That, in long, deep remembrances, will life outlast.

The sky,
 Wide set with gems,
 The silvery moon on high,
 With mellow light the landscape whelms ;
 And balmy air, and crickets' chirping song,
 Invite the pleasant evening walk indulged so long.

The moon
 Hastes on her course ;
 And evening's sombre gloom
 Gains on the parting day's resource ;
 And passing sounds are hushed in silence deep ; —
 He comes not, — and the watcher yet her vigils keeps.

Yet Love's
 Wild magic spell,
 Intruding doubts removes ;
 And cheering hopes her bosom swell,
 As, far into the darkness, long she peers,
 Till, on the silent pave, a footstep light she hears.

Begone
 All doubts and fears ;
 And dusky shades forlorn,
 And seal the fount of crystal tears ;
 A rapturous bliss her buoyant spirit thrills,
 That lulls her fears to rest, and doubt completely stills.

Alas !
 He comes *not* now !
 'Tis *other* steps that pass ; —
 And sorrow gathers on her brow,
 As keen disappointment, treacherous art,
 Pierce deep her trusting heart, with poisoned, rankling dart.

In vain
 Her *watch* that night ;
 O, cruel, heartless man !
 Why wring that young heart, glad and light,
 That keeps your every vow in faithful trust ?
 A treasure rich indeed, though wrapt in human dust.

Yet still,
 Thou reckless man,
 Vain, trifle as you will,
 List ye! the coming future scan!
 Just lift the veil, and view the agony
 Of retribution just,—deserved misery!

And own
 Thy sentence right,
 When, weary and alone,
 Thy spirit crushed with sorrow's blight,
 And Memory pictures on thy mind
 The careless words *you* spoke, false as the idle wind.

Ah! more
 Than misery
 Shall mark, forevermore,
 The guilty wretch, who heartlessly
 Shall dare to fling away affections won
 In confidence, and leave that heart, perhaps, undone.

O, then
 Methinks the worth
 Of passing words with men,
 Will find a glad response on earth;
 But few may know the bitter, bitter lot
 Of hearts forsaken, crushed, and turned away forgot.

Lowell.

L. A. C.

D E A T H .

What power is thine, O, Death, for joy or terror! The monarch on his gilded throne, the worshipped of thousands, must homage render thee. The oppressed, the bondman in his lowly tent, must own in thee a greater tyrant than any earthly master. And now, while we are assembled here, the seat of one is vacant. But list ye! Heard ye not her tread? or was it but the footfall of some passer-by? Ye watch in vain. She never more will come. Her soul has fled away. Lovely and gentle as she was, she seemed too pure for earth,—a blossom ripening for eternity. Why mourn we? She is not left to brave the storms and winds that wildly blow around life's path; but she is taken in the early morning hour, to enjoy the glories of immortal day. Calm and resigned, Death came to her not as "the king of terrors," but as a messenger of rest. Hark! from the tomb a warning voice, "Be ye also ready."

One link of our golden chain is broken. Another may soon be dissolved. How soon, God only knows. Whomsoever next may go, her voice a warning speaks to all. "Prepare to meet thy God."

Lowell.

ELLEN.

MELVINA HOWARD.

CHAPTER IV.

They met as strangers proudly meet,
They spoke as strangers coldly speak,
But could not check the heart's wild beat,
Or school the truth-revealing cheek.

The house to which Edward and Melvina bent their steps, was of the Gothic style, and situated in the wildest and loveliest part of the glen. It was a charming residence in summer, and everything, that art could do, had been done to render it pleasant in winter. Here the river spread out into a broad, beautiful basin, then, leaping and tumbling down amongst the ragged rocks, it covered their brown sides with a thousand fantastic forms of glittering snow and ice; and then, as if satisfied with the freaks it had played, it covered itself with a sheen of ice, and hurried away to the great, deep ocean. The foot-path from the cottage wound along its margin till it reached the basin; then terminated in a wide avenue, shaded in summer by lofty elms, whose long, drooping branches, now loaded with snow and ice, trailed heavily on the ground. The hoarse music of the waterfall, the echoing of their own footsteps, and the winds sighing sadly through the icy branches, mingled with their voices as they hastened along. The heavens were clear above them; the air calm; and the hills around clothed with a frosty garment, under whose covering the green grass and beautiful flowers had perished; and the frost-king, arrayed in his finest silver attire, reigned there with power of death, but not of life. They reached the mansion; but all was still within and around it, as if the frost-king too had been there and laid his stiff, cold hand on its inmates. Why that unwonted silence? Was death indeed within? Edward rung the bell; muffled steps were heard, and old Egbert opened the door. His eyes were red with weeping; his thin, white hair strayed loosely round his wrinkled brow. Without speaking, he gave a hand to each, and led them to his mistress's apartment; he knew theirs was an errand of mercy, and bade them enter. They obeyed; and there, shrouded in the garb of death, lay Mrs. Clayton. Clara was kneeling beside the dead, her slight form robed in the deepest mourning, and her rich curls,

“Brown in the shadow, and gold in the sun,”

falling carelessly over her snow-white neck, and kissing the pale, cold hand of the departed. She was unconscious of every outward object, till Melvina wound her arms round her neck, and kissed her pale cheek; and then starting up, in all the wildness of despair, she threw herself into her arms, and wept as if her heart would break. Edward advanced from the door to the dead; he would have spoken to the living, but felt that hers was a grief words could not reach; and gazing on that countenance, so still and cold, but O, so beautiful in death! still marked by suffering, but wearing an expression of holy faith, of Christian resignation, and triumph over “the last enemy,” that even his terrors could not destroy, he exclaimed, “O,

Father, I thank thee for the light of immortality which Christ hath brought to light, and for the strength which thou, through him, givest us, to tread with a fearless step, the dark valley of the shadow of death; and O, in thy rich mercy, comfort the fatherless and motherless before thee now; and temper the wind to the shorn lamb." Soothed by the voice of prayer, Clara lifted her head from the bosom of Melvina, and raising her tearful eyes, encountered those of Edward. They had never met before; but there, in the presence of God, and the dead, they were no strangers. Again he commended her to the care of Him who alone can bind up the broken heart, and sadly retraced his steps to Howard Cottage.

Melvina remained with her friend, till the last sad rites were performed for the departed, and then, at the earnest entreaties of Edward, returned home to make preparations for an immediate journey to New York. Clara was prevailed upon to accompany them; and in a few days they found themselves in the midst of that vast metropolis. The bridal of Mary was to be on the night of the twenty-second of February; and rapidly it was approaching. Amid the busy scene of preparation for that event, Melvina and Clara moved, the one with saddened thoughts of the living, the other of the dead. Clara's deep blue eyes often glistened through a tear, and Melvina was often reminded of the past. Strive as she would to forget, it still lived in the depths of her soul, and clamored to be heard, with an energy and power that made her tremble and resolve, be the struggle what it might, to tear it thence forever. That bridal night came, clothed in gorgeous beauty, with a coronal of stars upon its sable brow. Silently and solemnly, from beneath its shadowing wings, "emerged the countless ripples in the tide of time," and rolling over the guests assembled at Mr. Howard's, broke unheeded by them, on the "eternal shore." There was mirth and music; wealth and beauty, there that night; and there, pre-eminent in loveliness, was the haughty Helen, now Mrs. Gray. Arthur stood apart from the crowd, in the recess of a window, almost concealed by its heavy drapery. A change had passed over him, since he knelt near that spot a little more than a year before. A change scarcely perceptible, but sufficient to reveal the unrest within. He was no longer the cheerful, social being he had once been, but gloomy, abstracted, and almost morose at times. Perhaps he had cause, but the world was not allowed to read too freely the tablet of his soul. Perchance the consciousness of wrong, or the proud beauty standing yonder, whose light laugh falls heavily on his ear, makes him what he is. There is little for him to love in her haughty, imperious disposition, and less of love for him, in the scornful glance of her brilliant eyes, as they rest for a moment on him. But we may not, as yet, lift the veil that screens their private life. Sam. Bond, too, was there, fluttering like a butterfly, round the fairest flowers. "Ah, there's my lady," he said, as he approached Mrs. Gray, with a low bow. "What a galaxy of beauty here this evening," he continued, with another bow to the lady. "'Pon honor, one can scarcely tell which star shines the brightest. That sylph-like creature in white muslin, lean-

ing on the arm of old Howard, outrivals Lyra herself. O, tell me who she is ! ”

“ A friend of the Howards, I believe,” haughtily replied Mrs. Gray, as her eye rested on Clara. “ She has recently come to the city, I understand, with Edward Howard and his cousin.”

“ Ah, Ned’s a lucky dog. His star is always in the ascendant. Have you seen his cousin yet? She was an old *flame* of your husband’s, I think.”

Mrs. Gray turned on him a look of withering contempt, and without answering, moved away. “ Faith, how like a queen she steps,” muttered Sam., gazing after her ; “ but blast me, if I don’t tame that proud spirit of hers.” And carelessly twisting a splendid gold chain round his fingers, he turned to the window where Arthur Gray was still standing.

“ Fine place this, to see and not be seen,” he said. “ With your leave, I’ll stand here too, for behold the bridegroom cometh. Lo ; parson Howard leads the way, and two angels enter with them.”

“ Bond,” said Arthur sternly, “ remember this is no place for such levity. If you wish to indulge in it, you had better go elsewhere.”

“ O, ah, beg your pardon ; I meant no harm really,” stammered Sam. ; “ but, if I mistake not, the time has been when you would have called *one* of them, at least, an angel.”

“ You are at liberty to think so still, if you please,” returned Arthur ; “ but you might have chosen a better time and place than the present, to remind me of it.”

“ Better time and place than the present ! Ha, ha, ha ; I know of no better, proud man,” chuckled Sam., as Arthur left the window and joined his wife. “ You have yet to learn that Sam. Bond knows how to choose time and place, aye, and words, too, that shall fall on your conscience like caustic on a festering sore ; you have thwarted me again and again, but you cannot escape me now,” muttered he fiercely. “ No ; my plan is too deeply laid, for even your quick eye to detect. But softly ; the twain are made one, and the crowd begins to move again. By my soul ! but this is a dainty sight ! Gray has made his way to Miss Howard, and is presenting his wife. How timidly the young girl lifts her eyes to his, and the color in her cheek ebbs and flows like the tide. Other than this, she greets him as if the past had never been, and returns the haughty salutation of his wife with her own quiet smile and winning grace. Ha, they speak for a moment only, and he turns away as cold and proud as ever, with apparently not one proof of regret for the part he has so basely acted. Ah, well, such is life, filled with deceitfulness and wrong. Faith, my part in the great drama shall not remain unacted.” And, with this consolatory assurance, he sauntered away to join the dancers in the hall. Melvina stole out unobserved, and re-entered the now vacant drawing-room. Her cheeks were flushed, her temples throbbed with pain ; and approaching a window, she threw open the casement, to inhale the fresh air. She was sad and desolate, and the pent-up feelings of her heart, now gushed forth in a flood of tears. She was not alone. Arthur Gray, wearied with the festivities he could not

enjoy, was there before her. "Good heavens!" he exclaimed, when he saw her weep, "am I the cause of those tears? Suffer me to speak with you, if it be but for a moment only;" and the voice of the strong man trembled. But his request was unheeded. Covered with confusion, Melvina hastily retreated from the room.

[*To be continued.*]

S P R I N G .

BY E. W. JENNINGS.

Spring has come, and with her brought
The beautiful carpet her hand hath wrought;
She hath spread it out over valley and hill;
She hath fringed the streamlet and sparkling rill;
'Tis woven with flowers of fairest hue,
'Tis sprinkled each night with crystal dew.

I hope she has woven a floweret for me,
And, if I may choose, it shall lily white be;
A snow-drop, perhaps, whose tiny white bell,
Shall to me a lesson of purity tell;
Whose modest, graceful mien shall teach
A language only of flowerets speech.

We give thee a hearty welcome, Spring;
Give thanks for the offerings thou dost bring;
Go scatter them now, on the rich and the poor,
And forget not the humble cottager's door;
For thou would'st not be true to thyself,
Did'st thou not give to the poor of thy pelf.

Thou makest the old feel young again,
When thou breath'st on their cheek, so pale and wan;
And the little children dance for joy,
More pleased than with a glittering toy;
While the maiden oft-times stops to bless
Thy robe of native loveliness.

Then welcome, thrice welcome, with thy sunshine and showers,
Thy sweet-singing birds, and thy bright-hued flowers,
Thy balmy breath and thy gentle smile,
That tells me of gladness all the while;
And O, may I ever grateful be,
For blessings so rich, for blessings so free.

Hooksett, N. H.

SIMILITUDES.—BY L. LARCOM.

THE MOON.

Two boys stood in the shadow of a cliff by the sea-side, gazing at the reflection of the full moon upon the troubled waves.

"How large it grows," said one of them. "See, it glistens and spreads like a fairy ring; and, as the circle grows wider, a different tinge is upon every wave. Surely, the moon is more beautiful than I ever saw it before."

"Nay," said his companion, "but it seems much more beautiful to me when it shines into the quiet lake by our cottage. It does not look so large there, but it is far brighter; its outline is perfect, and its light clear and unwavering. But look! the billows grow wilder, and they toss poor Luna about, until I am sure that she cannot recognize her own face in that mass of confused gleams."

Is not this a similitude? Does a great man become really greater for the many hues his character takes upon the troubled sea of public opinion? How often must he see himself torn piecemeal; his actions distorted, or held up in a false light! But friendship is a clear mirror. The noble mind is best understood by the loving and thoughtful heart. Greatness may shed a wide splendor over the stormy billows of ambition, but it reveals its true glory amid more placid scenes; ever reflecting its purest radiance upon the holy serenity of home.

LIGHT ON THE CLOUDS.

Dull and sere lay a prairie in autumn; its withered, trailing grass, and giant weeds, whispering hoarsely to each other the rough warning of the northern blast. Heavy clouds, fringed with lurid light, rose slowly, and hung low along the starry vault. Heavier they grew, and deeper was the red glare upon them, until it seemed as though a pent-up thunderbolt were about to burst upon the silent landscape. At that moment, a sparkling belt of fire gleamed up from beneath the horizon. Merrily onward danced the flames, consuming in their giddy embraces, grass, weeds, and faded flowers. The prairie was on fire, and that fearful glare was only its light painted upon the clouds.

O, ye, who look anxiously out upon the breathing, moving expanse of human existence, believing that ye see horrid clouds, charged with the vengeance of heaven, impending over it, watch those clouds in faith, rather than in fear! The purifying as well as the scathing fires are at work in society, and their light is blazoned on high, a sign of blended terror and hope. Vain splendor, perverted power,—every useless thing must be swept away to make room for a world's needed harvest. Some flowers must perish with the weeds; but the seeds of truth are safely garnered, and they will spring up with tenfold beauty in the fair, coming spring-time. Happy are they, who, with a true prophetic ken, can see in the fiery clouds the harbinger of a glorious era—a new golden age!

Alton, Ill.

ADDRESS TO A YOUNG FRIEND.

BY M. R. G.

In girlhood's years, how fair is life,
How pleasant and inviting ;
We live devoid of care and strife,
Delighted, and delighting.
Youth is the time to fondly dream
Of guardian angels o'er us ;
While Fancy paints one fairy scene,
Embracing all before us.

Our hearts, each day, fresh scenes portray,
As sprightly Time advances ;
Hope's silver beam, at sweet sixteen,
All common good enhances.
But, lady, I would have thee know
That life is not *all* gladness —
That, here and there, a stream will flow,
Whose waves are tinged with sadness.

O, keep your heart, you surely may,
Above engulfing sorrow ;
Whatever you may lose to-day,
Regain it on the morrow.
He who can live misfortune down,
Ennobling life and pleasures,
Is worthy of a monarch's crown,
And more than all his treasures.

When troubles rise, with tenfold might,
And threaten to destroy us,
The power of *mind* may put to flight
Whatever would annoy us.
Seek ye for holiness of heart ;
Be this your chief endeavor ;
Like Mary, "choose the better part,"
Which shall be yours forever.

Let Charity your steps attend,
Nor in your pathway falter ;
Then shall your prayers to Heaven ascend,
Like incense from the altar.
To all your friends around, and foes,
Be kindly, and forgiving,
A tear for these, a smile for those ;
O, this is Christian living.

Would you aspire to worldly Fame ?
Time will the phantom banish ;
'T is but at best a flickering flame,
In smoke and air to vanish.
Sigh not for gold ; 't will prove a snare ;
How wretched is the miser ;
But search, with diligence and care,
For wealth which maketh wiser.

Look, and with pitying scorn behold
The influence of riches;
See Mammon's sordid sons enrolled
Aloft in godly niches.
While weaker ones the strong obey,
Of Nature's laws observant;
He who would rule with regal sway,
Should be your fellow-servant.

Deem every man, whate'er his state,
An equal, friend, and neighbor;
So doing ye will venerate
The hallowed *law of labor*.

Let generous love your bosom fire,
Whate'er the hue or station;
We're children all of one great Sire,
And heirs of one salvation;
The untaught savage of the wild,
The man of boasted letters,
The darling one, the beggar child,
The slave in galling fetters.

The lore of love, O, heed it not,
Unless it be the *real*;
For wretched e'er must be your lot
Without your heart's ideal.
Beware of him, who fain would win
Your heart, while yet a stranger.
Suspicion, though denounced a sin,
Preserves us oft from danger.

As on, through life, you journey far,
Whatever may betide you,
Let Virtue be your beaming star,
The cynosure to guide you.
Though rudder, keel, and canvass part,
On life's rough ocean driven,
Remember that a virtuous heart
Is sure of gaining Heaven.

THE CHOLERA.

The cholera is at the West, and in our Southern cities. Terrible is this scourge, whom few dare hope to avoid, and which seems to be no "respector of persons." Yet the monster has a choice of victims. And there are those for whom he has either no antipathy, or a regard. In a letter from the West, there is this assertion: "But one death among the Sons of Temperance, since the cholera first made its appearance here." Is not this one of the strongest pleas in behalf of temperance? And let all remember that abstinence from intoxicating drinks is not all of temperance. Food, amusements, labor, may all be persisted in intemperately.

AUNT DEBORAH AND HER PROTEGE.

For three long weeks, the longest she had ever known, she lay upon that bed, prostrated and enfeebled; but youth at length gained the mastery over disease, and health promised to return once more.

Aunt Deborah had been her constant nurse, and a kinder or more faithful one she could not have had. No hand but hers could arrange the pillows when the burning temples throbbed so intensely with pain; no other step was half so noiseless and careful; no voice so low and sweet to the poor sufferer, who, in her excited state, could not endure the presence of any one else. And indeed they were often alone; for Mrs. Hammond seldom visited the sick-room; and her husband, who tapped at the door every evening to learn the report of the physician, never entered, but thought himself very mindful of his daughter's health, in performing that slight ceremony. But morning and evening found Mr. Clifton receiving long accounts from Aunt Deborah, of the condition of her patient, and proffering his services, should they be needed in any way, to promote her comfort. And, as her health began to amend, those services were accepted. When the mornings were fine and bright, he often took her out for a drive, accompanied by Caroline, who had lately assumed unusual kindness; and the pure, bracing air soon restored her strength.

But it was not that alone which brought the hue of health to her cheek; it was the consciousness of being loved and cared for; of knowing there was one heart whose chords vibrated in sympathy with her own; that there was one upon whom to lavish the hoarded wealth of her hitherto repressed affections. And did the kind, simple-hearted Aunt Deborah appreciate the boon? Yes, she accounted herself rich in its possession; and looked forward, in happy anticipation, to the time when she should transplant that frail flower in a more genial home, where she would guard it from every adverse wind, and watch its perfect development in fragrance and beauty. What joy it would be to her to witness the unfolding of a soul like Viola's; to see it expand beneath her care; to feel that she had been the means, under Heaven, of giving it new life.

But how was she to effect her purpose? Mr. Hammond had withdrawn his consent that Viola should accompany her; yet it was much against his own inclination; for, although he did not care for her welfare, he did care to break his promise, as, in doing so, he must acknowledge his wife's authority; and, though he never was valiant enough to assert the title in her presence, yet still he felt himself to be one of the "lords of the creation," and dreaded nothing so much as an exposure of his subjection to her. There was something characteristic of the *nobility* in this very feeling; for many of those who do not belong to that unfortunate class, *hen-pecked husbands*, dislike to own the influence of what most are pleased to term the weaker sex; but we, *ladies* of the creation, are seldom less influential in di-

recting their opinions and actions than was Mrs. Hammond ; though, happily, we do not always adopt the same course.

Aunt Deborah plainly understood the motives which actuated Mr. Hammond, and saw there was no alternative left her but to employ stratagem. She scorned deception, and shrunk from the least approach to it ; but what was to be done ? Leave Viola to endure all the wrongs that would be heaped upon her ? to grow up to womanhood, uncultivated and ignorant ? No ; her promise, and her sense of duty, forbade it. She must even take her clandestinely, without the sanction or knowledge of any one. Accordingly, she projected a plan to depart early in the spring ; and in the meantime, she would communicate it to Viola, and they could together make preparations for the journey.

We will pass over the minor events which occurred in the interval, and only notice one which affects materially the course of this tale ; and that is the dissolving of the engagement existing between Harvey Clifton and Caroline.

It is useless to dwell upon those little daily occurrences which served to enlighten Harvey in regard to the character of her he had chosen to be his companion for life. Suffice it, they were enough to remove the veil which shrouded his understanding, and allow him to see her as she was ; and it needed only a knowledge of her defects to prompt him to break the bonds which bound him, and declare himself free.

It was a heavy blow to Caroline and her mother ; not that the former loved him, but she thought she had secured a husband whose wealth would gratify her love of power and display.

The victory being lost, there was now no need of dissimulation, and they gave vent to their disappointed and indignant feelings, in the presence of Harvey, without restraint ; who, feeling angry with himself for having been the dupe of such artfulness, turned his back upon the abode of the Hammonds without taking leave of any one.

This happened the evening before Aunt Deborah intended to take her departure ; and on this same evening, she sat with Viola in the large, gloomy, old chamber she had occupied during her visit.

They had nearly completed their preparations, and now sat in the twilight, talking of their journey, and of those they were so soon to leave.

A stage-coach had been bespoken, which passed within a mile of the house, at a very early hour in the morning. They were to proceed in that to a place about forty miles distant, where they expected to meet some one, with whom arrangements had been made to convey them to the residence of Aunt Deborah ; and, having arrived there, she would instantly despatch a letter to Mr. Hammond, informing him of the circumstances ; and she knew him too well to expect he would take any measures to recover his daughter, but would rather be glad that the affair had been brought to such a termination.

There they sat, till long after the light had faded away and left them shrouded in darkness. It was an exciting hour to Viola, who, though happy, could not repress a feeling of sadness at the thought

of leaving those familiar scenes and objects, which still possessed an interest for her, though the associations connected with them were far from pleasant.

As she thought of her step-mother and sister, her generous heart forgave them all the injury they had done her. She was too pure-minded and gentle to cherish any resentment towards them, but rather regarded them with a feeling of pity, which may seem unnatural in one so young; but, in the interval since we first introduced her to the reader, the child has fast merged into the woman, not in years, but in feeling and principle. Trials discipline the mind, as storms fertilize the earth; and the struggles she endured were not unattended with good to her; but were rendered, by the judicious advice and pure example of her aged friend, lessons of wisdom and patience.

Hitherto her life had been enveloped in one dark cloud, uncheered by a single ray of sunshine, till it was shed by the presence of her kind protector. Lately another ray had shone upon her; it beamed from the brotherly regard of Harvey Clifton. And now her thoughts reverted to him, and she could not repress her tears at the idea of going away, without one grateful word for all his kindness; when, perhaps, she might never meet him again.

"I am sorry to go without seeing Mr. Clifton," said Aunt Deborah, breaking the silence. "I fear he will think us very ungrateful."

"I was thinking of the same thing, dear Aunt," replied Viola; "and I wish I could thank him, and bid him goodby, for I owe him so much."

"It would be unwise to do that; not that I think he would betray us; but he would seem to be a party to our scheme; and, since he is soon to be connected with the family, it would place him in an unpleasant position."

"But why cannot I write to him, and leave it with the letter for my father?"

"You will scarcely have time, my dear; for you have yet to write that, and you must retire early, in order to rise betimes in the morning. I think it will be wiser to write to him at some future time, and then explain it all;" and, rising, Aunt Deborah procured a light, and placed the writing materials upon the table. "You had better commence writing now, for you will need a good night's rest to enable you to endure the fatigues of to-morrow."

The letter to her father was simple and brief. It contained expressions of gratitude for all his care, undeserved though they were; and she begged his forgiveness for the step she had taken. She hoped he would not be offended with either, but would hold them in friendly remembrance.

It was given to a half-witted servant boy, who divined no secrets, and asked no questions; and had such a regard for the truth, and for Viola, that his word could be relied upon to deliver it the following night.

[To be continued.]

A P I C T U R E .

BY ELLEN L. SMITH.

Night's sable curtain was drawn from the earth ;
 Hushed was the sound of the revelling mirth ;
 Through the far eastern gates morning had broke,
 Earth in the beauty of Nature awoke ;
 Bright-plumaged choristers chanted their song,
 Borne by the soft breath of summer along.

O, it was beautiful ! sunlight and shade,
 Tall, towering mountain, green valley and glade ;
 Lakes, whose calm beauty had something of heaven,
 Gem'd by flowers bright as the star-lamps of even,
 Showers of sunbeams waked by the lark's trill,
 Gilded the mountain-top, silvered the rill.

Roses were filling with fragrance the air,
 Violets the tender, and lilies the fair,
 Lifted their lids, bathed in glittering dew,
 From their green beds, to heaven's fathomless blue ;
 Beautiful children, in innocent glee,
 Culled the bright flowers from the blossoming lea.

Music and Beauty, sweet spirits, were there,
 Each with her charm for the earth and the air,
 Breathing a spell o'er the beautiful earth,
 Deeper than gladness, *more holy* than mirth ;
 And yet 't was a something of joy that thrilled ;
 And the bounding pulse of the gazer stilled.

Through the copses deep, and the dingles wild,
 In his beauty wandered the fair-haired chld,
 And the joyous girl, with her laughing eye,
 That had caught its hue from the summer sky,
 And the gray-haired man, with brow serene,
 Looked forth with joy on the thrilling scene.

But *one* stood apart from the happy throng,
 And his voice swelled not in the morning song,
 And his high, sad brow wore a pallid shade,
 And words burst forth that would not be stayed ;
 They came from his heart, with a troubled flow ; —
 Would ye hear the story of human wo ?

"I had proudly deemed that my heart was strong ;
 That no power could bow it down.
 It was early nerved by a world's deep wrong,
 And schooled in a world's rude frown.
 I looked on the wreck of the work of years,
 And I saw the last hope die ;
 And I yielded not to childish tears,
 But gazed with an unmoved eye.
 There were taunting words from foul lips fell,
 Of malice and envy born ;
 But no outward sign could my anguish tell ;
 I calmly smiled in scorn.
 And my path was dark, till a holy ray.
 Like a light from heaven above,
 Illumined the lonely and desolate way ;
 'T was the light of woman's love.

I was happy *then*, and the world was bright
 For many a joyous day ;
 And I did not dream, in those hours of light,
 That the spell *could* pass away.
 It came as comes dew to the fainting flower,
 Winning to life again,
 Like music and song to the lonely bower —
 Like calm to the maddened brain.
 'T was brief, for a terrible spirit came
 And breathed a blighting breath,
 And the heart of the chosen one was stilled
 By the dark-browed victor — Death.
 O, life is too sad and sorrowful now,
 And I only wish to die ;
 I miss a pure and a beautiful brow,
 And the light of a soul-lit eye.
 And a gloom is gathering o'er my soul,
 Which will never more depart,
 For Hope, sweet-voiced, and iris-winged,
 Hath fled, for aye, my heart,
 And the mocking smile of another day
 Will wreath my lip no more,
 For pride hath faded and died away,
 And the light of life is o'er."

Yet a few more springs, and the mourner there
 The grave of his beautiful bride shall share ;
 And the lake will smile, as it smiled of yore,
 And the sweet flowers bloom, as they bloomed before ;
 And the birds will sing in the dim old grove,
 As they sang in the days of the sleeper's love.

North Adams.

L I N E S .

BY CAROLINE WHITNEY.

There is an hour when deep emotion
 Thrills through the anxious heart,
 And sweeps its strings with wild commotion —
 The hour when loved ones part.

The waters of the heart's deep fountain
 Are loosed, and freely flow,
 And Fancy hies o'er dale and mountain,
 Where the loved wanderers go.

But there's a brighter vision stealing,
 To chase dark clouds away,
 And, to the grief-worn soul revealing
 A bright and endless day.

A day, when even loved ones meeting,
 Shall separate no more ;
 And hearts in unison are beating,
 On Heaven's own blissful shore.

South Adams.

L I F E ' S C H A N G E S .

[Concluded.]

In the midst of their prosperity, sickness came among them, and that slow but sure disease, placed its hand upon the eldest of these sisters, and laid her prostrate. Though it was plainly seen that she was daily pining and wasting away, yet death had no fears with her, for she had long before this, made her peace with God; and, though she had many near and dear friends, whom she dearly loved, yet she loved her Saviour more; and, when at last death came with its summons, with a lovely smile and a calm composure, she gave the parting kiss to weeping friends around, and, without a groan or struggle, sweetly fell asleep in Jesus. This was a sad trial for the family, for she was the eldest one, and all loved and confided in her; and, though they knew that their loss was her gain, yet frail nature bade them weep; and they shed bitter, scalding tears of sorrow; yet none dared to murmur. Brothers, also, were soon taken from them; and though all were led to ask, "Why is it so?" yet there was a greater trial still for them to bear, of which they had never dreamed. Disease at length laid its rude and iron hand upon the loved wife and mother, and she was soon languishing upon a bed of sickness. Everything was done for her recovery, which *human power* could perform. The most skilful physicians were called; and all the care and attention which kind friends could afford, was lavished upon her; yet all was in vain. She had finished her work below, and the great Physician of souls saw fit to remove her hence. After an illness of eight weeks, death came, with joy to her; and, with the words, "I have given my children to God; He will take care of them," a faint groan was heard, and with a struggle, the weary soul burst from its prison-house of clay, and ascended to the God who gave it. How lonely now, and desolate was this dwelling! Though a loved sister and kind brother had been taken from them, yet the loss was but small in comparison to that which they were *now* called to meet with. When the father saw that he was left, with *none* to cheer and brighten his pathway to the tomb, he could not be consoled; and with the Psalmist, he exclaimed, "O, that I had the wings of a dove, then would I fly away and be at rest." When the children found that they were orphans, they felt that their cup of affliction was full; and this last trial more than they could bear. Would that I might close my tale of sorrow here. But no. When a mother is taken from her offspring, many are the trials they must meet with, in a world like this; for there is none to care for them, and they are left to journey through life alone and unprotected. Thus it was with these children. Soon after the death of their mother, they were all scattered, and left to seek for themselves a home. Though in the brief space of a few months, the father chose another partner, and brought another one who bore the *name* of *mother*, to their home, yet she was not like their own dear mother; and home lost all its charms, and was

no home to them. O, my mother! Would that you might once more return to us, and bless us, as thou wast wont to do in days that are past, for sad and dreary have been the days that have passed since thou wast taken from us. Thou wast the richest, choicest blessing which God ever gave; and though we knew not how to prize the blessing while you were with us, yet, since God has seen fit to take thee to himself, we have learned *too well* what it is to be an orphaned child. But we will not murmur; for we know that thou art far happier than we could make thee here; and though 't is hard to bear the scorns and buffetings of this cold, unfeeling world, yet in a few short years we may go to thee, though *thou* canst *never* return to us; and meanwhile, perhaps thy spirit may be permitted to watch over and guide us, till we shall meet thee there.

The two remaining sisters were now all in all to each other. Each shared the other's joys and sorrows, and many were the happy hours they spent together, forgetting for a while the trials they had met with, and only thinking of something in which they could make each other happy. The grass withereth, the flower fadeth, and man was born to disappointment and sorrow. The time soon came when these two must also be separated. The eldest left her native place in company with her brother, for a distant land, for the purpose of imparting instruction to the young. She was loved and respected by all who knew her, and she remained in her new situation just long enough to gain the love and attachment of all, when disease laid its hand upon *her* also; and in a few days she was in a burning fever. Anxiously did her friends watch by her bedside, and many were the attentions bestowed upon her, though among strangers, for of her it might truly be said, "to know her, was to love her." Yet how disappointed were they to find that at last the fever had left her, with that same disease so natural to the family, and that the consumption had fixed itself upon *this loved one*, and that *she* too, must, ere long, die its victim. She returned to her native land, hoping that she would soon be well again, and resume her duties among those she loved. But alas! how frail are the hopes of man, and how *many* trials are we called to encounter here! and *sad indeed* was *this* trial to the father and brothers; for since the death of their mother, she had been a great comfort to them, giving them now and then, a few words of advice, and lightening, as it were, their afflictions. But there was *one* who felt it more deeply than any other; and this one was her now only sister. Often would she try to console her by telling her that the pure, fresh air of her own native clime would revive her, and soon be the means of her recovery; and already she would say, "I begin to feel that it has done me good." But all was in vain. This sister knew too well the nature of her disease; that it was very flattering; and she saw, at every glance, that its symptoms were pictured in every feature of that loved one's countenance too plainly to be misunderstood. For five long months did she watch by her bedside; and it was with great pleasure that she listened to each want of the invalid, for she felt that she must soon be removed far from her, and then she would be left to travel through life alone, with no one to

cheer, advise, or protect. The invalid also felt that she must die; and she would often say, "Weep not, my sister, for though I am about to leave thee, yet thou mayest soon follow me; and perhaps till then, God will permit me to be thy guardian angel; to watch over and attend thee through life, and at last conduct thee to the portals of Heaven, where we shall meet to part no more." Happy was she in her expected departure from this world; and, though she suffered much in body, her soul's eye was unclouded. Often in her sickness would she say, "O, let me, let me go! Come, Lord Jesus, come quickly!" and then, with a sweet smile, she would say, "Sing to me, sister, my favorite hymn; 'Jesus can make a dying bed,' " &c. This would seem to soothe her weary soul; and most appropriate were these words in her case; for, when the hour of departure came, after taking a most affectionate leave of all, she closed her eyes, and, clasping her hands, sweetly fell asleep. Yes, she fell asleep in Jesus; for we could not call it *death*, so calm and easy was her departure from this world, where she had suffered so deeply.

Fair reader, if you will now number with me those who are left, you will find that it is small, in comparison to those who are gone. Eight now sleep in the silent grave. We will not say they are lost, but only gone before. That once happy family is now all scattered, and our once happy home is *now* in the hands of strangers. The sister, who is left, is now far from her native village; and for the last few months she has spent her time within the noisy din of a factory's walls. Sad and lonely is her lot; but soon we all hope to meet, one undivided, happy family, where the parting word is never heard. Patient reader, if thou hast a home, with parents to advise and direct you, hear well to their instructions, for they soon may leave you; and bitter indeed will be to you the thought that you have caused them one moment of sorrow. If thou hast a brother, guide him from the error of his ways; for, though he may not seem to heed your counsel and advice, yet a sister's love is great and powerful; and he may say at some future day, "Thy kind voice has kept me from ruin." Brother, be kind to thy sister; for each unkind word of thine will sink deep in her heart, and her sensitive spirit may at last droop and die beneath the stroke. Be kind to all, and your life will be happy, and its end pleasant and peaceful.

REBECCA.

Rockville, Conn.

"Perseverance conquers all obstacles," was the motto of a fair-haired school-mate, who has herself been proof of the truth of her adage. From her humble home she has gone, a thoroughly educated teacher, to a Western State; where, for years, she has been steadily acquiring influence, love, respect, and money. She lays no claim to peculiar talent, nor any genius; but, with an untiring purpose, she has pursued her way through many obstacles, and overcome them all. Reader, remember that, with you too, perseverance will overcome all obstacles.

O U R M I L L .

In Hopkinton, Rhode Island State,
Not five miles from the city,
My pen I take, just to relate
To you a simple ditty.

Excuse me for intruding
Upon the poet's art,
For I am but a factory girl,
With a merry, happy heart.

I'm thinking of the pleasant hours
Spent in the little mill,
Which I will just describe to you ;
It stands below the hill.

In eighteen hundred forty-eight,
A rustic mill there stood ;
'T was rather old and out of date,
And did but little good.

So fate ordained this mill should fall
And a better one be raised ;
The fiery flames consumed it all,
And all its contents blazed.

And now we have a pretty one
Erected in its stead,
Wherein to work we have begun,
To earn our daily bread.

This mill is small, e'en for its age ;
Its length is sixty feet ;
From twenty looms we average
Four thousand yards a week.

The walls all o'er are nice and white,
Which makes the help look clever ;
They love to see the glowing light,
In dark and rainy weather.

The manager is pleasant,
Both generous and kind ;
His lady thinks his equal
None need expect to find.

And now an overseer we have,
For looms he is a neat one ;
He always looks so very grave,
We sometimes call him " deacon."

The girls are all united
To labor heart and hand ;
Your attention I have cited
To this little happy band.

Perhaps you never have seen it,
Perhaps you never will ;
But now I have described to you
The little Bethel mill.

And as the wheels of time shall fly,
May all this joyous band
United live, united die,
And dwell at God's right hand.

EDITOR'S TABLE.

To the author we are indebted for a copy of his beautifully printed edition of "*POEMS* ; by *J. T. Fields*." An extensive newspaper circulation has already been given to some of them ; as, for instance, "*Common Sense*," and "*Dirge for a Young Girl*." The "*Lines to a Malignant Critic*," are a specimen of the most refined sarcasm ; and the "*Welcome to Samuel Lover*," what we seldom find — genuine humor. The lines upon "*Broken Vows*," prove how beautifully he can touch upon a trite subject : —

"She has learned a sad lesson,—she trusted away
A heart that loved wildly, but O, how sincere !
She dreamed that such happiness could not decay ;
But the full-flowing fountain has shrunk to a tear." &c.

Published by Ticknor & Co., Boston.

We should have noticed last month, but for want of room, the reception, from the authoress, of her pretty edition of "*SERENA, OR THE GOLD THIMBLE*," a pleasant story for girls, and written to awaken the best reflections and feelings. It is "affectionately inscribed to the little girls of the United States, by *M. A. H.*" Published in Philadelphia, but for sale in our principal cities.

We welcome the "*LADY'S BOOK*" to our exchange list. Under the supervision of Mr. Godey and Mrs. Hale, it has attained almost universal celebrity and circulation ; and "*Grace Greenwood*" has been an addition to their editorial corps. This number (for May) contains six full-sized page plates, four of which are steel engravings. "*Thirty-Five*," is illustrated by one of Mrs. Hale's best poems. Who, that has passed the first years of womanhood, but can appreciate these lines ? —

"I see the old moon softly rest
Within the new moon's rays,
And cradled thus within my heart
I hold my early days ;
And every gentle, generous thought
Is living in my mind,—
The planets in their onward course
No'er leave their light behind ;
And sorrows, like the dews of night
That keep the flowers alive,
Ah ! I can value these aright,
Now I am thirty-five."

"*The Rose and the Lily*," is a graceful and imaginative design, very finely executed. The contributions by Miss Leslie, Mrs. Joseph C. Neal, and T. S. Arthur, add greatly to the merit of the work. That such embellishments and so much reading is afforded for three dollars per annum, can be only explained by the fact of forty thousand to be in monthly circulation. \$3.00 per annum.

SARTAIN'S UNION MAGAZINE, for May, has arrived. Among its embellishments, "*The Doves*," originally by *Count D'Orsay*, will attract most attention. Its leading contributor for this month is FREDERIKA BREMER, who sends "*Leaves from the Banks of the Rhine*," and who is independent enough to tell us that the castles and the mountains there, have become, through the descriptions of writers, "more important and more beautiful to the imagination, than they are in reality." "*Roanoke*" is continued, and assumes new historical interest. Mrs. Kirkland's "*English Characteristics*," and Miss Sedgwick's "*Magnetism among the Shakers*," will be read with as much avidity as any of the fictions.

Massachusetts and Prescott Mills.

T H E

NEW ENGLAND OFFERING:

A MAGAZINE OF INDUSTRY.

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J U N E , 1 8 4 9 .

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E N G R A V I N G S .

Last month we promised, if it were possible, to give "our girls" an engraving with this number. We do the best we can. We cannot give an original picture yet, but have at hand the plate which was used with the April number of last year. Quite a majority of our present subscribers have never seen it; and those who have, cannot object to seeing it again. We hope the next engraving will be that of Manchester, which we have promised to their two hundred hoped-for subscribers. An English gentleman, who has been travelling in this country, thinks that the "Offering" ought to furnish views of *all* our principal manufacturing places. If any other one of our factory towns will give us two hundred dollars in subscriptions, from which no farther per centage is to be deducted, we will do for them as we have pledged ourself to do for Manchester; we will give an original engraving of that place. Thus we shall reserve for ourself no profit upon subscribers in that place; nothing to pay for aught but the expense of paper and printing of their numbers. Manchester, Waltham, Chicopee, Great Falls, Nashua, Amesbury, and other places, might easily do this for the "New England Offering." We hope that they will; and that, in future, every alternate number of the volume may be enriched by a handsome, original design.

Another topic before we conclude. "The Offering needs more of your own contributions," is a remark often made to us; and, when it comes from one so interested as its originator, or its valued correspondent L. L., we feel that we should give it some attention. At times the question is bluntly asked, "Why don't you write more?" "Dear children," as Frederika Bremer somewhere says to her readers, we do write. Those who have attended the "Improvement Circle," for the last half-dozen years, know that we have written enough for volumes, had it all been worthy of publication. And, even with our numerous avocations now, we write more than we can publish in our own magazine. We could have published here more than we have, but we felt that, in its pages new writers, and those who now more directly live by manual toil, have a better right to a place than we have. Indeed, last month we wrote two editorials for which the printer could find no room. We state this to disprove the implied charge of negligence, and to satisfy our contributors that we treat ourself as we sometimes do them.

OLD JEW BARNARD;

AND HOW HE LOST HIS HEART, BUT FOUND A SUBSTITUTE.

BY THE EDITOR.

Jew Barnard was not always old, nor was he always "Jew." He was a Christian babe, born of "poor, but respectable parents;" had received the baptism of a pious mother's tears, besides that of the ancient Presbyterian church, and been trained up "in the way he should go." His parents died, and their family was scattered abroad, just as he was ready to cast aside leading-strings, and guide-books, and commence his independent tour upon the highway of life. For awhile his gait and progress did much credit to that early training; and, when he paused to select a partner for the remaining pilgrimage, his choice did no discredit to himself, nor to the memory of that mother who had formed his ideal of woman.

But his enamorata was not gentle to him alone, and could lend an ear to the solicitations of a parent, as well as to those of a lover. When a richer suitor stepped forward in his way, Barnard's instinct told him how strong would be the parental influence thrown in the scale against him. Riches! O, how he longed for them! not for his own sake, but for her's to whom his heart yearned more strongly as she seemed to recede from him. Wealth he coveted, as the weapon with which to foil his rival; and he grappled more earnestly and steadfastly with his cares and labors, as he dreamed they might yield him the golden shield and armor. But the returns, though sure, were too slow. The damsel and her parents were tired of waiting, and the longer purse gained the victory. The bride of his heart was wedded to another, and he was henceforth "a changed man," as the world saith it. But no one incident can wholly change a nature. That which has stood forth most prominent in the character, which has had the first place in the heart, may be stricken away, and then the second takes its place. The heir becomes the ruler; the prince has gained the sceptre, and the throne. Next to his love for his lady, had been Barnard's love of money; and this love had waxed stronger when enlisted in her cause. He looked upon it too, as his only instrument of *revenge*.

This is not a country where a disappointed cavalier may let out the heart's blood of his rival, with a stiletto, or take his head off with a sword. Our knights have more of *common* sense than chivalry; and they look only for a rencounter with an opponent, in the rough tournament of life. He, who has won a prize, may bear it off in safety, and enjoy it unmolested. Barnard never dreamed of troubling his false love, or her possessor; yet he determined to avenge his wrong. He would be rich; far wealthier than the husband of his heart's elect; and she should know it. His rent-rolls and dividends should be no secret in the business world; and, among the aristocracy of wealth, he would be with the greatest. He did not "fly from the

scene of his woes." O, no ; this should be the field of his triumph.

Barnard was not aware what a fiend he admitted to reign and revel in his heart ; and how all the sweet charities and sympathies of of humanity must die beneath such influence. His heart closed, like a flower when the night shadows steal upon it ; but the folded leaves imprisoned a deadly worm. There it fed, until the sweetness, the fragrance, the beauty, were gone, and only its coarser life remained.

Years passed, and Barnard was a selfish, sordid, solitary miser ; with a nature seemingly incapable of one emotion of feeling or philanthropy. Yet his heart had petrified with *her* image upon it. He had never lost sight of his rival, and now gloried in the thought that, in the temple of Wealth, his niche was far the highest.

But this was all his life. He mingled upon 'Change, with men, like himself, selfish, sordid, and grasping there ; but not, like most of them, did he retire from the business of the day to soften his heart, and refresh his sympathies, amid the gentle influences of home, children, and friends. He had "no mother to bring him milk ;" that "milk of human kindness" from which he had so weaned himself.

His house was a plain, old-fashioned dwelling, in a street not far from his counting-room, where he reserved the two rooms, with their closets, which formed the second floor, to himself ; and let the rest to a widow, with a young family, who was his housekeeper.

Mrs. Allam, the housekeeper, had made up her mind to a hard contest with the world, for her children's sake, when she went to offer her services to Barnard. He was then an elderly man, and known as the "Jew." She had never heard of him by any other name ; and she found, what she feared, an avaricious man, who was determined to make a close bargain, even with a poor widow. But then the payment was sure ; and the situation one which would enable her to keep her children with her. So she accepted his hard terms, and he gained more than he had bargained for. She was a woman of most noble and unselfish nature ; one who could not conceive of a heart wholly devoid of sympathy and love. Her landlord and lodger was mean, and cold, and "hard to please ;" but she felt that there must be a kindlier string somewhere, if she could but find and touch it. In the moral and social, as in the business world, everything finds its market ; and the key to Jew Barnard's peculiarities, the explanation which she was sure must exist somewhere, the old and almost forgotten story of his "disappointment," came to the ears of Mrs. Allam. Her kind heart received it with the utmost sympathy for him, and the most charitable interpretation for its bad effect upon his character. How her heart softened towards him, as she imagined sorrows he had never experienced, emotions he had never felt. How much she endured from him, because he had been so unfortunate, because he was so lonely.

Barnard had never been a gourmand, but he was now very difficult about his food, because he wanted to find fault with something. No one but Mrs. Allam could cook for him ; and it was only after long and persevering practice, that she could make his coffee of the exact

strength and flavor ; and broil his steak just right ; and boil his eggs to a second ; and toast his bread, and brown his fish-balls to a turn. When no more fault could possibly be found ; when he saw that his fire, lights, chamber-work, sweeping, and the laundry-business were attended to with the utmost nicety ; when he knew that his premises were most faithfully cared for in his absence, he settled down into a mechanical life, which was seldom varied by the slightest incident. Even his business was now in a train which required constant care, rather than fresh enterprise. To rise and dress in the morning, to eat the breakfast so carefully prepared for him, to read the newspaper's account of stocks and prices, to put on his wide-brimmed, napless hat, and his long, old-fashioned, brown surtout, and then go with steady but ungraceful step, on 'Change ; to spend there the usual business hours, and in the usual business way ; to return to the dinner, invariably ready ; to go to his counting-room, and attend to dividends, and cent.-per-cent. ; to remain until nothing more could be done there ; to return again to his home, to take off the old surtout and hang it by the door, to hang his hat beside it, to rouse his fire with the blower, to take his evening paper, and order light and tea ; to occupy himself with business calculation and retrospection, and then to retire to his bed, to dream, if dreams might visit such a pillow, of stocks, and dividends, and cent.-per-cent. ; such was the life of Jew Barnard, day after day, and year after year. Even the Sabbath was spent over his ledger and journal. For him there was never a holiday, nor an evening's recreation.

Those who had lived long upon the streets through which he passed, those women, who sat day after day, sewing at the high windows, were as familiar with that bent, ungainly figure, as with the nearest steeple, or the city clock. But they knew that he never saw them, never thought of them. He had never been known to give, from charity, or philanthropy, so no one now, however destitute, was ever a suppliant to him. There he passed, day after day, year after year, those same streets, with that same step, that unvarying course, never looking up ; with his eyes cast downward, like those of the poet's Mammon, which sought always the golden pavement of heaven, his gaze ever riveted upon the earth, as though his soul — no, he had none ; — as though his heart — no, that he was devoid of — but as though that which looketh out from the eyes, was of the earth, earthy. No one envied him, no one admired him, no one cared for him, no one pitied him. He was "*old Jew Barnard*," and "nothing else." Only Mrs. Allam ; she was an exception. She watched over him, and cared for him, and pitied him. She taught her children to respect him, to speak well of him, to feel kindly towards him.

Jew Barnard had enjoyed his treasure of a housekeeper, until he ceased to appreciate her. He had long ceased to deserve her, admitting that were once the case. And now he was about to cast this gem away. For once, he was blind to his interest. One Sunday he rang the bell — it was just before church time — for Mrs. Allam. This was an unusual summons. She knew that everything in his room had been scrupulously cared for ; and it was with a fluttering,

approaching to a presentiment, at her heart, that she obeyed the call.

"Come in, come in, Mrs. Allam. Take a seat, ma'am. Ay, there's a chair, by the door. I wish to speak upon a little business."

"Yes, sir; but to-day is *Sunday*."

"O, yes, ma'am; yes, Mrs. Allam, I am aware of that. I do not forget the day of the week, Mrs. Allam. I do not intend to call upon *you* to transact any business. I respect your prejudices upon this subject, Mrs. Allam. It is an excellent habit, this of keeping the Sabbath, conducive to order in society, the protection of property, and subjection to law. I only wish to recall a date to your memory. Do you forget, Mrs. Allam, that this is the anniversary of the day I commenced housekeeping, thirteen years ago?"

Mrs. Allam had in truth forgotten it. She had never kept it as a holiday; and neither she nor the children had ever borne it in their memories. "I had indeed forgotten it," said she to the Jew.

"Yes, Mrs. Allam, we are very apt to forget these things, till something happens to recall them to our minds. You and I have lived together very quietly, Mrs. Allam, and very comfortably. I have no fault to find; none whatever. You have been very faithful and considerate. But changes will come. This is the law of nature, and of society; and we need not attempt to fight against it. Are you aware, ma'am, how rents have risen, since I settled here, and house taxes?"

Mrs. Allam was not aware of the extent of the change, and told him so; almost tempted to add the sarcastic hope that he was no sufferer by it.

"Yes, ma'am, all around us they have risen; and the tax on this estate. And it is my intention to add fifty dollars to your rent, this year, Mrs. Allam, and twenty-five more next year. I shall be very gradual with you, ma'am; and as easy as possible, with justice to myself. I have thought for a long time, I ought to do it, but always deferred it until now."

"Are you not aware, sir, that many of the conveniences of house-keeping have also risen in price? that board also is higher?"

"But not in proportion to rent, ma'am. That is the great fulcrum upon which all these things turn. I have made up my mind to the rent, ma'am. It rests with you to decide whether to pay it or not. You can have to-day or to-night to think of it."

"I cannot pay it; I may as well tell you now that I cannot; that I have struggled hard to get along with my children, as it is. Some one, with a smaller family, or some little property to assist, may accept your terms; but I cannot."

"But might you not retrench, somewhat, Mrs. Allam? There is Jackson, who should be a help to you, instead of an expense. Why is he not at work?"

Mrs. Allam's face flushed for a moment. At length she replied, "I do not fear but I shall in time be well repaid for all I do for him. He loves his book, and it is my wish to keep him at school until he is thoroughly educated for a clerkship, or a counting-room. Such I know would be his father's wish."

"Yes, ma'am; but we are not bound to consult the wishes of dead

men." The face of Mrs. Allam flushed again. "The boy might have been learning a trade for two or three years. And there is the other, Francis."

"Francis has a taste for mechanics, and I intend he shall learn a trade. But he is too young yet."

"Fiddlestick! nobody's too young to work. But can't you make a calculation? Why not rent the front room below, and one or two of the upper chambers?"

"I could not get along with so few apartments. And Susan must have the front room for her fine sewing. The other is too dark, and I could not afford to keep a fire purposely for her, up stairs. Besides, sir, people cannot always have their choice of lodgers; and, with the best, it would not be so quiet for you."

"Very true, ma'am; and very thoughtful of you. They might be noisy and dishonest. In my reluctance to part from you, I had not considered that. Yes; I feared you would decide to leave me; but where will you go? You need not pay the extra rent while looking about."

"I can go a few streets off, where the children will still be in the neighborhood of their usual schools. And I can take rooms on a second floor; though, as I am growing old, I do not like too much running up and down stairs. In a very few years Jackson will be doing for himself and me; and the others too. I do not fear being deserted by my children;" and Mrs. Allam respectfully withdrew to rejoin them.

If it was Sunday, and if his mother and sisters were beside him, Jackson could not keep his temper when this conversation was related to them. He was about to call the old man some terrible name, but his mother placed her hand upon his mouth. Perhaps it had better have come out; for it staid there a long time, breeding many more. He gave the rug a kick, which almost sent the thistle and tulip out of it; and would have kicked up quite a dust, if a dust could have been raised on Mrs. Allam's premises.

"But who, said Susan, "will do for him as you have done? Who will take the 'stitch in time?' Who anticipate his wants? Who nurse the headache, and guard against the cold? Who bear with his surly moods, and ——"

"Hush, Susan," exclaimed her mother. "We must not think that unusual goodness is invested in us. There are many who will do all their duty, and not stop to see if they may not be performing a little more; many who will not limit their services to the strict letter of the bond."

Jane and Francis said nothing, for they knew that an expression of their feelings would not please their mother. Jackson's wrath soon turned to grief, because his mother was to suffer on his account.

"I will go, mother," said he, at length. "I will go, as *he* said, and learn a trade, or do anything that will enable you to remain here." But Mrs. Allam would not hear of this, and prepared her mind for the removal. She went to church, and tried to join in the worship there. She prayed for the spirit of prayer, for gratitude for bless-

ings still remaining to her, and gratitude for those she had so long received.

At length the day of removal came, and Mrs. Allam sent her children to their new home. She kindly remained awhile to welcome the new housekeeper, and give her all necessary information.

Mrs. Crosley, though a good woman, was not at all like her predecessor; and Jew Barnard missed, for a long while, the face which ever met his look so kindly. Nor were his "creature-comforts" so well attended to. The open-work increased in his linen, and the eyelets in his stockings; and there was at first, but little consolation in his meals. The new housekeeper had neither the experience, nor the natural tact, of the old one. Jew Barnard felt tempted to repent; but he wilfully quenched the spirit striving within him. Yet he continually found fault, and often worried the poor woman into tears. Then he would feel uncomfortable himself. Not that they softened him, but they were disagreeable, like rain upon a drizzling autumn day.

He sat looking in his grate, endeavoring to find consolation in the images which flitted about among the coals and the flames. But, in time, things had wonderfully improved in the kitchen; at least, the standard articles, even beyond his hopes. It was almost unaccountable that Mrs. Crosley should so strike into Mrs. Allam's vein. So the Jew one day ventured to order a chowder; a dish which it requires some skill to furnish to any one. That day he waited long for his dinner; and, becoming at length very impatient, he went down stairs to the sitting-room. He was startled by a well-known voice; and, looking through the open door into the kitchen, he saw Mrs. Allam, busily engaged with skillets and dripping-pans. She heard his step, and looked much confused, though she came forward with a graceful apology for herself and Mrs. Crosley. The latter told him frankly that she had distrusted herself about the dinner, and at length decided to send for Mrs. Allam. He felt confused himself, and beat a retreat. But when his dinner was served, he ventured to ask Mrs. Crosley if Mrs. Allam had ever assisted her before.

"Yes, sir," was her generous reply. "When I found myself so incompetent to suit you, I went to her for instructions; though she at first gave me verbal directions, which I should have received more attentively had I known their importance. It was she who taught and assisted me, or I should never have been able to make, even your tea, just right. I am under great obligations to her."

"Tell her that I am, also; and invite her to dine with you, Mrs. Crosley. This chowder is perfect."

The housekeeper retired, and Barnard finished his dinner. But he did not feel right. There were uncomfortable thoughts busily at work. He sat down before the grate; but the blue flames, playing over the coals, seemed like little imps dancing mockingly, in a mimic Pandemonium. He put on the blower to screen the fire; but it became too hot, and the coal burned out too fast. He could not quite satisfy himself about that extra rent; and he wished to learn how Mrs. Allam and the children were getting along in their new abode.

“The mother is very capable,” said he to himself; “and Susan is an active, industrious girl. If Jackson would only go to a trade, they might all do very well.” He thought he would enquire of their welfare, but concluded it was not worth while. “If anything particular had happened to them, I should have been told of it,” said he again to himself. “At all events the old lady is well, and seems happy. She is always happy. They must be doing well.”

[*To be concluded.*]

K I N D R E D S P I R I T S .

When we begin to look calmly on the varied scenes of life; when objects that have lured us onward; those which we have pursued with the greatest ardor, and looked to as the greatest source of future enjoyment, have ceased to possess their wonted charms; when those who have joined with us in all the gay and alluring scenes which have charmed our youthful minds, whom we have called our friends ever since we first learned to lisp the name, with whom we have shared all our dreams of future happiness, have, when called upon to meet with us the sterner realities of life, to share in those trials which have fallen to our lot; when these have turned and left us to weep alone, seeking others for friends who are as gay and thoughtless as we had once been, on whose brows scarce a shade of sorrow has ever fallen; then, as a vine that has clung around some slender twig, which yielded it ample support when swayed by a gentle breeze, but cast it to the ground at the first sweep of the tempest, strives to twine its shattered tendrils around some object which will yield it support, not only in sunshine, but in storm, even so does the heart seek for some kindred spirit; for one which, like itself, has tasted the cup of bitterness, and felt the pang of unrequited love; for one whom it can trust in prosperity, and feel will be its own in the darkest storms of adversity; to whom it can breathe forth the deep feelings of the soul, which lie hidden from the world. And O, to meet a welcome response; to find one who will not only cheer us on in ways of truth and virtue, but whose gentle tones shall be heard, like a guardian angel, warning us of wretchedness and sin, and pointing to the straight and narrow path which leads to Heaven. With such a friend, it would be sweet not only to share all the enjoyments of life, but with such an one it would be sweet to sigh and **WEEP.**

L. E. L.

Salmon Falls, N. H.

BELSHAZZAR'S FEAST.

BY M. R. GREEN.

In an Oriental palace fair,
Are a thousand bright eyes beaming ;
The deep-toned lyre and lute are there,
And a thousand torch-lights gleaming.

Belshazzar reclines at the festal board,
With his supple courtiers round him ;
While to heighten the scene is the red wine poured,
Till its mystic spell has bound him.

Says the haughty king to his courtly throng,
" Fill up now the golden chalice ;
Let the loud-toned laugh, with the lute and song,
Resound through the royal palace.

" To-night let us revel, rejoice, and feast ;
Let the magic of song be ours ;
Bring the richest odors of the East,
And the garden's choicest flowers.

" Where now are those vessels revered of old,
From the Jewish temple wrested ?
To-night, from those cups of massive gold,
Shall our own red wine be tested.

" The Jews still deem *their faith* divine ;
O, wonderful delusion !
Else why should the sons of David's line
Be scattered in confusion ?

" Let the golden vases and cups be brought :
Haste now to obey the commission !
Every wish to-night — every hope and thought —
Shall attain a full fruition."

But why does Belshazzar's cheek turn pale ?
And his eyes, why fiercely glaring ?
Is the lightning speeding on the gale ?
Or the whirlwind-shock a tearing ?

An unknown hand, on the palace wall,
Dread characters hath written ;
The king gazes forth on the mystic scroll,
Till his heart is terror-stricken.

" O, haste ; call the Chaldean sages in ! "
Cried the king, with anguish riven ;

" He, who shall expound the whole, to him
Shall a scarlet robe be given.

" Be he nobly bred, or lowly born,
In wealth let him name the measure,
And a chain of gold shall his neck adorn,
The insignia of royal pleasure."

To serve their proud king have the seers of Chaldea
Collected together ; they are here, all here,
But a pledge of profession are slow at redeeming ;
They cannot interpret the vision's dark meaning.
They look at each other with wild consternation,

And prefer to their gods an intense invocation
For mystical wisdom ; that fate-seeing knowledge
Ne'er taught, and ne'er known in the soothsayers' college.

What horrors now o'er all prevail !
Belshazzar's brow is knit with care ;
For even the Egyptian sages fail
The vision's meaning to declare.

Belshazzar cried, with utterance wild,
For pride was overcome by fear,
And of each dawning hope beguiled,
"This moment call the Jewish seer !"

Behold God's prophet ! he hath come,
Who twice declared Nebassor's dreams ;
Though since uncared for, and unknown,
Hath wept his fate by Babel's streams.

Thus spake the prophet to the king,
Who might perchance that moment slay,
"Dark tidings unto you I bring,
And God shall teach me what to say."

Did Daniel aught of truth disguise,
When king and satraps gathered near ?
O, no ; the good, the truly wise,
Fear God, and know no other fear.

Not for the chain, nor scarlet robe,
Did he essay his wondrous skill ;
He was an oracle of God,—
'T was his to do Jehovah's will.

"O, king, thy doom is sealed this hour ;
It is inscribed on yonder wall ;
Misfortune is thine only dower,—
Thy kingdom totters to its fall.

"Thou hast defied the living God,
And He hath made thy fetters fast ;
In Justice's balance thou art weighed,
And wanting found in truth at last.

"With upraised hand, and impious breath,
Thou hast profaned our cups of gold,
Those symbols of our holy faith,
In Judah's shrine revered of old.

"The warning voice of Heaven regard ;
Life's latest moments swiftly pass ;
Cyrus, the Persian, presses hard,
And soon will 'break the gates of brass.'

"On Israel's God for mercy call ;
Thy reign hath but a span of time ;
Thine empire shaketh and must fall,
Encumbered by the weight of crime.

"O'er thy city's proud pile doth the storm-cloud lower,
And a mark for its wrath, thou art singled ;
Thou hast boasted aloud of thy matchless power,
And Jehovah's ire is enkindled.

"Know ye that *our* God doth the wide world own,
And in his own way will he bless it ;
Thou art reft full soon of thy regal throne,
And a stranger shall possess it."

And now Belshazzar's fate was told,
The mystic scroll was all unrolled;
God's prophet left the frenzied scene,
For better ones, to him, I ween,
Perchance to meditate and pray,
As was his wont, three times a day,
Hereafter most distinctly shown,
When Mede Darius fill'd the throne.
And did Belshazzar's *heart* believe?
Ah, he would fain *himself* deceive,
Defy God's power, and risk his soul,
And drown his troubles in the bowl.
We may the raging lion tame,
Extinguish passion's fiercest flame,
Arrest the lightning in its course,
Divert the channel from its source,
Or quell with ease, an armed force;
But ne'er subdue the haughty mind
That ne'er to virtue was inclined;
The pride of power, in such a soul,
Will never, never, brook control,
Though thunders rend from pole to pole.

"Let us now to the banqueting joys again,"
Said the king to his lords and nobles;
Suspense can inflict the keenest pain,
"The gods will redress our troubles.

"From our foes, who drink night's noxious air,
Our brazen gates shall screen us;
And our walls are strong beyond compare,
While Euphrates rolls between us.

"Fill the goblet again; fill it up to the brim;
Though misfortune over us hovers,
Let us drink till the day-dawn ushers in
A gloom which the night-fall covers."

But hark! heard ye not that crash without?
It well might the dead awaken!
Ye gods! 't is the Mede and the Persian shout,
And our city this hour is taken.

Like the bright clouds that sweep round the dying sun,
O, king, have thy glories vanished!
And Truth hath proclaimed, with an iron tongue,
That thou art much worse than banished.

Where now are thy gods of flaming gold?
Thy crown, and thy hoarded treasure?
And where is that courage, once so bold,
Imperious Belshazzar?

No more, with the mantling wine and song,
Can'st thou thy cares dissemble;
O, well might thy limbs, though firm and strong,
Like the air-swayed aspen, tremble.

Now the uproar hath ceased through the royal fane,
But where is the dastard flying?
He sleeps his last sleep on the blood-drenched plain,
Alone with the dead and dying.

For him shall awaken no smiling morn;
Black Death hath his period rounded;
And his name shall the world deride and scorn,
Till the doomsday trump is sounded.

Now the rosy morn advances;
 Bright o'er hill and dale she dances,
 While the Mede and Persian lances
 Glitter in its beam;
 Cyrus, is thy mission ended?
 What is victory, how'er splendid,
 If with Justice unattended?
 Not what it may seem.

Proud Euphrates still is flowing
 Ever onward, glowing, glowing,
 Beauty, wealth, and commerce, showing;
 Victor, these are thine;
 Like the gently flowing river,
 Let thy course be onward ever,
 Ne'er forgetting God the giver
 Reigns o'er every clime.

Persian, thou art now delighted;
 Hast thou any duty slighted?
 Are there wrongs that should be righted?
 Look around and see!
 Zion's homeless sons and daughters
 Mourn beside Euphrates' waters;
 Care, like war, its thousands slaughters;
 Set the captives free!

Haverhill.

THE ROSE-BUD.

I saw a rose-bud as it was bursting into loveliness. It was reclining on its parent stem, laden with dew, and as beautiful as the morning. Gay petals stood out from its moss-covered cup, while its blushes seemed to vie with those of Aurora. I saw it at noon; it stood there drooping and broken, for its grace had fled, and its green leaves fell withering to the earth, leaving nothing but desolation to mark the place where it stood. I turned me away, for I could but breathe a sigh for vanished loveliness.

I saw an infant—smiles were wreathing its lips, while beauty seemed breathing over its features, and innocence and mildness beamed from its gentle eye, which was as fair as the star of evening. I beheld it again—Death had robbed it of all its bloom. Not a smile kissed the now faded lips; its eyes were now sunken and dim, its every feature cold, rigid, and motionless, while its little head drooped like that rose-bud. I turned me away, for I could but weep for the dead. I sat myself down, and my imagination strayed to never-fading fields. As I was gazing on those evergreens, behold there came forth from the spirit-land, a white-robed throng. They were seraphs, and among them I beheld that babe blooming in beauty. CLARA.

Hopkinton, R. I.

DUTIES AND RIGHTS OF MILL GIRLS.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "LIGHTS AND SHADOWS OF FACTORY LIFE."

CHAPTER IX.

The Structure of the Skin — Bathing — The Bathing-Rooms at Manchester.

The skin. Do any of my readers suppose that the skin was given merely as a feature of beauty, and a means of shutting one's blood up in one's veins? Try its vitality. Pierce it with the point of your finest needle. Did it not cause pain? Yes; because it struck a nerve. Did it not bring blood? Yes; because it opened a blood-vessel. And it will cause pain and bring blood, perforate where you will; for your skin is but a web of nerves and blood-vessels; that is, the *true* skin, as it is called; for the skin, as you must have observed, is composed of more than one coat. The *epidermis*, or outer coat, often falls in small quantities, from your hands. This has no sensation; nor has the second, or *mucous* coat. The latter not only protects the *dermis*, or true skin, but gives color and softness to the complexion. Such is the structure; and how important must the functions be. What an immense circulation must be carried on by these little blood-vessels, that the lungs, and other organs of circulation, be not over-tasked. How busy must these little nerves be in conveying sensations to the brain, that it receive healthy impressions. And think of this other office of the skin. Do you know that your whole system, every particle of every bone, every muscle, and every tendon, is renewed day by day, year by year? Yes; what is old, worn-out, and useless, is thrown off in the human as in the vegetable world, to make room for the new and the productive, by our food, our drink, by the air we breathe. In this good work of renovation, the skin bears its full share. "Taking even the lowest estimate of Lavoisier," says Doctor Combe, "we find the skin endowed with the important charge of removing from the system about twenty ounces of waste matter every twenty-four hours; and when we consider that this large quantity of vapor is sent forth in so divided a state as to be invisible, and that it is given out by the very minute blood-vessels of the *true skin*, we perceive at once why these are so extremely numerous that a pin's point cannot touch any spot without piercing them; and we see a sufficient reason why checked perspiration should prove so detrimental to health, because, for every twenty-four hours, during which such a state continues, we must either have twenty ounces of useless and hurtful matter accumulating in the body, or have some of the other organs of excretion grievously over-tasked, which obviously cannot happen without disturbing their regularity and well-being." While a part of this waste matter passes directly off into the atmosphere, *a part is left on the surface of the body*. Remember this, while I tell you that the skin has, beside the exhalent vessels by which the perspiration makes its way from the body, another set equally minute, equally numerous, called *absorbents*,

whose office it is to admit from the atmosphere *and from the surface of the body*, new matter which is in part to take the place of that which passes off by the *exhalents*. It is by the absorbents that the poisonous matter which touches only the surface, is transmitted so quickly to the whole system; by these the cast-off matter that accumulates upon the skin is carried back again, as Combe says, "an energetic poison acting upon the system as such," unless removed by frequent bathing.

And yet another circumstance I will mention, although enough must have been said already to convince the wise of the importance of frequent bathing. "It may shock the feelings of a young lady," says Mrs. Farrar, in her *Young Lady's Friend*, "to be told that this large quantity of matter, which is constantly passing off through the skin, has an individual odor, more or less disagreeable in different persons. Now, each person is so accustomed to his own atmosphere, that he is no judge of its odor; but, since most persons can recollect some of their friends who affect them disagreeably this way, all should bear in mind the possibility of so offending others; and, though none of us can change the nature of the atmosphere which we are always creating around us, we can prevent its becoming a nuisance by the accumulation of excreted matter on the skin or in the clothing; we can, by washing every part of the skin once in twenty-four hours, be sure of sending off only fresh exhalations."

See to it this very day, you who have allowed months to pass without once bathing thoroughly. If there are no bathing-rooms on your corporation, no bath, no tub, nor pail even, at your service in your boarding-house, then what can be done? Why, we shall see presently, that, "where there is a will, there is a way," in bathing, as in most other matters. Purchase for your exclusive use a wash hand-bowl or basin, of large size, sponge, Castile soap, and crash enough for a couple of towels. If you add to these a crash mitten, for friction of the skin after bathing, you will find its use very convenient. Commence with water slightly warmed, gradually bringing yourself to the use of cold water. After having become accustomed to this, be careful that you use it only in proper conditions of health. Whether you use the warm or the cold bath, be careful that you not only wipe the skin *perfectly* dry before dressing, but rub briskly with the coarse towels, or the crash mitten, until a healthy glow is excited over the whole body.

Says Mrs. Farrar: "By washing a small part of the person at a time, rubbing it well, and then covering up what is done, the whole may be washed in cold water, even in winter time, and a glow may be produced after it in a young and healthy person."

I am aware that in a large boarding-house there must be some difficulty in commanding the requisite privacy. It may be obtained, however, by retiring to your chambers one at a time. After a little practice, you will be able to hurry your movements, so as to require no more than fifteen minutes for a thorough ablution. Or if there is a spare corner in your chamber, a convenient little temporary closet may be formed by suspending a long curtain on a line passing

from wall to wall. Such a retreat would be found convenient for dressing on the Sabbath, likewise, since so many girls are accustomed to go from room, without the ceremony of knocking. Difficult, therefore, as the work seemed at the first thought, at the last we find it possible for every mill girl to command this essential means of health and cleanliness; and she, who uses the bath now for the first time in many months, as Combe says, "will not fail to notice the great amount of impurity it removes, and the grateful feeling of comfort which its use imparts." He adds: "The warm, tepid, cold, or shower bath, as a means of preserving health, ought to be in as common use as a change of apparel; for it is equally a measure of necessary cleanliness."

Let me repeat it to those young girls who are careless in this respect. Be sure that you do not use cold water at improper times. Be sure that you rub your skin subsequently to bathing, so as to put it in a lively glow, so as to prevent all subsequent chilliness. It were better not to bathe at all, than that you sit down with chills crawling over you.

Two of the Manchester corporations, the Amoskeag and the Stark, have done a considerate and generous thing for their girls, in fitting up bathing-rooms for their exclusive use. Mr. Gillis, agent of the Amoskeag corporation, began the movement. His rooms are fitted up with little expense, such as might be afforded by every corporation in New England; and still they are perfectly convenient. One is better pleased, however, with the appointments of the rooms on the Stark corporation; for there elegance is joined with convenience. The pleasant yard, the neat brick block, the green blinds without; within the papered walls, mirrors, dressing-tables, the broad Venetian screens, and, behind them, the dressing-room; the bathing-rooms, with their expensive, neatly-kept baths for showering, or immersion, or for both, as one chooses; and then, farther on, the long, cool room, where is the plunge-bath, where are plants; while, moving here and there, wherever she is needed, is the quiet, kind lady who has the rooms, and all who come hither, in charge. Does not the reader see that it is good for those young girls that all this pains is taken for them? Are they not often made grateful to the agent? to Miss M——? and is not gratitude a happy, purifying emotion? Are they not more careful of themselves, of their health, their morals, and their manners, from seeing how in this they are cared for by others? Yes. We all know that this is. We know what kindness and respect do for us; we can see, we can judge what they do for others. We can believe that, whatever pains are taken for the health and comfort of the girls, they tend not only to their physical well-being, but to their moral and intellectual advancement.

Franklin, N. H.

AUNT DEBORAH AND HER PROTEGE.

[Concluded.]

They retired to rest at an early hour; and the prayers which ascended to the Throne of Grace that night, were longer and more earnest than usual.

It seemed to Viola, that she had slept but a few moments, when she was awakened in the morning by Aunt Deborah, who, with her finger on her lip, beckoned for her to rise. At first she was bewildered, and could not comprehend her meaning; but gradually, her awakening senses realized the whole, and she immediately commenced dressing.

Not a word was interchanged while they equipped themselves; and when all was ready, they took the small lantern which had been prepared, and softly descended the stairs. It was only four o'clock, and none of the family were astir. Descending carefully, step by step, they reached the outer front door, and proceeded to unbolt it; but it was locked besides, and the key had been withdrawn. Viola remembered that her father sometimes locked it and took the key to his room; and it must be there now. What was to be done? If she went for it, she might awaken him, and then their schemes would be foiled. If they went round to the back part of the house, the opening of the doors would certainly rouse some one. After deliberating a few moments, they decided there was no other way than to go to the chamber, enter as softly as possible, and take the key. Accordingly Viola crept back again up the stairs, leaving Aunt Deborah below with the light.

On reaching the apartment, she slowly and noiselessly raised the latch, and entered, treading on tiptoe as she approached the bed. The small night-lamp was burning upon the table, and she paused an instant, gazing upon the sleepers at her side. She could not help thinking, as she suspended her breath for fear of waking them, that she appeared like a criminal about to commit some foul deed; and what if they should wake and find her there, what would they think of her strange presence at such an hour? It was dangerous to delay; she hastily performed her errand, and glided from the room.

When, at last, the key was fitted to the lock, it seemed an age before it could be turned, they were obliged to be so cautious of the noise. At length it yielded, and they stepped out upon the pavement.

It was a dreary morning; masses of dark, heavy clouds floated over the sky, and threatened a storm. The cold of winter was not yet gone, and the bleak winds swept dismally through the streets, sending a chill to their very hearts. There was nothing in the gloomy aspect to encourage them; no sunshine to make them hopeful and glad — nothing to cheer. But, yes; amid the darkness, one inspiring gleam appeared. The opening of a cloud suddenly displayed a little star, beaming down upon them, in its lone beauty, like a smile from Heaven. It was a cheering ray, and, though it lingered but a moment, left a light in their hearts which gladdened them on their dark way.

They had accomplished most of their walk, when the sound of footsteps was heard, following closely behind them. What could it mean? Had their scheme become known after all their caution, and were they watched by a spy? It was evidently so; for, as they paused at the sound of approaching wheels, the steps paused too, so near them that they could discern the figure of a man, enveloped in a cloak. Surprised and fearful, they said not a word, but stood pressing each other's hands in silence, until the coach stopped at their side.

Never did five minutes seem so long before, as those while they were waiting; they could have counted their very breathing, so audible was it to each. The driver descended and let down the steps; and now was the decisive moment. If he were an emissary from Mr. Hammond, sent to deter them, he would inform them of his mission before they entered. But no; he allowed them to seat themselves unmolested, and then, following, took a seat opposite. They had not before ventured to look at his face, and now the light, which shone into the windows from the lamps attached to the front of the carriage, was so dim and wavering, that they could not discern his features, but only saw him draw down his hat over his eyes, and, folding his cloak about him, fall back into a corner of the coach, where he remained motionless and silent. He must be watching them and striving to conceal his interest, or else, wrapped in deep thought, and unmindful of all external objects.

They rode on in silence, till the faint morning light began to overpower the sickly glow of the lamps, and betoken the presence of day. The stranger raised his hat from his brow and, for the first time, turned his eyes towards his companions. What a look of happy astonishment they met! What a look of happy greeting they expressed!

"Mr. Clifton!"

"Mrs. Leslie and Viola! Is it possible I see you here? Where are you going? What does this mean?"

"And what strange adventure can have brought you here, Mr. Clifton?" said Aunt Deborah, recovering from her surprise. "If you could know the anxiety and suspense we have endured for the last half hour, from your mysterious demeanor, I really believe you would make a vow never to be silent again in the presence of ladies."

"Well, I certainly will not be silent now," returned Harvey, adopting her playful tone, "till you give me an explanation of this strange journey; and then I will relate to you the adventure which induced me to adopt your mode of travelling. But I think you and I ought to exchange places, in order to preserve the romance of the affair; for I never before knew an instance where a young girl eloped with her aunt!"

Explanations were soon made on both sides, and Harvey, who in his irritated, reckless mood, was going anywhere or nowhere, just as it might happen, decided at once to accompany them as far as they went; and a merry party they formed, as they journeyed on, leaving all unpleasant reminiscences behind.

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It was near the close of a fine autumn day, about ten years after the events recorded above, that a carriage was slowly passing through a wood which hid from view a neighboring city. It was a stately carriage, combining elegance with comfort, and betokened the wealth and taste of the possessor.

I said it was moving slowly, for the party within were enjoying the refreshing coolness and quiet shade of the bright foliage around them, and admiring the golden hue with which the sun's last rays were imbuing the leaves.

In one corner, reclined an aged female, whose repose of manner and mild, thoughtful mien harmonized with the calm beauty of the evening which she was silently contemplating.

At her side, sat a young lady, whom, as it is left to my option, I shall call beautiful; for I love beauty in all things; but before I describe her, I will warn you, reader, that if you have got your mouth made up for one of those dainty, angelic little fairies, whom heroine-painters so delight to portray, you will be disappointed; for I cannot vouch that her form was literally the home of the graces, though I do assert that it was elegant and symmetrical; that her neck and brow, though not made of alabaster or Parian marble, were pure and smooth; the former expressing in its lofty proportions, a good depth of intellect; that her cheeks, though of a material differing from coral, rubies, or roses, partook somewhat of their hue; that her teeth, though not exactly pearls gleaming through rose-buds, were white and regular, and much more desirable; that her hair—though it did not fall upon a neck of snow, in auburn or golden ringlets, nor

“—— parted on her brow in jetty flakes,
The raven hair swept back with waving flow,
Rounding a head of such a shape as makes
The old Greek marble with the goddess glow,”—

was soft and luxuriant. Her eyes were not diamonds, nor stars; neither was the sky robbed of its blue to form them; but they were beautiful and expressive.

Besides all these personal attractions, Viola was—that was a slip of the pen—I beg pardon; do not suspect anything, dear reader; the lady's name happened to be Viola; well, she was an accomplished, well-cultivated, pure-minded, true-hearted woman; and, what may be particularly interesting to some, she was a newly-made bride; and the noble-looking gentleman who sat opposite to her was her husband.

They were now performing the bridal tour, and were passing through the city before mentioned, to pay a short visit to a family who resided there.

Entering the suburbs of the town, the carriage drew up before the door of a respectable-looking house, and the party alighted.

“What an elegant carriage!” exclaimed Mrs. Hammond, looking from the window. “Who can it be, Caroline? How richly that lady is dressed! and there is a young lady just getting out, that looks very much like a bride; who can they be?”

They had no time for conjecture, for the door-bell rung, and im-

mediately the servant announced, "Mrs. Deborah Leslie, and Mr. Harvey Clifton."

"Mrs. Deborah Leslie!" exclaimed all three, in a breath; so lost in astonishment and confusion, that neither could articulate a word of salutation.

"Allow me," said Harvey, approaching Mr. Hammond, "to present to you, Mrs. Viola Clifton, my wife, and your daughter."

Never was a family put into such a state of confusion, since Henry the IV. of France, threw aside his disguise in the cottage of the peasant, and owned himself the king whose character the latter was portraying.

But the lesson which they had received was a salutary one; and Aunt Deborah, whose generous heart prompted the bestowal of some of her wealth upon her only relatives, accompanied it with some wise advice, counselling them to employ it for the benefit of their fellow-beings, as well as for their own; and above all, never to trample upon virtue and worth, though it was robed in the simple garb of poverty.

Lowell.

H. E. S.

A SCRAP FROM THE "CLASSICS."

These classic shades!—yes—classes of linsey-clad girls and barefooted boys are truly *classic*; these classic *shades*, I repeat,—not the shade of Thessalian pines, or Arcadian vines, but of broken windows, whose cobweb festoons are looped up with mud-daubers' nests;—these classic shades, which greet my visual organs every morning, looming dimly through—not the vale of Tempe, nor the vale of Avoca, but the barege veil appended to my sunbonnet;—how shall I describe them?

Here I hold daily converse with Horace and Milton, and Homer and Solon, and David, and a host of other sacredly or profanely canonized names. Little peculiarities of great personages are always interesting, and, from an intimate acquaintance with these worthies, I have power to divulge some traits of their's which have never yet been recorded.

Know, then, that *Milton* has a flaxen mop-head, and a certain lank, milk-and-waterish look. *Horace* is a consummate rogue, and has a talent at carving and whittling on hickory, and of drumming sly marches upon his neighbor Milton's shoulder, whose talents he affects to despise. *Homer* is a tall, red-haired fellow, with staring blue eyes. *David* has a most unkingly penchant for shooting paper balls across the room to bedaub poor *Solon*, whose equanimity is sorely disturbed thereby, as he is somewhat foppish in his dress; by the way, he *will* sport a cigar, out of the classic shades.

A commotion among the poets and sages. What's the matter? "Horace pinched Milton." I thought the rogue was at his old tricks. Adieu! He must have a switching.

"R. R."

Hazel Academy, Sunset.

A WEEK IN NEW YORK.

BY THE EDITOR.

Saturday evening. Found myself on board the steamer Bay State, the largest boat which I have ever entered. The Viennois children were with us. To spend a night in the same cabin, somewhat opens to you the penetralia of another; and I became quite interested in these little dancers. I had heard those say, who had seen them off the stage, that they were an ill-looking set. They must have previously amused themselves with the belief that they were *bona fide* fairies, and been unreasonably disappointed to see that they were mortal. How often do we find ourselves accusing the real as the cause of mistakes, vexations, and petty griefs, when the true culprit is our fancy. These little foreigners are delicately formed, light and active, (of course,) and all, or nearly all, blondes. They are well-behaved, with that ease and confidence which must be the result of so much travel and public life, yet not bold nor presuming. They have probably been always together, and little with other associates. This, with good care and social instruction, keeps them childlike and gentle. The children I found could read our language with facility, some of them, and perhaps all. The manners of the two women, who seemed to be their guardian attendants, were quiet and lady-like. I did not see Madame Weiss. One of the girls told me she had been in New York "seven sessions." The expression reminded me of "What is sport to you, is *something else* to us."

I went once upon deck, and looked off into the darkness that rested upon the face of the waters,—thick darkness, that might be felt, for, after a while, it concentrated to rain-drops on my face and hands. The only stars visible were those which from the light-houses glimmered over the waves. When I went upon deck in the morning, New York was in view. I said, "There are not as many ships as I expected to see." "We have been passing them for miles," was the reply. I was in very excellent season for breakfast, when I arrived at my friends', for they had but just commenced their Sabbath. I was most kindly welcomed, and with "First Day," I commenced my week in New York.

Went to church in the morning, and listened to Rev. Dr. Hawkes, a descendant of Pocahontas, and quite an orator and distinguished man in his denomination. The sermon, upon the Prodigal Son, was simple and earnest; his reading was very good; the music, particularly the organ, very fine. There was a crowded audience, which listened with reverent attention. In the afternoon, I listened to a good sermon from a Baptist clergyman, which seemed like New England preaching; and the church, compared with Grace Church, was quite Puritannical. After meeting, we walked through some fine streets, with their long rows of beautiful mansions; some of which, if they could only be detached from their present locations, and set down with their flowers, vines, fountains, and statues, in some of our country towns, would be each an ornament to the country all around. There they "waste their sweetness on the desert air"—at all events,

impress the beholder but little comparatively. We walked to the river-side, and saw the sun set behind a cloud as beautiful as any which could have glowed over Eden. In the evening we walked again; went into Dr. Cheever's church, a fine building, roofed with pointed arches, like some of the ancient churches of Boston. The organ pealed forth its heavy swell of music, as we left for Dr. Dewey's. His church is different from any that I have seen, in its painted walls and ceiling. Back of the pulpit is represented a deep vista of Gothic arches, terminated by the pointed door. Around, were pillars, in a profusion which at first seemed confusion; but in time, could be distinguished, beyond them, cathedral doors and windows, and shaded columns. The scene at first bewildered me, and I hardly know now whether I like this sacred scenic painting or not. Dr. Dewey, the well-known Unitarian clergyman, and author of a book of travels, called "The Old World and the New," preached from this text: "Watchman, what of the night? The watchman said, The morning cometh." The next day I could readily have given an outline of the whole discourse, but I could not now without studying some time to recall it. He commenced by speaking of the present time as one of momentous interest,—one of those crises which are turning points in "the course of time"—and which will be to the future historian, a period of the deepest interest. In the old world, popular *opinion* is now commencing its reign. This is the characteristic of their movements, and the age. He hopes much from the general infusion or diffusion of sentiments of love and a recognition of the gentle brotherhood of man. But he has not that faith which "hopeth all things." "The morning cometh," *and the night also*. Backward and forward swingeth the great pendulum. Some things are gained and some lost. Sudden and violent changes cannot effect the greatest good. English reform is more to be approved than French revolution. Of course I have not been able to give you the preacher's own elegant language.

Monday. I saw some of the public buildings. The Exchange, with its huge pillars of solid granite, which remind one of the fabled columns which support the world; the Custom-House, that great cathedral where the worshippers of Commerce pay their tithes; the Postoffice, where government incidentally gives token of some interest in the social and intellectual welfare of the people. Here all is arranged most systematically. The merchants have their distinct apartment, which is also divided into different departments. The New York ladies, like our Lowell girls, have their separate office.

I then went to Trinity Church, a grand edifice of solid stone, which cost \$1,000,000. Its windows are of richly stained glass; some of the pictures, in that back of the altar, representing Christ and some of the apostles. The sun shone brightly, throwing upon the floor those trembling picture shadows—those blossoms and wreaths of the light which quivers in dew-drops and prisms, and which glows and fades in clouds and rainbows. We went up into the spire; up, up, up, sometimes over a steep staircase, and then winding over a spiral ascent, up, up, up, between those strong, dark walls, as though we were exploring the labyrinthine heights of some old tower. I preceded

my companions, and I knew they were far back below me, when I felt my limbs fail; and I should have stopped, but just at that moment, the fresh air kissed my forehead, and encouraged me on. The window was farther than I supposed, but I gained it. We found there a party who had been to a window still higher, but not the highest; and we thought we would outdo them. So after a look and a rest, we started for the topmost "loop-hole," and reached it. Here there is a view from which the city resembles an uneven pave of brick and stone, and green mosaic. Broadway, the great azotic artery, reaches away for miles. Down in Wall street, the men look like clustering bees, or flies; but most of the streets are invisible. The view of the harbor is splendid, with its islands, ships, and the "meeting of the waters"—Brooklyn, and the Jersey shore, are "all in your eye;" and the far perspective of the upper part of the city. When we had again looked and rested, we commenced the descent. Down, down, down, sometimes bending low to avoid the beams, and sometimes holding by the rope which secures safety in a precipitous descent. I stopped and looked down into the bell-tower, where the great bell and the octave of little bells clang forth grandeur and harmony—I beg pardon of these giant chimers—"little bells!" I mean the mastodon bell and elephant bells. I thought of Toby Veck, in Dickens's tale, as I stood there among the beams and bells, and I did not wonder that wild thoughts, grand images, and noble feelings, were awakened in the poor sacristan, by the chimes. But when, as I stood there, the bell pealed forth the half hour, every thought, recollection, and emotion in me was tossed to and fro, and dashed into a perfect wreck, by those foaming surges of sound. Down, down, down, and again we reached the church, and again we looked where the flowers of light quivered gently upon the seats and floor.

At four-and-a-half o'clock we witnessed the balloon ascent of Dr. Morrill, from Vauxhall Garden. He went up beautifully, with considerable velocity, waving his flags and seating himself as we gazed. It is a pecuniary disadvantage to the æronaut, that those "without" can see better than those "within." The wind took him again towards the ocean, and he prepared to descend. His first parachute was quickly thrown over, and pussy probably went into the water. If she was an ambitious kitten she will not look back upon her fate with any regret; or rather she did not look forward to it with dread, though an involuntary m-e-ew might have escaped as she sank into the waves. I did not see the second parachute, nor the doctor's return to this sublunary abode.

Tuesday. A rainy day, and we could not go out much, but concluded not to lose the day, and went in an omnibus to the office of the phrenologist, Mr. Fowler, where we spent a few hours very pleasantly, looking at his immense collection of casts and skulls. The phrenologist never seems to find either troublesome to him, but every different head is to him a fresh proof of the truth of his science. To me the most beautiful casts are those of eminent scientific men. The least interesting to examine is what he calls the *perfect head*. The cast of Daniel Webster is very noble. Some other statesmen make a fine appearance here. Phrenologists are now refining their science

into what they call neurology. This recognizes the idea that every faculty of the mind, every organ of the brain, has its sympathizing part of the body. The nose, I believe, corresponds in strength and size with the intellectual part of the brain. The hand, I think, sympathizes with vitaliveness or love of life, or power to live and endure. I have caught but a glimpse of this science; but it presents a phase of much interest. We did not see Mr. Fowler, but he has many assistants, so that his office is by no means vacant when he is gone. The firm appear to be doing an extensive and profitable business. I trust they are doing good. They have contended against much opposition; their opponents maintaining that the doctrines they promulgate are of a loose and immoral tendency. They say that they are *true*. This is enough. Truth cannot injure. It cannot conflict with the good of man.

V I O L E T S .

BY L. LARCOM.

The Angel of Love and the Angel of Flowers,
Twin sisters, flew down to the world's freshened bowers,
When the Bow of the Cov'nant first arched the pure blue; —
And the Flow'r Angel said, while her pencil she drew,
"Now tell me the hue that thy favorites wear;
And I will transfer its soft radiance with care
To the loveliest blossom that bows 'neath my sway."
Love whispered, "'Tis modesty's violet ray."

Violets! violets! brightly they grow,
When the warm April showers have melted the snow,
Where the musical rills through the green forests run;
Where the wide prairies smile at the low, western sun;
In the hollows, where sunbeams, like runaways, play;
In the nooks where the villager's child loves to stray; —
Where'er the twin angels unfurl their white wings
In the mild, vernal dew, there the violet springs.

O, surely there's room upon earth's ample breast
For all the rich buds Heav'n has wakened, to rest;
Be they dazzling or delicate, shall they not grow,
And supplant with their beauty, the rank weeds of wo?
The exotic may shine in the brilliant parterre,
But the violet's smile is like Love's; — ev'rywhere;
And when roses and lilies round palaces fade,
Still freshly the violets bloom in the shade.

Let the hero ascend the rough mountain of Fame,
For a garland of laurel — an undying name;
Let the maid of the valley walk lowly, yet free,
In the violet mantle of meek modesty.
Earth has need of them both; — but more deeply she needs
Love's meek, hourly blessings, then soul-moving deeds;
And I pray for a home, while I linger below,
With my heart's chosen friends, where the violets grow.

Vine Lodge, Ill.

EDITOR'S TABLE.

LETITIA S. BLAISDELL. Through the length and breadth of the land, it is known that this girl has committed a murder, and is condemned to die. It is known, too, that she was a factory girl; was one of our New England operatives at the time of this dreadful deed. Is it not well that we, who have loved at times to chronicle the good deeds performed among our class, should now allude to this? We will not attempt to extenuate the crime; we will allow it to be horrible, shocking, terrible in one so young, and she a woman. But there has been much said about its mystery, its unaccountable character, the want of sufficient motive, &c., &c. There have also been expressions implying this: that, after Letitia left the home of her youth and entered the mill, she threw off the restraints which had guarded her conduct, and become loose and immoral. These have been made, we think, without sufficient proof. In our recent visit to Manchester, we enquired particularly of her life and conduct, and could hear nothing against it previous to this awful affair. Nothing was known but that she had once had a difference with an overseer; and, if this be vice, we must plead guilty ourself, and be classed with the vicious.

That Letitia committed this murder in her ordinary state of mind, we do not believe; and we do believe that she was unbalanced by a passion which acted as insanity. She was to be married to one whom she loved, it is evident, with no ordinary strength of feeling, if money could be procured to facilitate the event. The hope of a union with him, the dread of losing him, the hopes, fears, and passions of eighteen, all were in wild commotion. There might have been concealment of feeling, but there can be no doubt of its force. Those who have lived where we have, and heard more, probably, than it has been our lot to hear, of that disgusting requisite to connubial aspirations, "the tin" which a woman is desired to bring to the altar, can think how all-important this possession might have seemed to Letitia. How much of this was injustice to her lover, how much the morbid workings of her own mind, it is not for us to determine. He, who has expressed his willingness, or, as we heard it, his determination, to marry her, even at the foot of the scaffold, cannot be wholly selfish. But, in her cool, quiet madness, she hesitated at no step which might forward the accomplishment of her wishes.

As we write this, it is rumored that her life is to be spared, but that it is to be passed in a prison. Would that she might there have such blessed influences as the kind monitions of a Mrs. Fry, a Miss Dix, a Mrs. Child, or a Mrs. Farnham, whose memory is still so dear among the females at Sing Sing. If that philosophy is true, which predicates the capacity for good by that displayed in such power for evil, there is much of character in her to act upon. We should not fear her return to society. We should not fear to sit by her side, or even to share her bed. Would every factory girl in the land petition for her restoration to freedom, our name should gladly be placed upon the list.

[Concluded on cover.]

THE
NEW ENGLAND OFFERING :
A MAGAZINE OF INDUSTRY.

JULY, 1849.

REPUBLICANISM.

In a chapter of this Magazine will be found the complaint of an Associationist to a Conservative, that we look to our "Great West," — our wild lands, — our vast resources, as the remedy for social evils, and the guarantee against them ; but not to the genius of our institutions, — the spirit of our government. Is there not too much truth in this, and does it not suggest thought and duty to us ?

We should be more American, more democratic. We are not, as a people, doing justice to ourselves and our country, nor to humanity. We abuse our privileges. In the scramble for wealth as the only good, we forget what is due to religion, justice, philanthropy, and freedom. We call ourselves the "model republic," yet we imitate the old world's fashions, and adopt its faults. Indeed, at present there seems to be less of the spirit of progress, the love of liberty, here than there. One little fact has its significance. The literature of the old world (stolen, not purchased,) has more influence, and far more circulation than our own. A republication of foreign Magazines flourishes. The most purely indigenous of our own lives only because one person attempts the labor of three in its behalf, without the adequate remuneration of one. It can look to no one class for support, but finds its friends among the exceptions to the general rule of all classes. To the mass of the community this appeal has no weight : — "The Magazine is purely American ; no other country would attempt its parallel. It is looked upon by foreigners as a wonder ; and as a testimonial of the advantages of our common-school system of education, as a proof of the elevating influence of our social institutions ; let it be supported." A few respond, but the majority turn indifferently away.

Let us all think again, how far are we truly republican ? How far are we willing to sacrifice and act, that our land may indeed be blessed and hallowed ; and we be as a light among the nations ? Let us combat every form of injustice and oppression. Let us sustain every institution, and strengthen every influence, calculated to do honor to republicanism, and increase its power. Let us act for that future when our broad lands shall all be inhabited, and when humanity shall fill this vast territory from the ocean on the east to that which washes its western shores.

NAKED TRUTH.

BY "GRACE GAYFEATHER."

"Truth and Falsehood were one day bathing in the same stream; the latter left the water first, and put on the dress of the former. Truth scorned the garb of Falsehood, and walked forth into the world naked." Near by on the greensward a troop of children were at play, and filling the air with merry music. They leaped, laughed, shouted, and ran, free and graceful as young gazelles. Truth stayed his steps and seated himself in their midst. A fair-haired child offered him her skip-rope, another crowned him with her grace-hoop, and a third twined his curls around her tiny fingers. Balls and hoops were offered by the boys who were desirous of drawing him into their sports, but his attention was fixed upon two lads who were engaged in play together. He had not watched them long before a dispute arose, the cause — a marble; both claimed it. As he departed he placed his hand upon the head of one of the disputants, and bade him beware, lest life's half-way house should prove to him a prison.

As he proceeded on he encountered an exquisite in conversation with a distinguished coquette. Truth felt a curiosity to be once present at a *tete-a-tete* of this kind, but was no sooner seen by the lady than she screamed and concealed her face. The gentleman was sure it was a lunatic — "would call the police." The intruder was necessitated to introduce himself, for neither, probably, had ever imagined such a personage as Truth existed.

"You ought to go to the tailors," said the exquisite, "you had, 'pon honor."

"Perhaps he would like a call from you upon that *principle*," replied Truth, and turning to the lady added, "Wottest thou not how much *indelicacy* there is in thy delicacy?" She seemed determined either to blush or burst a blood vessel. To prevent the latter, Truth "evaporated."

We next find him entering a store before which cloths of every tint and texture were displayed. After examining some which were warranted "fast colors," he walked unceremoniously behind a counter where the merchant was exhibiting his shawls to a lady, and assuring her that the one selected was not only "perfection itself, but a very rich article offered for less than cost." Turning his head he encountered Truth in dishabille at his elbow, and quickly placed a damaged corner of the shawl between nudity and the lady.

He called for a few minutes at the rooms of a *man-milliner* and seemed quite confounded by the variety of headgear there displayed. The proprietor asked if he wished to purchase. "No," said Truth, "I was trying to solve a problem; if a tailor is but 'the ninth part of a man,' how much of one is a male-milliner?" How much of a *dressing* he received for his impertinence, deponent saith not.

He turned his steps to the opposite side of the street and opened the

door of an office; he had scarcely put his nose within when a dusty volume grazed his ear, and a stern voice bade him begone.

"How dare you enter here in that condition?" asked the limb of the law.

Ere Truth could reply the toe of a boot escorted him out. Since that time, 't is said, he has carefully avoided places of such ominous sanctity.

He next stumbled into an actor's room, and found him tumbling over a variety of costumes.

"Your wardrobe is rather more extensive than mine," said Truth, who still felt the forcible hint of the lawyer.

"'Avaunt and quit my sight,'" said the actor, as he beheld his untailored visitor, "or stay, and 'take any shape but that.' Here, don Hamlet's 'inky cloak' for me, and my success will be perfect."

"You mistake my powers; in disguise Truth either would not be recognized as such, or, if he were, would take the palm from you. Study Hamlet's advice to the players — adieu," and he gracefully made his exit.

Recognizing the name of one who had professed a partiality for his company he boldly entered the studio of an artist, and clapped his hand upon the occupant's shoulder.

"Bless me, is it you?" said the painter, looking such a miserable welcome that Truth enquired if he intruded.

"The fact is that at any other time your presence in your birth-day suit would be hailed with delight, but just now I am engaged in the perpetuation of a piece of antiquity — once a beauty, now on the shady side of fifty. I had just produced a fine bit of effect in the eye which your presence quite spoils. Pardon me, friend, but you must leave me now, or this canvass will never leave my studio and fifty guineas behind. Go now" —

"On one condition," said the other, — "let me give one stroke with your brush, or I remain here a 'fixed fact.'"

The poor artist saw no alternative but compliance; and Truth with a dash of the pencil left the impression of a venerable wrinkle. "Convert that into a dimple, and you have a *chef d'œuvre*. Au revoir."

Again in the street he noticed several large flags unfurled to the breeze, and was at a loss as to the cause. He was sure it was not a festival day, and he could not remember having heard of any great event recently in the moral world, which would be likely to call forth this display of colors.

"What occasions this display of flags?" enquired he of an honest looking Hibernian, who was passing by, "armed and equipped" with a hod of bricks.

"By my soul, it's jist the thing I can tell ye, — that's the next bos o' the country to be sure," pointing to the name upon one of them.

"Bos," said Truth wonderingly, "who is he?"

"An' it's not a power of sense that ye're got not to know our next President."

"What is the other?"

"He's to be our next President too, they say."

"Is the other the next President *three*?" asked Truth.

"Och, faith, an ye'r honor is sure to be right."

Truth began to see through the blue maze, and took his way to an editor's sanctum. Although his entrance was unobserved, he did not amuse himself by reading copy, but sat down to wait very patiently till the quill and scissors professor noticed him. It was some time first, and he then apologized very abstractedly.

"Is Truth so much a stranger in this place as not to be recognized?"

"No! no!" said the editor, as he cordially extended his hand, "my thoughts were just then in a knot. The returns are coming in."

"And one among them who has been so long absent as to be forgotten."

"Do n't be severe, old friend. I'm glad to see you. How has New York gone?"

Truth acknowledged he was but a poor politician, and could not give the desired information.

"We shall elect our candidate with a handsome majority," said the editor, as he grasped the hand of the other more firmly.

"Our candidate!" said Truth, with a sarcastic smile.

Although Mr. Editor would have written a hundred leaders to prove that the candidate of his party was Truth's favorite also, yet with the "plain unvarnished" gentleman before him, he could do no less than make the *amende honorable*.

"You know the plural is my prerogative. But tell me where are your old clothes?"

"Stolen, and I supposed every editor had shaken hands with the thief before this. Wise men pay me the compliment to say Falsehood will go round the world while Truth is buckling on his sandals; but this time having nothing to impede my progress I have outstripped him."

As the wanderer was again jostled by the crowd, he became either frightened or emboldened, (it has not been decided which, and probably never will be unless some "debating society" takes up the question) for he was soon seen to enter a lady's boudoir very *mal apropos*. Seating himself in a jutting window he watched the lady as she prepared herself for an evening party. She transferred her pearly teeth from the wash basin to her mouth, her glossy curls from a box to her head, one wrinkle after another disappeared, her face became as fair as "lily white" could make it, her sallow cheek blushed at the kiss of a rouge pot, and her shrunken form gradually acquired a symmetrical roundness which would have made Venns de Medici, had she been there, consider herself a very French-doll-looking personage in comparison.

The metamorphosed lady looked at her mirror with evident satisfaction. A storm cloud overspread her face as she saw the most unwelcome of all visitors behind it. She was shocked and exceedingly wrathful that Truth had no more respect for her, or modesty in himself, than to enter her room while she was performing her toilet, and that too, with a total neglect of his own.

He quietly assured her that every lady's blush is not skin deep, any more than it is dress that makes the man, and withdrew before the storm arrived at its height.

His next call was at the hut of a weird woman who was about to reveal the future to a young girl that had sought her aid with a firm belief in her powers of sorcery. The room was hung with charmed herbs and snake skins, a black pot dangling over the embers served the double purpose of cooking witch food and mixing magic. The fortune-teller was not intimidated by the entrance of Truth, feeling that the credulity of the girl was proof against his power, or she would not have sought her hovel. Several packages were emptied into the cauldron and as the witch soup began "to boil and bubble," the spell was pronounced complete. She, for whom it had been wrought, was permitted to wish thrice, and he answered one question respecting each wish. With these three keys to her heart its secrets were unlocked, and the past, present, and future were revealed in a manner which would have astonished any one, Truth thought, provided the questions had not been asked.

He could bear it no longer, and attempted to reason with the girl, but she spurned his interference, and demanded by what right he dogged her footsteps, and in such a brutal condition.

"To save you from becoming the dupe of this woman." She rushed from the sound of his voice. He turned to address the other. She uttered a demoniac laugh, and spirited herself away. Truth followed suit, feeling convinced that *superstition*, in whatever form it appears, is the most inaccessible to his powers.

In his wanderings he called at places where he was familiarly known, justly appreciated, and warmly welcomed; but a farther notice of those visits would be, like common sense in a romance, terrible dead weight.

Lowell.

SPEAK NOT HARSHLY.

BY "MYRTIS MILWOOD."

Oft have words unkindly spoken,
Chilled affection's warmest flow;
Like some string of lute that 's broken,
Thou mayest ne'er its music know.

Would'st thou blast that love forever
Which should with thy being blend,
And earth's holiest friendship sever?
Speak but harshly to thy friend.

How oft a word in anger spoken,
Bids the briny tear-drop start;
And the bond, thus rudely broken,
Never more may bind thy heart.

Would'st thou be a thing that 's hated,
Lonely o'er this world to rove,
To no angel band related?
Rudely break the bond of love.

But, would'st thou dispel all sadness,
And "hope's cheering influence lend;"
Would'st thou wake the spirit's gladness?
Deal, O! GENTLY with thy friend.

Law. Cor. Lowell,

MELVINA HOWARD.**CHAPTER V.**

BY J. L. BAKER.

“ Though storms may gather o’er us
 The sun will smile again ;
 Though dark the way before us
 We’re led by love’s true chain.
 Though sadly heaves the bosom,
 Joy always follows care ;
 There’s many a summer blossom
 In winter’s tangled hair.”

Time ! Time ! relentless destroyer of youth and beauty, thou ! with a stealthy tread thou comest and takest away the blooming rose of health from beauty’s cheek, — and, with an iron hand, engravest the furrows of care, age, and sorrow there ! — the impress of thy tireless race.

Five years had passed since the incidents transpired recorded in the preceding pages, and Arthur Gray was a wiser and better man, but forsaken and alone ; his heart desolate, and crushed by the weight of untold anguish. Grief and woe sat hand in hand upon his desecrated hearth. We will draw aside the curtain of the past, that veiled the sanctuary of his hearth and heart, and for a moment gaze into the deep labyrinth of domestic disquietude there concealed from public view. It is night. A flood of silvery light falls softly over his princely dwelling. Near by, the broad, beautiful waters of the Hudson mirror the clear heavens above.

“ Every limpid wave
 Has caught a star in its embrace,
 And holds it trembling there.”

Within that mansion sits a watcher, sad and lonely. The strong man has become a very woman in tenderness, as he bends over his dying child. The low sweet tones of the wife and mother are not there ; the silent glance of sympathy — more eloquent far than words — meets not the eye of the lonely man. The offices of love her hand should perform are performed by strangers. The domestics, as they glide noiselessly through the apartments, cast hurried glances at the face of their beloved master and turn quickly away to hide the fast falling tears.

He bends over his child in agony — presses its dimpled hands in his — kisses its pallid cheek — holds it closer and closer to his heart as if he could not let it go, but would bind it to earth, by the power of his strong love, the spirit struggling for its home in heaven. For a moment the long silken eyelashes slightly quiver, and are partially raised from those eyes of clear deep blue, revealing the love-light of the celestial world, and a smile of surpassing beauty flitted across those lips, which, sweet as the opening rose-bud, half murmured the name of mother ; then, like a fair fragile flower torn from its support,

“ It falls in its saint-like beauty
 Asleep by the gates of life.”

Arthur Gray, with a broken, contrite spirit, turned away from its grassy grave, to tread again the highway of life alone. The wife of his bosom had deserted him. Her high imperious will and proud haughty spirit, could not, *would* not bow to her husband's *right* to rule, nor conform to the law of love and kindness; and in a dark hour she listened to the syren's voice of temptation, and, with her infamous paramour, left husband and child to revel awhile in guilt, and die at last in shame and remorse, in obscurity and want, detested and forsaken. The dark Indian ire of revenge that had been stirred in the rankling bosom of that reckless piece of humanity, Sam Bond, had been glutted, his plans fearfully accomplished. Under the guise of seeming friendship, he, like a venomous serpent, had beset their way, in all places, at all times and seasons, and, with honeyed words and subtle arts, had slowly but surely wound his way into the most secret recesses of the domestic relations of Arthur Gray, and, with the triumph of a fiend, borne away that which should have been the light and glory of his home. His purpose accomplished, he abandoned his victim to a fate worse than death, to wear out the remnant of a miserable life in hopeless repentance; and the pride of Arthur Gray was humbled in the very dust. The retribution had been dreadful, and the wrong done Melvina expiated with a terrible atonement. Prejudice and false pride had alike been buried forever in the grave of that little one.

And when time had dissipated grief, brighter than ever came back to his mental vision the expression of that sweet face and tearful eye that during the changing scenes of the past five years had flitted before him, coming between him and every other object. The mournful glance of those dark eyes lifted so timidly to his face, when last they met, had never been forgotten. Sleeping or waking it was ever before him; it came between him and his dying child, and when the grass had grown and the flowerets sweetly bloomed on the grave of that little one, it wooed him away to that lonely mountain home on the banks of the Connecticut.

It was a lovely morning in the leafy month of June, when he left the village inn, and, contrary to the wishes of "mine host," proceeded on foot to Glen-Ora.

Bright and beautiful was every thing around him as he followed the windings of the densely wooded road; gushing notes of forest melody filled the air; wild flowers loaded the zephyr with perfume, and dew-drops glistened like diamonds in the sunlight, and trembled on every leaf and blade of grass; the music of heaven and earth seemed commingling to win the soul of man heavenward. Arthur Gray felt its influence, and from the recesses of his soul there arose a glad anthem of thanksgiving to the mercy seat.

He had scarcely entered the avenue when the glad tones of mirth greeted his ear; looking up he caught the glimpse of a white frock fluttering in the breeze, and the next moment his hand was warmly grasped by Edward Howard.

"God bless you my dear friend," fervently ejaculated Edward, "this is indeed a pleasure. Allow me to present you to my wife," he contin-

ued, as Clara approached them. The meeting was a cordial one, and together they returned to the house where breakfast awaited them.

"You have made a happy exchange," said Arthur, as his eye glanced from the breakfast-room window out on the beautiful expanse of hill and vale before them. "This quiet retreat, where nature seems to have lavished her richest treasures, would win even me from a city life, and for you must have charms superior to anything we can offer."

"It has, it has!" returned Edward ardently, as his eye rested on the face of his young wife. "I would not exchange, for the wealth of the world, the ties that bind me here."

"Edward will try to make you believe," remarked Clara, "that our skies are the brightest, our flowers the fairest, and our people the best and dearest."

"And prove it too, my love, too conclusively for Arthur to refute," interrupted Edward.

After breakfast, the friends wandered out together, and when they reached the path leading to "Howard Cottage," Edward remarked that he had set apart that morning to visit his parishioners, and left Arthur with the assurance that one of their fairest flowers was reared in that sequestered spot. Arthur paused a moment, then followed the path, till, through the trembling foliage, he obtained glimpses of the vine-clad summer-house now loaded with a profusion of flowering honey-suckles. He advanced and entered. A pair of canary birds (the gift of Melvina's brother) were suspended amid the vines, and filling the air with the most exquisite melody. A harp and music-book lay upon the rustic bench. He turned over the leaves of the latter, and as he did so a withered rose-bud dropped out upon the grass. It was a little, a very little thing, but it spoke to Arthur's heart more eloquently than words could do. He was not forgotten, else why that rose-bud cherished for years, and kept in *that book* — the same book from which she was playing *that night*, when he breathed in her ear the witching tale of love. Was it the bud he had *then* placed, all wet with evening's dew, in her dark hair? Ah, he would seek Edward, and learn from him, if she still loved him; if so, throw himself at her feet, implore her forgiveness, and bear her away, if possible, to bless his desolated home. Thus communed Arthur Gray with himself, alone in the presence divine.

Edward and Clara had not mentioned Melvina since his arrival, but hope was strong in his heart. He knew that Edward had vainly tried to win her love, that her answer had ever been, "dear, dear Edward, do not urge a hopeless cause; you are so kind, so good, so noble, I cannot wrong you by giving you a divided heart."

He knew too, how bravely his friend had struggled against a passion so hopeless — how his strong spirit had triumphed at last — how he had come to love the gentle Clara because of her meek and quiet spirit, and how he had won her to his heart and home.

[To be concluded.]

RIGHTS AND DUTIES OF MILL GIRLS.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "LIGHTS AND SHADOWS OF FACTORY LIFE."

CHAPTER X.

Reduction of wages for Factory Labor.

In all great commercial crises, like this through which our country has been passing these last eighteen months or more, manufacturers are the latest to succumb. Banks refuse to discount, papers are returned dishonored, stock falls below par, large commercial houses go down with a crash, small ones follow making less noise, yet burying multitudes beneath them, and all the while people go round looking blue, with hands fast in their pockets, and elbows stiffly akimbo. Smash, crash, and a dead silence — smash, crash, and a dead silence — thus it goes on. Merchants, because they must sell, offer those cloths at six cents per yard for which three years ago they readily got twelve cents; and even under these rates, fainter and farther between come demands, until at length one hears no sounds. Meanwhile, clang, clang, boom, boom, go the shuttles and wheels, and cloths are turned out by the ton. Pile goes over pile in the cloth-rooms and in the store-houses; and at the end of the quarter, a two and one half per cent. dividend is *honestly* declared. Now capitalists, directors, and agents run their fingers through their hair and snap their tooth-picks. They stop a part of their machinery to the great detriment of the same from disuse, to say nothing of the unfruitful investment of capital therein, and the rest is put at low speed; and thus by two methods, production is checked. In this operation, as is readily perceived, those girls upon the suspended machinery must be discharged; or, if they have been very faithful, kind-tempered, agreeable girls, it generally happens that they are retained, and put in the place of the lowest rate girls, who are discharged. Reducing the speed reduces the labor of the girls almost exactly in proportion. For instance, if the girls through a weaving room have been tending two or three looms each, when the machinery was at high speed, with the slow supplies of woof, for repairs of warp, for cleaning machinery, they now find time hanging heavily on their hands, so that they may as well take another loom, even two more looms. They would rather, for they are annoyed by the dull movements of their machinery, and dissatisfied with the decrease of compensation. Thus the most efficient girls, those who have made themselves the most estimable in every respect, are retained. More work is given them, so that, under the new arrangement, their wages are the same, or nearly the same, that they were under the old. Meanwhile, to accommodate all these changes, discharges must go on of such as are the least capable, the least esteemed, among the regular help, and of the "spare hands," as they are called, to whom employment was given at the asking, when manufactures were at a successful period. By the way, on this point, two things may be flatly affirmed. Two propositions made by the two opposing parties, viz: the friends and the foes of the existing system of manufactures, may be flatly denied. It is said of

this same surplus of help, when times are easy, their work light, their wages good and sure, it is said then by the friends of the capitalists — “see here! on this one corporation, a hundred spare hands, with no care, a great deal of time for rest, working when and where they please, taking their dollar a week clear of all expenses from the hour they commence learning, and they are here, not because they were needed, but because the agent and overseers were too kind to say ‘no’ to them!” This is not true in the majority of cases. The agent and the overseers do not say “no,” because in the clear eyes and vigorous manner, they discern promise of amiability and of usefulness, by and by, when the novice shall have become the girl of experience; and, moreover, because there are in the room some unproductive girls, who always will be unproductive girls; some ill-natured, turbulent girls, who always will be ill-natured and turbulent girls, and they wish to be rid of both one class and the other, as soon as they are provided with good substitutes. On the other hand, when a time of pressure like the present comes, and the unproductive help is discharged, it is said by the enemies of the corporations — “Ho! look on and see! Girls lured from their far-off, quiet, safe homes, by prospects of steady and lucrative employment, taken in at a time when doors were open everywhere, and now when no work is to be found, look where they will, they are turned adrift, to go to their poor homes, if they have any; if not, to be left in the great city, or the great town, without places, without friends, without money, a prey to temptation in all its direst forms!”

Now, in the first place, if the girls are lured from their homes, it is of themselves, of their own anticipations of gain, for the sake of seeing new places, persons, and things, not of any corporation Circe or Siren that sings, and enchants, and draws them hither. In the second, it was good for them that they were taken into the immediate receipt of wages, without loss of time, without disheartening search for employment, when among strangers, and nearly destitute of funds. If they have worked three or four weeks, they have money to take them home; if they have not, and if they have no means of return, the company will supply them upon being assured of their necessities. They are disappointed, it is true. It grieves them to return so soon with such numbers of unachieved purposes holding them back; yet one fails to discern that overseers, agents, or capitalists, are to be blamed — that is, directly. Indirectly, the capitalists are certainly, for pressing every thing into the one branch of trade, manufacture of cotton goods, thus draining the country of money, and inundating it with cloths. Or this is what one party says, while the other has been groaning over it, looking askance at their opponents, ending the pantomime with smacking their lips over a new presidency, a new congress, and a resuscitation, in one form or another, of the tariff of ’42.

To return; this is not the end. I mean this reduction of speed and discharge of surplus help. The times grow harder. With all they have done, their dividends are still ruinously low; and thus comes a reduction of wages through the works. Ha! it is as if an earthquake came. The electricity goes out of the girls, their hands lie heavily in their laps, and their eyes are dull. What shall be done? To what are

these things tending? Sluggishly, at first, their thoughts go about them to see what shall be done. Shall they stay there, away from home and friends, shut up day after day within those brick walls, for the pittance of two dollars, two dollars and a half, or two dollars and seventy-five cents a week? Suddenly, as their thoughts go out, they alight upon England, with the miserable wages, the vice, ignorance, and starvation of her factory people. Now the mercury goes up! Now the electricity comes back and infuses itself into the nerves and the veins! Will they — *they*, the daughters of New England, the indomitable, — of Yankees, the Midas' of these modern times — they whose fathers have their mile or two of fields and pastures along the main road, they whose brothers are clergymen, legislators, senators even, even presidents of the senate, will they submit to — in short, to anything? Will they work on "like the sheep that is dumb before its shearers," and let English wages, English prices of labor, English misery come here into our pleasant places! No, no! They will go home and breathe the free air, and course it through the fields and woods up there. They will give joy to their friends; and what joy will they themselves find in being again amongst them! What pleasant drives they will have! What pleasant walks! And the new "stitches" they will learn! the new charm they will give parlor, yard, and garden, with the money they have tucked away in their purses, and with the improved tastes they have acquired from observation of so many beautiful models there in the large town! In the self same hour their notices are given; in a fortnight they are on their way home, with hearts alternating between joy over the meetings that are to come, and sorrow over the late partings with the friends of their factory life. These are they who have homes of plenty, homes abounding with the necessities of life, although wanting perhaps in many of the luxuries.

Others are poor; their parents are poor; but they will find a home, and loving hearts made glad by their return. And they have no fear. They have always been above want; they are quite sure they always will be; and they will go home where the broad blue sky will be above them, and the green turf beneath. And the orchard full of birds — do they not remember these? Is not their song dearer to them than money in their purses? And the flowers along the way, "the violet and the rose," have they forgotten these? Will they ever forget these? And above all these, the father and the mother that bare them, they whose feet are beginning to tire of the journey of life, whose hands drop sometimes in the burden and the heat — have they forgotten them? Is not this the time to go to them, to interpose the strong arm between them and their toils, to enliven their dull hours with cheerful words, with laughter and singing, through the old rooms? Yes, they will hasten; and straightway, with eyes full of tears, they go to their friendly overseer, and say that they "must leave in a fortnight." This, in factory parlance, is "giving their notice." Well, notices come fast and thick. The overseer expostulates. He will do the very best he can for them if they will stay and weather the hard times with him. It will be better soon — new president — new tariff — things will be

looking up again in a few months — he don't know how he can get along without them, they have been with him so long; they have been so faithful, so pleasant; their influence in the room has been so good. They are his good sisters; they must not run away from their brother in his hour of need. They weep. They tell him that they respect him; they always shall, his kindness has done so much towards making their mill-life pleasant to them; but they cannot stay and work at reduced wages. They cannot lend their aid towards perpetuating English rates of compensation. If it can do them little harm, it will affect hundreds and thousands, and tens of thousands, who are as needy as they are. They must go home. And if the time comes that good wages are restored, they will be rested; they will have seen their friends, and then they will come back. The overseers do not reproach them. They are kind to them to the last, and thus they part. A thousand, it is said, left that one manufacturing city, Lowell, in a few months. This is bad every way; bad for the proprietors, their works being stopped, or managed so imperfectly by the new help coming in to take the place of the old; bad for overseers, on account of parting with so many of his best and best-liked girls, and on account of things going so crazy through their rooms; and bad for the girls; for while multitudes go away with quiet dignity, and multitudes stay in very friendliness for agent and overseers, and in pity for their troubles, yet other multitudes lose their tempers, and scold, and behave most unbecomingly; sometimes, although not in this case, getting up "a turn-out," "a strike," for higher wages. Worse still, because of a permanent evil; many of the vacancies left by these substantial, well-educated, upright-minded girls, will be filled by the Irish; and much as I admire some traits of their national character, sincerely as I pity them and beseech for them kind treatment and room in our country, I should regret their coming into this branch of labor, as already they have into the domestic service, both because they are never found to be so efficient as the New England girls, and because the pride, or self-respect, or both, makes the latter step back from the field that the former enter, and leave it entirely to them. Go where you will now, into whatever family where domestics are kept, and you will find that they are Irish. This is the case not only in the large towns, but also in the small country villages; and thus it will be in the factories, if the Irish are employed in any considerable numbers; because, as a general thing, they are untidy, ignorant, passionate; and on this account, although it may be understood that they are needy, that they have a right to live and breathe as well as ourselves, that their impulses are at least half of them as noble and generous as light, the better class, even the middle class of our New England girls, will not be seen in the street with them, will not room with them, cannot find them in the least degree companionable. One can see then that it is incalculably better that the native girls fill the mills. How much better for the future! For if the Irish and low class New England girls only remain, wages may come down. They will, on account of their comparative unprofitableness to their employers. And they will submit, since they have little energy, few aspirations to be ministered unto by their gains,

and having poor homes, or little of the home sentiment, they will stay and the wages may be reduced again and again. One's pulse quickens with fear at a thought of this and of the wretchedness that must follow. Perhaps it is what will eventually come, as our part of the country fills up, and the marks of aristocratic distinction become broader. This is what I lately heard an Associationist say to a cool Conservative. Said the Conservative, "O, there is no danger of this, with the great west open for our girls away there, with all this clamor for teachers, missionaries, and wives, we are safe enough."

"Um!" said the Associationist, "this is what you all say. When I tell you that, inevitably with the present system of labor, things must go on towards the European standard, instead of referring me to the spirit of our government, of our social institutions for proofs that there is no danger, you run away to the great west. And this is all you can do. We have *room* yet; and this, not our republicanism, not our peculiar social organization, delays our doom. But when the rich of our country and of Europe have bought up the lands there, and apportioned them in thousand-acre lots, as our government is in a fair way to let them do, then the poor may go here and there, they may look one way and another 'for leave to toil,' until their feet are weary and their hearts sick with the fruitless search — then I tell you, sir, there is no hope for us."

"Oh, but this is so far ahead!" interposed the Conservative.

"What is this so far ahead?" demanded the Associationist. "What have we to do with this? Man will be pretty much the same susceptible being two hundred years hence that he is now; happiness, greatness will be pretty much the same commodities. I, for one, wish that the lot of my children and of my children's children may fall in good times. But I have fears for them; for the fact is, there is something radically wrong in the foundation of society, and it is the very corner stone. This is awry; and before we go much higher with the pile, it would be well for the nation, well for all the nations that look up to ours as a model and leader, if we would stoop down and re-adjust it."

Leaving the matter in their hands, hoping that God will help his children to remove the wrong, to "speed the right," wherever and whatever they are, we will return now to these present times.

The panic will pass. A revised tariff will perhaps be instituted, or some other measures will be adopted, which will make foreign manufactures look down, and home manufactures up. I do not pretend to decide that this is what our corporations *really* need, and ought to have, but we all know that it is the protection they ask; and when it is accorded to them, it will go like quicksilver through every part of the mammoths. Demands for cloths will resume their old frequency; prices their old standard; to meet the demand the highest speed will again be given to the machinery; the looms, the carding and spinning machinery will again be apportioned in small lots among the girls, that they may be well cared for; and to stimulate them — the girls I mean — to the highest possible activity and care, to hold out inducements to those girls far and near who have been keeping quietly at home, the wages will go up, perhaps at once, perhaps by steps, to the old rates.

This is true and I must say it, radical although I am. We all know that there have been many crises like the present. There have been times when the wages have been even farther reduced. How did it end! All who know the rates of wages in Lowell, Manchester, and other large manufacturing towns, know that there never has been a time when the girls have been earning so much as in the few years preceding the late reduction. That they will earn as much again, and at no very distant period, I have no doubt. To say nothing of the patriotism, the humanity of Abbott Lawrence, the Lowells, and others of our most influential capitalists, their self-interest alone must lead them to the adoption of such measures as will induce the better portion of our New England girls, the vigorous, the moral, and the intelligent, to resort to the mills as their place for gains.

Franklin, N. H.

CHURNING SONG.

BY "ANGELINA ABIGAIL"

Churn, churn away, my maiden bright,
The butter must be coming soon.
And yet 't is hard from morning light,
To churn, churn, churn, till almost noon.

Poor aching arm — one moment rest!
E'en daily toil its moral bears.
A sudden truth darts through my breast;
A lesson gleaned from churning cares.

Reformers — cunning men and sage,
Who life's dull fluid stir and shake,
To bring it to its perfect stage —
Your emblem from a milkmaid take.

For sure the world is but a churn:
Humanity is mingled stuff,
But good is latent there — you 'll learn
That 't will improve, if churned enough.

Yet good men's eyes must fill with tears,
And all their toil seem vanity,
To think, when truth at last appears,
How very small a lump 't will be.

Vine Lodge, Illinois.

When the eagle's wing flags, yet afar from the sun;
With his eye on the goal that shall never be won,
When he sinks down expiring, his fall do not shun,—
Do not sneer at his flight! it was bravely begun.

THE INAUGURATION.

BY THE EDITOR.

We promised our readers a retrospective glimpse of "The Inauguration." Washington reminded us of some of our new cities, where vacant squares, and lots of land, alternate with well-built portions of the city. The Capitol was more beautiful than we had imagined; the White House somewhat less magnificent. The former is a larger and more elaborately decorated Boston State House. The latter is inferior in magnificence, if not in size, to many of the splendid residences in our own State.

Life in Washington must bear some analogy to the city itself—quiet and vacancy alternating with bustle and excitement. We attended church all day, the Sabbath after our arrival; but, though public and private houses were thronged, churches were not uncomfortably crowded. The next day was the "Fourth of March" to all intents and purposes. Early in the morning indications were visible of the coming celebration. Groups of men were standing in the squares, and defiling along the promenades. All was expectation and excitement. Nobody stood still, or sat down to content themselves.

When the military appeared, they made a goodly show, but nothing superior to that exhibited by our muster-fields, and great celebrations. By and by the crowds thickened; dense masses of black appeared in the broad streets and squares; and then, standing at the windows of our home, we awaited *the procession*, which was to pass along the broad avenue separate from ours by a square. The waving of white handkerchiefs by females thronging doors, porticos, and windows, sufficiently announced *the President*; and, when he had passed, we walked up to the Capitol. The crowd was in advance, and the grounds were already filled. There we stood, surrounded by tall men, and quite shut in from every scene of interest. With our eyes upon a level, with a brawny back before us, we stood thinking how fortunate it would be to elongate by some fairy process, and of the advantages possessed by the race of Anak, and all who, like king Saul, were a head and shoulders above their fellows. We writhed about, and, when at length we noticed a man standing upon the chain which protected a walk, and clinging to the stone post which supported that chain, we gave him a look which was sadly in defiance of the tenth commandment. He interpreted the glance—"Step up here!" said he, "and I will support you." "But won't it break," was the womanish question, as we looked at the chain. "Break? no! it would bear fifty like you." We gave a spring towards the outstretched hand, and then stood, poised by one foot upon the swaying chain, and sustained by the strong man's arm. We cast one look over that vast assemblage, that dense forest of humanity, standing so motionless, swayed by no breeze of passion, and receiving as the gentle dew the sound of that one voice. That great occasion, the reciprocation of a solemn pledge between a mighty nation and its chosen "liege

lord ;" the vast multitude who stood before that simple man, who had bared his brow to meet them, whose words, unheard by us, could almost be seen in the thousand eyes which looked for them ; the few flakes of pure white snow which fluttered by, as pledges from above ; all this we repeat, "*the hour and the man*," impressed us deeply ; and a momentary chill of awe, like the shadow of a flitting seraph, fell upon us. We raised our glass, and looked again upon the whole scene, not forgetting to note the bevy of beautiful ladies upon the balcony with the President, nor the imposing appearance of the chief marshal of the day. "And now I will jump down," was our remark to the stranger whose politeness had afforded this gratification. "O, no, no ; wait until he is through." "But I must weary you." "Not in the least." Those who know how brief was the Inaugural Address, are aware that we did not wait long, and in a few moments more the last word dropped, like a magic charm, upon that sea of life, and in an instant all was one untoward circling tide of currents and eddies. We sprang to our waiting cavalier, and bade adieu to our gallant *post-man* ; a slight efflorescence of whose accent proclaimed his connection with the "green isle" of song and chivalry. For us the "Inauguration" was over ; and how "*Cinderella went to the ball*" is still among the chronicles, but cannot now be given.

HOME.

There are times when home and the thoughts of home are more loved than all others. To one whose home is far away among the brooks and mountains, and whose parents are near the second childhood, the thoughts turn without effort or restraint to this, of all places most dear ! The heart is melted, and the bosom swells with emotions too pure for mortal to express. O, tell me not that any are so happy, or have bliss so perfect as to forget or suppress the thoughts of home. Happiness does much to lure and wean the heart from the place of its nativity, but there are times when we love to think of those to whom we are indebted for our introduction into this world. And then admit it to be a world of woe, to us there is always a something connected with the life of every individual, that compels him to look back with more of pleasure than pain, to the place and friends of home. Misery and want may have been our attendants along the path of life, and even crime, about to yield its fearful reward. Where, let me ask, on this wide earth will be the last place the mind shall cease to dwell upon ? I believe it is home. The soul that lives through all eternity, will remember its first home.

Z. H.

Manchester, N. H.

Why is it so often that exquisite beauties,
Gladly cherish their *gifts*, but neglect all their *duties* ?

L.

OUR MILL AT LAURELDALE.

There are many scenes of pleasure,
Of gayety and mirth,
There 's many a sweet secluded spot,
Upon this teeming earth.
In many a crowded city,
Within the splendid hall,
Is followed wealth and fashion,
But I envy not them all.
One place I prize above them,
And now I would not fail,
To call your kind attention
To our mill at Laureldale.

It stands close where the Ashaway
Pursues its winding way,
And this the stream which carries
Our mill from day to day.
And then around our little mill,
Wild pleasant walks abound ;
Where in this world of beauty,
Can a brighter place be found ?
Within this peaceful shelter,
No storms of rage assail,
But all is calm and pleasant,
In our mill at Laureldale.

We have a noble manager,
He always is so kind,
A person more obliging
"None need expect to find."
A black eyed smart young chap, we have
Here for our overseer,
Who performs his labor faithfully,
Not sullen nor severe ;
To fix our looms correctly
He will hardly ever fail ;
I hope he will remain while I
Shall work at Laureldale.

Now if you do n't believe me,
That what I write is so,
Just call and here assure yourself,
Of J. Wilcox and Co. ;
I 'm sure they 'll not dispute it,
But, what is more, will seek
To let you know, we nearly make
Five thousand yards a week,
From only twenty looms ;
And the cloth put up for sale,
There is none can make much better,
Than our mill at Laureldale.

Some say 't is dark and lonesome,
Because the walls are dim,
But we are so light-hearted,
That we never think of them.
If one should get disheartened,
Or feel a little ill,
Another speaks a cheering word,
Which goes quite through the mill.
If you wish to find a happy band
And cheerful, do not fail,
If ever you should come this way,
To call at Laureldale.

Some come from other factories,
 And boast of walls illumed,
 But ours, I think, is luckier far,
 It never was consumed.
 The one at Temperance Valley,
 And the little "Bethel Mill,"
 The one at Dorr Ville too,
 And those of Potter's Hill,
 Were all consumed successively;
 I was grieved but could not fail
 To rejoice that one was standing,
 The mill at Laureldale.

We covet not the flatteries,
 Bestowed on city "belles,"
 For our preference is given,
 Where sweet contentment dwells.
 Here in this little factory,
 Regardless of the name,
 We perform our labor proudly,
 "Without regret or shame;"
 And if the city Misses
 Would be happy, do not fail
 To join with us and work awhile,
 In our mill at Laureldale.

We work and take the money,
 By honest means acquired,
 And spend it as our wants demand,
 For what is most desired.
 And thus the days pass pleasantly,
 And when the week is done,
 With joy we hail the glory,
 Of the rising Sabbath sun.
 The swift-winged feathered songsters,
 To warble never fail,
 And scatter thrilling melody
 Throughout all Laureldale.

We hasten to the Sabbath school,
 To meet our scholars there,
 To join with them in singing,
 To unite in solemn prayer.
 So we pass from scene to scene,
 Until the day is done,
 And pursue our daily work again,
 When another week 's begun.
 And when I leave this little mill
 For home, I will not fail,
 If I should wish for work again,
 To call at Laureldale.

Hopkinton, R. I.

CLARA.

"And is the effort crowning with success?
 Then hath it all my wish and power to bless:
 But is it struggling? may it falter, fail?
 Its dying throes I'll be the first to hail!
 Thus, not in word, but thus in very deed,
 We're met in gladness, and in 'time of need.'"

OLD JEW BARNARD ;

AND HOW HE LOST HIS WAY, BUT FOUND HIS HEART.

It was a morning, late in February, when Jew Barnard put on his broad-brimmed hat and brown surtout, as usual, to go on 'Change. He walked forth almost lost in some great calculation, but following the path by instinct which he could have traversed in the dark. Suddenly, from a high roof, came down an avalanche of snow. It was too instantaneous to be avoided, and the Jew with others, was almost prostrated by it. He ran as fast as he could go, through the pelting shower ; and in his fright, ran longer than he needed. When, at length, he stopped to collect himself he saw that he was out of his way, and he did not know how to regain it. He retraced his steps, as nearly as he could, but everything still looked strange to him. He wandered to and fro, but could not find his wonted channel. Once he struck into the street he sought, but he did not recognize it. There had been some alterations in facades, roofs, and upper stories, since he last looked up, of which he had kept no account. When a house was removed, repaired, or rebuilt, Jew Barnard only knew it by the confusion on the sidewalk, and this he soon ceased to notice. He kept himself in the stream of pedestrians, with his head bent, and his eyes down-cast. With them he rounded a promontory of plank, or doubled a cape of gravel. Like them he stumbled over dilapidated brick, and edged along by the trough of mortar. But, like them, he did not note each day the march of improvement, and enjoy the increase of beauty with the new edifice, or the renovated structure.

The bewildered old man did not know his own street, and turned away from it. He wandered about, but could see nothing familiar. He was lost, as though set down in a desert. He asked a porter the way to 'Change, and he laughed at him. Jew Barnard asking the way to 'Change ! Was the old man insulting him ?

He next inquired of some school girls, but they simpered, tittered, and walked on ; it was so comical.

He met a man with a very pleasant countenance, and who also looked familiar to him, and inquired of him.

" Ah, ha ! sir," he replied, bowing politely, " a good joke, but premature. More than a month too soon ! " and he passed on.

Jew Barnard was more bewildered than ever. What did the man mean ? Why would he not reply to his question ? He did not dream of an April-fool joke. He turned into another street, and ran. What a figure ! The old surtout flapped to and fro, between and around his legs, and his arms went like the disjointed sails of a wind-mill. Then the boys set upon him. Jew Barnard in their street ! They would as soon have thought to see the sea-serpent there. And, to see him run ! That was equal to the juggler, or the circus. One after another fired a snow-ball, and dodged into some lane, or alley. But he did not turn to reprove them, or defend himself, and they gained impunity. He was out of his place. He felt alone and unprotected. He was out of his

element. He felt as he would have done if deprived on the instant of all his wealth, and all the consequence it gave him. He felt only that he was a poor old man, out of his way, with none to guide or befriend him, and beset by enemies.

Thicker and faster came the snow-balls, and his whole aspect grew more piteous. The boys collected to a crowd, and he tried to run away from them. They were maddened at the sight, and lost all fear of everything but being deprived of their fun. The crowd increased, and grew more impish. They yelled, and screamed, and screeched. The snow-balls flew thick and fast. His whole figure was powdered with the white missiles.

"Old Jew B-a-r-n-y-a-r-d!" drawled one at the top of his voice. "Let's give him a cocked up hat!" bawled another; and, suiting the action to the word, transformed his headgear into the semblance of a continental chapeau. One boy almost knocked him down with a larger ball than had been fired before. He saw him stagger, but excused himself to himself by saying, "he cheated my father out of five thousand dollars." The boys felt as though the old miser had been delivered up to their tender mercies, that they might avenge the wrongs of those he had despoiled.

Boys! Boys! That strange amphibia, which seems part human, part demon. That phase of humanity, found in every community; and everywhere half pitied, half hated, and wholly disagreeable. That transition state of the male being, as it becometh the adult, when the attractions of infancy have vanished, and manliness is not developed. When blind impulse actuates, and there is no intellect to restrain. When the animal life is strong in every muscle, joint, and vein, and it must wreak itself on something.

"Whoop! whoop! whoorah!" shouted the legion, for they were many; and old Jew Barnard ran, throwing his legs out behind him, till he almost threw himself over. There were men about, but they seemed to have caught the infatuation of the boys, or to believe that for him a day of judgment had come.

There is something, in almost every human heart, but called by different names, according to the other characteristics of the individual; "my natural temper, which I can't help," say some; "proper resentment," exclaim others; "righteous indignation," say those who love to throw a holy surplice over the embodiment of their own acid or alkali, but which, spite of diverse creeds, may everywhere be recognized as "natural depravity." It breaks forth at every plausible excuse, and was effervescing strongly at this time. "Whoop! whoop! whoorah!" and again the boys ran. Who has not seen boys run? That race so terrible to the mending mammas, who know that they are out at the elbows, the knees, and sometimes in other quarters, after this running. That race seldom excusable, except after a mad dog, or a fire engine, or occasionally after a very perverse organ grinder. "Whoop! whoop! whoorah!" and old Jew Barnard darted into another street. At this juncture some police men relieved him of his tormentors. But he was lost, and crazed. He stood, gazing wildly about, and at last the thought came to him, which should have come

before, to seek some kind hearted woman, tell her that he had lost his way, and offer a reward to be guided home.

At this moment a gentle hand was laid upon his arm. Intuitively he knew the touch, and yet it had never rested there before. He turned, and was more rejoiced than surprised to see Mrs. Allam.

"I saw you looking up, and about, and thought, sir, may-be you were trying to find us. Has anything happened?"

"The snow — the snow — an avalanche — down from the house-tops — on me — and — I ran — but —" he had not breath to finish his story. He was utterly exhausted.

"Poor man!" said the kind woman. She saw how it was clinging to his clothes, and thought it must have struck his head and stunned him. Poor man! and she drew his helpless arm in her's, and urged him to the house. Jackson had watched them from the window, and now came forward to assist, not the Jew, but his mother. And together they took the old man into the house, up stairs, into that parlor so pleasant to his eyes, as the familiar carpet, the curtains, and pictures, greeted his gaze. Even the thistle and tulip sent forth a welcome from the hearth-rug. Everything looked cozy and smiling, as of yore, and the sight of them alone, did much to restore him to himself.

Mrs. Allam handled him as she would a patient, or a child; and he helplessly resigned himself to her care. She bathed and brushed him, readjusted his disordered garments, and made for him a cup of tea, which was a welcome cordial. Then she sent the two boys home with him, and they accompanied him to his door.

Home, as he entered it, so unchanged and monotonous, it seemed as though he were waking from some night-mare dream. Mrs. Crosley had not heard of his misadventure, and no one molested him. He went to his room, as usual, took off his surtout and hat, and hung them by the door; put on the blower, exchanged his boots for slippers, found the newspaper, took off the blower, and then sat, looking in the grate. But he could not bring his old self back again. A change had come upon him. The blue flames rolled like waves over the glowing coals, and seemed about to overflow upon him. Then they changed to fiends, who danced, and mocked, and jeered him.

He shuddered as he recalled the shouts of the boys. "Where are you going?" one had screamed. "He is going to —," replied another, naming a place which he saw typified by those glowing coals and flames. He thought of that heaven, through whose gate the rich man shall so hardly enter; and he knew that he must be that rich man. Whether that "kingdom" be within, around, or above us, he felt that it was far from him. He knew that a time must come when his wealth would be more impotent even than it had been that morn. He was sure that he was hated and despised, and he knew for what. And she who had come to him in his need, who had refreshed and restored him, how had he assisted her in the struggle of life? Those, who had passed by him in his distress, were workers of a retribution for those whom, in the thoroughfare of life, he had neglected, where he might easily have aided. He went to his bed, but horrible visions came to his sleep. Once he dreamed that he was with Dives, in that awful

lake of fire ; and, looking across the gulf, he saw Father Abraham, with Mrs. Allam in his bosom. He rose again, and walked the room. He resolved henceforth to live another life. His heart had been like a globe of ice, now shattered by a ruthless blow. But in those cracks and sprangles a new light glittered, and the warm rays found an entrance there. Beneath, and in the crevices, the melting process had commenced, and a stream was gently flowing there.

In the morning he sent for Mrs. Allam. She was already there, inquiring for his health of Mrs. Crosley. "I must have you back again," said he to her. "You must come, and be my house-keeper once more. I am sorry that you ever went away."

"But what will become of Mrs. Crosley?"

"O, she has tired of me long ago, and I know has been wanting to get away."

"But *the rent*, you know I cannot pay it."

"Well, then, I will pay it myself; for I must have you back with me. And how is Jackson getting along?"

"He has been twice disappointed about a place, but we wait with hope."

"He shall come to me; I am growing old, and want an assistant; and by and by he may be my partner in the firm."

"O, sir, you are too kind!"

"Not a bit. And how is Susan getting along?"

"Very well; she is trying to lay by something to enable her to finish her schooling."

"She shall go to school wherever she wishes to, and as long as she pleases."

"O, sir, how can we ever repay you?"

"I am only repaying you: and tell the other little folks to come to me when they want a friend."

Mrs. Allam left him with a heart swelling with gratitude. She was soon reinstated in her old home, and the children established to their heart's desire.

From this time Jew Barnard's name became connected with many a munificent gift and philanthropic deed. He was sought by the destitute and distressed, and seldom appealed to in vain.

One day he was startled by a visit from his old rival, the husband of her he had loved. He was in trouble. His children had encroached upon his property, until it had sadly diminished. He wished for the rich man's name, as a temporary assistance. It was given, rather because he was ashamed to refuse, than from that noblest generosity, the desire to do good to those who have injured us. But we must attain such excellence gradually.

He visited the woman he had never forgotten. But how changed was she! and through her conversation he saw that in all those years, she had thought only of those about her, her husband, children, and friends. But as now recalled by this act of kindness, he would never have been thought of again. He had made himself the "Jew" for naught, and felt that in his past avarice and selfishness, he had been avenged only upon *himself*.

EDITOR'S TABLE.

THE PRESENT CRISIS. Our correspondent has taken for the subject of her last letter upon *the duties and rights of mill girls*, the present depressed state of manufacturing interests. We were tempted in some places to exercise our editorial prerogative, to strike out some passages; but decided that they were too truthfully and conscientiously written, to be mutilated from any motive. One of these passages was that concerning our Irish operatives. We feared its influence might be to minister to an unwarrantable prejudice. Are not many of them avoided, not because they are ignorant, untidy, and passionate, but *because they are foreigners*? We have seen the emigrant scorned by those more ignorant, untidy, and undisciplined than herself, because she was a foreigner, and we have heard her ask, "From whence came your ancestors, not from that Great Britain which I left for this country?" We have some Irish girls among our readers, but very many of this class have refused to subscribe, because they could not or would not read any magazine. Let those who are our patrons not turn away from an unwelcome truth, but resolve that if they are avoided by the more respectable American girls, it shall not be because they are untidy, ignorant, and passionate, but because of a prejudice which only injures her who may unjustly foster it in her heart.

Our correspondent is more hopeful in another respect than we are. We fear that the good old times will not return, even if the good old wages are again held out as an inducement. We everywhere meet the complaint that our Lowell girls are degenerating. We meet the testimonials to this effect whenever we go into a boarding-house, or any public assemblage. We meet an overseer, and he says, significantly, "the number of operatives is constantly increasing who *make their mark*." We meet an old mill-acquaintance and she exclaims, "these girls are not what they were when you and I worked together." We meet a shopman, and he says, "I can see the difference when they come in to trade with me."

The cause has not been altogether in the reduction of wages, though that has given its impetus to the downward tendency. Nor are matters at present in such a state as some may please to imagine. We fear for the future, rather than the present. When the descending scale has been turned, how every thing will be likely to roll in that direction. There have been these causes for the decline now apparent. Less watchfulness over the morals of the operatives by superintendents and boarding-house keepers: less care as to the morals of the male subordinates in the mills: a lower standard of morality among the young male population out of the mills: systematic efforts by the depraved of both sexes, who have come from other cities to work ruin in this: too little practical preaching by those pastors who have this class for the majority of their hearers: the greater amount of temptation in any large city than in a small one, in one older than in one younger.

But what can be done? Strong hearts and wise heads must take this question into serious consideration.

There must be no winking at vice, though it clothe itself in a seemly garb, and behave itself quietly. There must be the former strictness among the matrons of the boarding-houses. But they say, "we are scarcely paid for attending to their physical wants, and how can we spare time to take charge of their behavior and morals?" It must be done, if not paid for. The old spirit of mutual surveillance must be revived, and the older must take it upon themselves to warn, guide, and counsel the younger. Otherwise the return of the old wages will not remedy this evil.

Again, are we to have these old wages? We may not. Even with the old tariff, or something approaching to it, this may not be; for there is to be more competition at home for our New England capitalists. The south and the west have their streams and waterfalls; and, where they have them not, they have deep mines of coal which they can bring from the bowels of the earth, and make it work like the leaping waters. They have their surplus population, and they have at hand the raw material. It is also in accordance with all the principles of national and political economy that they should thus employ themselves. New England will not monopolize the manufacturing business of the whole country. But she will have her own population to clothe, and that of new states and territories; and she will have some of those new countries invaded by our brave "merchantmen," those who will exchange cloths and calicoes for foreign fruits and spices. Our manufactures were fostered in their infancy, but as time wears on, this interest will subside to a level with the agricultural and mechanical. Mutually sustained they will together give wealth and power to the country. But enough of this. Our place in the great drama is a quiet corner, where the experience and sympathies of an operative may enable us to impart some healthful influence to the toiling sisterhood. We hope that nothing we have said may depress or discourage. With care and exertion all may be retrieved. And, above all, this sad theory must be contended against, that morality is dependant upon prosperity. Among communities, as among individuals, misfortune is no excuse for a low standard of thought and action. Penury and starvation is a palliation, but our operatives are not reduced to that. And now, fellow operatives, whatever cometh upon us, individually or collectively, let us endeavor to keep a conscience clean in the sight of God, and void of offence towards man; and, as our Thanksgiving proclamations have it, God save the Commonwealth of Massachusetts!

BOOK NOTICES.

From our former citizen, *Daniel Biaby*, of *New York*, we have received a copy of *THE VILLAGE DOCTOR*, a translation from the French of *Madame D'Arbouville*, and a very delightful story it is. For purity and delicacy of sentiment, gracefulness of narration, and pathetic interest, it is not often equalled. Mr. B. shows much good taste in his selections for publication.

We have also received *NORTON*, a tale of *Lowell*, from the publisher; and a *REVIEW OF JOHN FOSTER'S LETTER*, from one unknown to us, which we have no space to criticise.

To the author, *J. S. Worcester, LL. D.*, we are indebted for a beautiful copy of his most valuable *DICTIONARY*, which has but one rival in the world; and which has some advantages over every other; as for instance, its complete *Dictionary of Scripture Names and Derivations*, and its *Classical Dictionary*; thus combining in one work what once was bound in several different books. We will endeavor to improve our own English by the study of this welcome gift.

THE
NEW ENGLAND OFFERING :
A MAGAZINE OF INDUSTRY.

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AUGUST, 1849.  
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A PRAIRIE PASTORAL.

SWEET Kate of the prairie — how joyous was she !
As wild as an elf and as brisk as a bee.
Her home was a cabin that fearlessly stood
In the full gaze of Sol, far away from the wood.

And there like a rose in the summer she grew.
Like a rose ? nay, that emblem is tame and untrue.
No sun-bonnet's mazes her beauty entombed ;
In the hues of the *margold* gaily she bloomed.

The glow on her cheek it was sunny and brown
Where her ebony lashes drooped gracefully down ;
And her unprisoned locks like Medusa's would play,
As she tripped o'er the upland to " drop corn," in May.

I see her e'en now, by the green waving wheat,
Golden ears in her hand, and bright dew on her feet ;
While the gray eye of dawn softly beams on her brow,
And the prairie re-echoes her shout of " Pig-o-ow ! "

How fair are our plains in the clear summer noon
When flocks dot the grass like a snow-storm in June,
Arcadian shepherds to roam here might pine ;
So would Kate — but she knows that — the sheep are all swine.

See ! she glides like the wind down the blossomed ravine,
Where the silver creek glistens thick hazels between,
And steals from the fence where Will halts at his plough,
A fond smile from him, and — a switch for her cow.

Oh ! the belles of the city are dazzling and fair,
With gems on their fingers, and pearls in their hair ;
But a merrier ladye they never have seen
Than our linsey-clad sunburnt — who's " just seventeen."

But now for the belle of the prairie you'll seek
In vain through the cornfields, or down by the creek.
In the grove a new cabin has risen, and here
Will has called her " old woman " for more than a year.

OUR MEETING-HOUSE.

They say it is the Norman order of architecture ; but be it Norman, Gothic, Doric, Ionic, Saracenic, Corinthian, Grecian, or what you will, it is odd enough to please the fancy of any novel-turned Miss or Mrs. D'Israeli says that there is no standard of style, but a standard of taste ; and that there are different combinations of these same principles of taste, which must follow, and mankind have confused the ideas of taste and style. The same author says that the Saracenic architecture is the most inventive and fanciful, and at the same time the most fitting and delicate, that can be conceived of. It is found in Spain only, to any degree of European perfection. The Moorish palace, the Alcazar, at Seville, the Alhambra, at Granada, (over which Washington Irving has thrown such a spell of enchantment,) the Mosque, at Cordova, are designated as specimens of this sublime order in Europe. There is a shrine (D'Israeli) and chapel of a Moorish saint, at Cordova, with the blue mosaic and the golden honey-comb roof as vivid and as brilliant as when the Santon was worshipped there "long time ago." O beautiful, beautiful Alhambra ! home of the Boabdils, tangible memento of the taste, talent, genius, wealth, and power, of that singular race that conquered Spain, and there held empire — crescent and crown — seven hundred years, and then were so singularly overrun and exterminated by the christian cut-throats, under the vaunted banner of the Cross, in the days of Ferdinand and Isabella. Do you never long for wings to waft you, like Loretto's castle, through the air to the old world, where you might gaze, with rapture and delight, on the beautiful creations of man ? And does there not seem to be more romantic grandeur, and exquisite beauty, beneath Andalusian skies than any where else under the blue canopy ? Perhaps it is my admiration for the author of The "Sketch Book," &c., &c., that has given me such a predilection for that truly romantic land, for I confess that I was spell-bound while reading his glowing historic descriptions, and am still so, notwithstanding many years, with their motley scenes, have intervened since I read them. After all, these temples of taste and oriental splendor, which rise up so vividly to the eye of fancy, can never shut out the view of the old Puritanic structures of New England. I call them *old* because they *are* so to us, though in comparison with the Pantheon, the Cathedral, at Seville, the Dendara Temple, and others that I might name, they are but as a still-born idea. Let me describe our meeting-house to you, I mean the one that stands *away off*, majestic and sublime, in the land of youthful remembrances and hallowed associations. It was as large, O, I can't tell how large, unless I may be allowed to compare it with Saint Peter's Church, at Rome ; really a mammoth structure, and as high as it was large. Unpainted it surely was, but not without color ; for time, with its mystic brush, had been busily at work upon its shingled battlements, and not only painted it the color of a mouse, but here and there had pulled out a shingle and sent it fluttering away upon the winds of heaven. There were porch-doors on the sides, and a door

without a porch in front. This last mentioned door, of course, faced the broad aisle, at the termination of which was the pulpit. Now, picture to yourself a great blue pulpit — as blue as the sky over head, and much *bluer* — as blue as *indigo*, stuck up on the side of the house, half way up to the galleries ; I never could tell what held it there, unless it was the spell of sanctity which seemed to pervade the place. There was a flight of stairs by which the minister gained access to the sacred *rostrum*, not as long to be sure as Jacob's ladder, for they did not reach to heaven, only to the pulpit. However, my juvenile fancy could always see angels ascending and descending there. Directly underneath this *blue pulpit* were the deacons' seats, and a pair of gray-headed deacons were always there upon the sabbath. High and dry, above pulpit, priest, and all, was the sounding-board. This was the same color as the pulpit, blue, blue, blue, bell-shaped, and large, hung by a rod of iron, which was fastened to something up in the unseen and mysterious heights of the house, that kept it from falling, I could not tell what, unless it was the same supernatural spirit that preserved the pulpit in its place ; for it seemed to be hung by a slender thread, compared with its size. How many *wise* illustrations I used to draw from that old blue sounding-board ; for instance, such as these ; — such are we ; we hang by the little thread of life, suspended over, I believed, irremediable ruin, and nothing but the power of God can keep us from falling at any moment ; and, also, are we not much like the sounding-board in another point of view ? Do we not act back the influences which are acted and reacted upon us, as that sends back the words of the speaker ? And then, it was a *hollow-hearted concern*, much resembling ourselves, I thought.

But I must trip along, and tell you something about the pews. These were square, *banistered* pews, very convenient, because you could run your elbows through while sitting, and the seats were made to raise in prayer time, and let down when the prayer was concluded. I should like to tell you about the galleries and singing-seats, &c., but will conclude for the present.

Haverhill, July, 1849.

M. R. G.

CONSOLATION FOR THE FRIENDLESS.

FROM THE GERMAN.

Oh ! blessed is it, hand in hand united
 With one we love, to trace the path of life.
 Then, to our eyes, with radiance all is lighted,
 And willingly we seek each noble strife.
 Yet rare upon the earth is friendship's savor.
 Vile selfishness no rosy wreaths will twine : —
 With care must thou repay each simple favor : —
 Thus Love's pure joy may seldom here be thine.
 Canst thou then, draw no spirit to thy spirit,
 Who, ever-loving, thinks and feels with thee ?
 Yet be consoled ! there shalt thou friends inherit
 Where true hearts blend at once, eternally !

L. L.

Woodburn, III.

THE UNEXPECTED BRIDAL.

"Good morning, Lucy," said a sparkling, black-eyed, rosy-cheeked girl, as she entered the boudoir of her friend, Lucy Atherton.

"Good morning, Catherine; you seem as joyous this morning as though it were your bridal day."

"Well done, Lucy. But, really, I think if it were I should cry instead of laugh."

"Cry, Catherine! why should you cry? I always thought a bridal-day must be a joyful one above all others."

"It *may* be to some. It *might* be to you," said Catherine, archly.

"Well, Catherine, you are a curious girl. I never know how to take you; for, when I think you *joking*, you are in *earnest*, and *vice versa*."

"Ah, well! I am in earnest sometimes!"

"I think it would be a capital experiment for you to marry; it would sober you, *if any thing would*, to discharge the numerous responsibilities of a married woman."

"Responsibilities! Oh, the merciful! I'm thinking there would be more responsibilities than I should care about managing."

"There you are again. Every thing turned to ridicule. But, to be serious, is that gallant, of a cousin of yours, to be married? I have been so informed."

"Well, I received a letter from cousin Orpah last evening, informing me that she expects he will be married soon."

"I always thought that if he married, you would be his wife."

"Poh, nonsense! He has more sense than to marry a girl like me. Why, his *intended* is a *rich* man's daughter; and, very likely, she carries him a large portion. She is a beautiful girl, though not what the world calls *handsome*."

"Well, Catherine, for once I believe you are serious. I never heard you express yourself with more candor."

"Tut, tut! there is a time for all things. Good morning, Lucy, a pleasant day to you!" exclaimed Catherine, as she hastily closed the door, ere Lucy could reply.

"What in the world troubles Catherine, she seems in a strange mood this morning? Why that shade upon her ever-laughing face, though but for a moment, when I alluded to Edmund's marriage? Can it be possible that she loves him?" Thus soliloquized Lucy in view of Catherine's sudden exit.

Catherine Maurice was the only daughter of a poor widow, who married in early life her heart's chosen. They were both poor, but strong and healthy, and bid fair to prosper well in the world; for they were frugal, industrious, temperate, and contented in their humble home. A little one was given them, who bound still closer the golden tie that united their lives. She was a beautiful babe; inheriting all her mother's loveliness, combined with her father's sterner graces; for they were as comely a pair as ever set out on life's journey together;

both beautiful, and virtuous ; and above all, had the love of God deeply graven on their hearts.

Ere Catherine could lisp the endearing name of "father," his eyes were closed in death. It was a sad blow to Mrs. M. Her staff and protector was gone. But she was enabled to look up to Him from whom all strength cometh. She knew in whom she had trusted, and *felt* that he would not forsake her in the hour of trouble. She gathered together her little all, and returned to her widowed mother's home. Her knowledge of all domestic employment, connected with the labors of a farm, afforded her the means of supporting herself and little one comfortably.

It were in vain to attempt to describe the little Catherine. Her sweet expressive face ; her beautifully modelled form ; and that mild dark eye, deeply mirroring the radiant sunshine of her soul. Suffice it to say, that she was truly beautiful ; and that mind-illuminated radiance brightened the darkened pathway of her mother ; and many times has she exclaimed in the fullness of her heart, "an angel sent to guide me to the port of heaven !" Many times the kind-hearted but mistaken neighbors would say to her, "why, Mrs. Maurice, how much better it would be for you to give away little Katy. 'Squire Morely would be delighted with her. He would give the world for such a child. Only think ! So rich a man, and not a child in the world ! Why, he would treat her like a princess. She would never want for any of this world's goods. And Mrs. Morely is one of the kindest and best of women."

Why wring thus a mother's heart ? Not for the treasures of a thousand worlds would she part with the sunshine of her dwelling ! *A task and trouble !* Why, the very thought of her little charge lightened her labors of love ! Dreary indeed would be her heart, and home, if deprived of the light of those beautiful eyes, and the sound of those little feet as they glide softly round the room in harmless playfulness, filling her soul with the music of love.

True, 'Squire Morely had often urged her to give Catherine to him, as his *own* ; and they should neither ever want for any thing as long as he was master of a penny. But Mrs. Maurice's answer had uniformly been, "I would work my fingers to the bone, rather than give away my darling child."

And she was right. However amiable, excellent, and intelligent, none can perform the numberless duties, incident upon childhood, with that disinterested self-sacrificing spirit of a devoted Christian mother.

In Mrs. Morely were combined all those excellent qualities pertaining to a model wife, and sympathizing friend ; but her house would not, *could* not afford that discipline, necessary for the full development of a substantial character. Such a character as Mrs. Maurice thought indispensable for Catherine. Her grandmother's secluded cottage was, daily, the gate of heaven, and under those sacred influences, her mother *knew* that a sure foundation might be laid, upon which, in after years, might be reared a beautiful structure. From her very nature, she knew that, in coming in contact with the world, she would be ex-

posed to innumerable temptations against which she must be strongly fortified.

Mrs. Maurice possessed an intellect far above the common mind, and had seriously felt the evils of a limited education ; therefore she determined that Catherine should be as liberally educated as possible. After mature deliberation, she resolved to go to the Factory, as the surest and easiest way of accomplishing her plan. Catherine was about eight years old when her mother removed to ———. She was placed at a good school, while her mother entered the mill where her labor was crowned with success, in good wages, and the pleasing satisfaction of seeing Catherine advancing rapidly in her studies.

While at school, Catherine formed an acquaintance with Lucy Atherton, which ripened into lasting friendship. Mr. Atherton was a man of wealth ; and one of Nature's noblemen. He found his wife in the lower walk of life, and having the good sense to appreciate worth, if not cased in the glittering robes of wealth, secured himself a "help-meet" indeed. A lovely family of three sons and one daughter, successively gathered around them ; of whom the greatest monarch might well be proud.

Mr. and Mrs. Atherton were well pleased with Catherine, and encouraged Lucy's acquaintance with her, which proved very serviceable to her in her studies. Lucy was a noble girl ; quiet, unostentatious in her every appearance ; widely differing from Catherine in many particulars ; which served to give a richer shade to their characters.

Years passed on with little interruption, save here and there an interval spent at the maternal cottage. The lovely child had attained the age of "sweet sixteen," when Mrs. Maurice resigned her looms to her daughter's keeping, who had often importuned her thus to do. Catherine had many suitors. But she refused them all. Even Edward Atherton, with his prepossessing person and winning address, failed to make an impression upon her heart, save that of friendship.

There was a cousin, away among her native hills, her mother's sister's son, three years her senior, with whom she had romped in merry childhood ; and in after years, both at her mother's, and at his father's, they had often met. Their habits, inclinations, and tastes, were very similar, and, when together, their very beings seemed blended in one : and made by nature to form one perfect whole. They had talked, laughed, and sang together ; and sailed upon the "soft flowing water," and walked by moonlight — but, then, they were cousins — why dwell upon such scenes ? All this is well enough in cousins. Edmund had often heard of what he termed her coquetry ; yet still, beneath the surface, he saw a depth of feeling unfathomable. But his thoughts were his own. In all their intercourse, not a word had passed between them significant of more than relationship. When she heard of his approaching marriage, *that* painful sensation that crept over her, apprised her of a deeper regard than mere relationship. She had been schooled in painful experience, and could bury her feelings far out of sight. But Lucy's keen eye had marked the drift of thought.

An invitation came for her mother and herself to attend the wedding ; herself to attend as bride's-maid, which she instantly accepted ; for, if

she refused, *he* might suspect the reason why ; and she would not, that he should know, that she cared so much for him. All preparations made, they arrived at Deacon Franklin's, in due season, finding the family all busy, preparing for the *triple* wedding. Not only Edmund, but his elder brother, and Orpah, were to be married the same day in the "Old Church." The bridal morn dawned with unusual splendor for an April day. It was the day appointed for the observance of that good old New England custom, the *State Fast*. Not a cloud obscured the sky ; at an early hour the church was filled to overflowing by those who were anxiously waiting to witness a ceremony, seldom, even singly, performed within the old edifice. The bridal party were all assembled at Deacon Franklin's. Stephen and his bride, Orpah and her affianced, entered the first carriage ; a brother of the former and sister of the latter, with Edmund and Catherine entered the second. Catherine was exceedingly puzzled with the arrangements. She had refrained from asking questions since her arrival, supposing that she understood the whole. She did not understand *why* Stephen attended the lady whom she supposed Edmund's affianced. Ere she could solve the mystery, the carriages stopped at the church door ; they alighted and entered ; passing up the centre aisle, they stood in the presence of the venerable man of God, as he stood ready to unite the candidates in the solemn bonds of marriage. So rapid had been their movements, that Stephen and his lady were pronounced "man and wife," Edmund and herself were nearly through the ceremony, ere she recovered from her astonishment, and in a moment more they were pronounced "man and wife." The ceremony ended, they were seated in the *pew* reserved for them, and listened to an excellent discourse, written purposely for them, from the text found in Genesis, second chapter, twenty-fourth verse, "therefore shall a man leave his father and mother and shall cleave unto his wife ; and they shall be one flesh." Little did Catherine think, when *she* and Orpah were arranging the furniture in that neat cottage, that *she* was to reign mistress there.

"O Edmund," she exclaimed, the moment they were alone, "why did you not tell me your plan ?"

"Why, Orpah and I thought we would surprise you."

"How did you know that I would marry you ?"

"I thought that I'd make sure of *that*, and ask you afterwards ;" so you see that you are my own little wife. I have always regarded you as I have no other woman ; and have read a return in your eyes, sufficient to justify the course I have taken. "But," said he seriously, "I did not wish to run the risk of a refusal ; thinking that you would forgive me this little *ruse*." He was readily forgiven ; and she never had occasion to regret the unexpected bridal. Lucy's remarks proved strictly true ; for, in assuming the duties of the married life, she became a staid matron.

MY BIRTH-DAY.

Another year of my life is gone — gone with all its hours of folly, its many duties unperformed ; gone to live only in memory's store-house, to be recalled at times by the solemn voice of reflection. Swiftly have the hours flown by since they tolled the knell of my last birth-day. Another year now lies before me. A year ! How much is often comprised in that short space of time ! The family circle may be broken and its members scattered far and wide. They, who to-day meet us with a smile of friendship and with the sun-light of affection beaming from their countenances, ere a year has flown, may have become our most bitter enemies. The light of to-day may be darkness to-morrow. The joys of one hour may be changed to sorrow the next. Every thing in this sublunary sphere is marked with change. But, of all changeable things here below, poor, frail, human nature is the most so. Indeed, man seems to be made up of a strange compound of changeable materials ; changeable in disposition, habits, and temper ; in feelings, hopes, and desires ; in thoughts, words, and actions ; here to-day, and there to-morrow. So life wears away, till the last earthly change comes upon him, and death closes the scene.

The return of one's birth-day, gives rise to peculiar emotions within us. We are more strongly impressed with the rapidity of time's flight. We feel that we are leaving behind us the shores of youth, and we look forward to the dim land of old age with feelings of doubt and dread. Now is the time to form good resolutions. The past year may have taught us many lessons — the future should show that we have profited by them. O, how much more might we all perform than we now do, if we would but set ourselves earnestly at work, and labor with a willing heart. Pleasant, then, would be the retrospection at the close of our earthly labors. We could say, truly, with the poet :

“ There's dearer dust in memory's land,
Than the ore of bright Peru.”

Wentworth, N. H.

MARIA.

LINES.

BY CAROLINE M. WHITNEY.

The moon-beams sparkle
On the sea,
And shadows darkle
Hill and lea.
And quiet night
Is stealing o'er,
With dreamy light
My vine-clad door.
My lone heart trembles
While I gaze,
And thought assembles
Bye-gone days.
Those freshened scenes,
With memories fraught
My spirit gleans
From whence it wrought.

A MOTHER'S LAMENT.

BY MRS. ANNA E. WILSON.

I had a little daughter once, with hair of radiant hue ;
And in her sparkling hazel eye the light of heaven beamed through.
Her tiny feet the livelong day would ever restless be,
Her careless laugh and merry voice were music sweet to me.

To me she was a beacon-star — my first true thoughts of Heaven
Were caught when first into my arms her fairy form was given.
None saw the change within my soul ; none felt my spirit's joy.
Henceforth my future destiny seemed free from all alloy.

Alas ! this star, so beautiful, at early dawn went down ;
And now is numbered with the gems that deck the Saviour's crown ;
But in its path it left behind a train of glorious light
To gild for me the dreamy past, and keep the future bright.

I miss her voice at early dawn, I miss her prayer at even ;
I miss the flower which fondly I had hoped to rear for heaven.
I see her ever in my dreams, and seem her voice to hear
And start from out my restless sleep, to clasp her form so near.

'Tis gone ! and memory's tide brings back my loveliest visions wrecked :
I see the wreath — the spotless robe, which my pale darling decked.
Her little chair is vacant now, and toys neglected lie,
Since Paradise has charmed away my cherub from my eye.

Yet life for me hath nobler aims, since she has passed away,
And ties, which bound me once to earth, grow weaker every day.
O Father ! give me strength that I may heed thy teachings mild
And, sealed as thine, before thy throne, again I 'll clasp my child.

Saint Louis, Missouri.

CONTEMPLATION OF THE HEAVENLY BODIES.

Nothing so calculated to inspire the mind with emotions of deep interest and delight, as when contemplating the boundless works of Almighty power, — in a clear evening surveying the vast expanse of heaven studded with millions of brilliant orbs, shining in all their splendor and beauty, and bespeaking praises to their Author, the mind is most forcibly struck with wonder, and penetrated it expands to a full and overflowing sensibility of feeling, bursting forth into loud expressions of praise and adoration.

But what a small portion of these splendid orbs is presented to the naked eye compared to those numerous, and almost numberless, seen by the assistance of telescopes ; myriads, which before unseen, then become visible ; and, shining in all their splendor and brilliancy, present a most sublime aspect.

While beholding a scene like this, the mind is led to adore the wisdom and magnificence of Him who created the heavens and the earth, and all things seen and unseen, and Who governs in infinite goodness this vast work of His hands.

ENAD.

MELVINA HOWARD.

CHAPTER VI.

BY J. L. BAKER.

"Bless thy God, the heart is not
An abandoned urn,
Where all lonely and forgot
Dust and ashes mourn ;
Bless him, that his mercy brings
Joy from out its withered things."

Arthur turned to retrace his steps, but was arrested by a light foot-fall on the gravel walk, and a musical voice crying out, "Down, Carlo, down," and the next moment, Melvina, followed by Carlo, bounded into the arbor, her bright eyes sparkling with pleasure, her beautiful cheeks dimpled with smiles, and flushed with excitement. A wreath of wild flowers encircled her brow, and she led Carlo by a mimic chain, of flowers and evergreen twined together, and fastened around his neck. Had a spectre risen before her she would not have been more astonished than when Arthur advanced to meet her. She retreated a step or two, the blood receding from her cheeks, her lips quivered, and she would have fallen to the earth, had not Arthur supported her to a seat.

"Heavens, *what have I done!*" he exclaimed, as he bent over her senseless form, and endeavored to restore her to consciousness. Long she lay in that death-like swoon, her face as pale as the white robe that enveloped her form. Slowly the blood returned to her cheeks, her eyes unclosed, and she endeavored to rise, but weak and trembling sank back exhausted.

"Pardon this intrusion, Miss Howard," said Arthur, "which I must regret, as it has caused you alarm."

"It was so unexpected," faintly articulated Melvina, "but I am better now." And with a strong effort she arose, and calling Carlo, would have left the arbor; yet, still weak and faint, she was obliged to cling to the trellis-work for support.

"Melvina," exclaimed Arthur, his voice tremulous with emotion, "will you leave me thus, without one word to tell me that the past is forgiven. Oh, if you could but know how deeply I have suffered, how bitterly repented, how earnestly wished and prayed for this interview, you *would not* leave me thus; *could not* now, without one word of reconciliation. Nay! you must not," he continued, as he approached her, and, taking her hand in his, drew her gently back to the seat, that she had left; putting back the dark curls from her pale brow, he gazed on her face with an expression of the deepest tenderness, as he earnestly repeated,

"Hear me, Melvina; hear what I have to say in explanation of my past conduct! God only knows with what bitterness I have always regarded our separation. It was not till worn out with the importunity of my father, that I consented to a union with Helen Dumont. From that moment, peace has been a stranger to my bosom. She never loved me. The proud position we occupied — society, the trappings of wealth, the congratulations and flatteries of friends, could not

compensate for the loss of that deep and abiding affection which gushes spontaneously from kindred souls, and sweetens life. I was influenced, too, by false opinions, instilled into my mind from earliest infancy, by my mother, who was a woman of fashion,—an education that taught me to seek for splendor and wealth, rather than real worth. Too late I saw my error, and repented the step I had taken, when it could not be retraced. The falsehood we uttered at the altar, never forsook us. Even while my lips were breathing the unhallowed vows that bound us twain as one, a strain of well remembered melody seemed to float on the air, and fill the atmosphere around us. Your form stood beside me. Since that hour, when we exchanged words of deathless love, in your uncle Howard's drawing-room, you have been the bride of my spirit. Now I cannot leave you. Dearest Melvina, do not refuse to be mine, and bless the life henceforth devoted to you." Melvina was very pale, but made no answer. "You do not speak," said Arthur, sorrowfully, "You love me, then, no longer. The glimpses of happiness that have blessed my life, since I laid my darling boy, in his childhood's beauty, in the grave, have only lured me on to feel more keenly the bitterness of this hour. I had hoped much, Melvina, from your gentleness, tenderness, and,—as I blindly trusted—devoted love. But why add to my misfortune, by prolonging this interview." There was deep sadness and despondency in the manner of Arthur as he rose, in the bitterness of disappointment, and leaned his head against a tree that shaded the arbor. In a moment Melvina stood by his side, deeply moved, "Arthur! Arthur!" she exclaimed, clasping her hands, "Do not let me see you thus. The past is forgiven. It has made us both unhappy; let it be forever buried in oblivion. In a moment she was clasped to his heart, his lips pressed her brow, and there, in the presence of their God, they plighted their troth *never* to be broken. A few weeks after, a happy bridal party were assembled at "Howard Cottage," and the voice of Edward rose to heaven, on the morning air, invoking a blessing on the newly wedded pair. Then came the kind wishes of friends, the sad farewell, and the bustle of departure.

Towards the close of the following day, as the bridal party, consisting of Mr. Gray and wife, Edward Howard and wife, wound along through the highlands of the Hudson, they espied a man slowly approaching them, who attracted their attention by the irregularity of his movements. As they came near him he uttered a faint cry, and sank down exhausted. Arthur ordered the carriage to be stopped, and the way-worn traveller to be lifted in. His garments were thread-bare and covered with dust; his matted hair hung in disorder about his pallid brow, and his sunken eyes glared wildly on the faces round him; from the convulsive movement of his features, those faces were, evidently, no strangers to him, though he was not recognized by them.

"Oh God," he groaned; as Arthur bent over him he shrieked,

"*Do you know me, Arthur Gray?*" There was something in his voice and eye that recalled, to Arthur, the scene at Mary Howard's bridal, and instantly a cold shudder ran through his frame; he demanded, "*Are you Samuel Bond?*"

"I am. *Kill me if you will,*" gasped the poor creature; and feel'

nature gave way in a swoon. Like the prodigal, he had wasted his substance in riotous living. Dissipation had set her broad seal upon his brow ; and with nothing left, but sin and shame, he had dragged himself wearily back to the scene of his guilty triumph ; his outraged conscience urging him to seek once more the man he had so sorely wronged, confess his guilt with shame and remorse, seek his forgiveness, and, as he had chosen, die as the fool dieth.

"To err is human, to forgive divine!" exclaimed Arthur. "In the midst of my happiness I cannot leave this man to perish. He is dying in destitution, while we have enough and to spare ; we will care for him, and smooth, as best we may, the remainder of his journey through life." That was a delightful sun-set when Arthur Gray lifted his young bride from the carriage and led her, for the first time, through his princely mansion. Sweet were the songs of birds ; sweet the breath of flowers, and beautiful, passing beautiful, was the rich flood of golden light that glowed upon the bosom of the earth, — but sweeter than the breath of flowers, or the song of birds, was the incense of grateful praise that went up to the mercy seat from that dwelling : and more beautiful, by far, the sight of that husband and wife as they bent over that erring but repentant man, soothing his last moments with all the tenderness of long cherished friends. "In the transgression of an evil man, there is a snare ; but whoso walketh uprightly shall be saved," and come forth from the furnace of affliction like gold, tried in the refiner's fire. Truly "forgiveness is the odor that flowers yield when trampled upon:" and thus Arthur found a rich foretaste of the joys to come, as he and his lovely wife administered to the suffering of his greatest foe — one who had so cruelly, so deliberately planned and executed his diabolical scheme. Whose last days were so emphatically characteristic of the righteous retribution of villanous actions.

THE SPELL IS O'ER ME NOW.

BY CAROLINE M. WHITNEY.

Ah, yes ; the spell is o'er me now, as 't was long months ago,
 And thoughts of those I love, as then, in freshened memory glow ;
 It is a spell that *love* hath wove, about my weary heart,
 In deep and thrilling tenderness, but mingled with a smart.
 Who ever saw a blushing rose, without a cruel thorn ?
 Who ever had a friend they loved, but sighed when from them torn ?
 Who ever sought for perfect bliss, here in this vale of tears ?
 That did not feel, too often feel, perplexing doubts and fears ?
 But yet, it is a magic spell, that chains my restless soul,
 And willingly it bows before its destiny's control.
 In midnight slumbers it is there, in visions of the night,
 Forever weaving happy dreams, all glorious and bright.
 And when I seek the green-wood shade, beneath the summer sky,
 On mossy banks recline to dream, Love's angel form is nigh ;
 It gently fans my aching brow, and whispers in mine ear
 Of bright and happy days to come — and kisses off the tear.
 Ah, glorious spell ! I would not break thy dreamy witching power,
 That haunts me every where I go, in hall, and woodland bower.
 O no ! but let me live to love my kindred and my God ;
 My soul love on when this frail form lies 'neath the valley's sod.

South Adams, Mass.

EXTRACTS FROM A JOURNAL.

SATURDAY EVENING.

To-day has been an eventful day with me, so I will write its history faithfully, for I wish my parents to know all about it. If I were at home now, how I should tell them every little thing.

I was awakened at half past four by a sharp knock from Betsey's elbow, who, when she saw my eyes fairly opened, said, "O, la! I forgot you was n't going to work to-day." But I was fairly awakened for to-day, so I rose and dressed myself with the five others. They hurried on their clothes, and were out of the house before "the second bell" rang for them to come to work. How the bells did ring! It seemed as though Lowell was one great *bell-fry*, and each bell was trying to do its prettiest.

When I first awoke I thought I was in Concord, N. H., and that it was the morning of "Independence day."

I had nothing to do, so I walked down stairs, and up stairs, and in "my lady's chamber." I found Esther down in a pretty little bedroom, for she had staid from her work this morning on my account. Esther seems very near to me here, because she is the only one I know at all. I used to think I did not like her when we went to school together. Esther said we would take a morning walk, for we should have two hours before it would be breakfast time. The house was so still it seemed as if deserted, though, when the girls were going out, it seemed as though the very walls were alive, there was such a rattling and clattering.

It was a fine morning. The sun was clear and bright, and but few smoke-wreaths were curling through the cool fresh air. But it is not so fresh and bracing as *New Hampshire* air. But, pshaw! I am growing silly. And it was still, too. We went up to the principal streets, and they were all silent. A few milk-men and bakers were wending their way to the corporations, but the stores were not opened, nor the citizens abroad. We passed a bridge, from which there was a fine view in either direction, and then we passed on to Dracut heights, where I felt quite at home in the woods; and I plucked some wild roses which would not disgrace the Granite State.

Dracut is quite *countrified* and pretty, though but a few steps from the heart of Lowell. We lingered here until the city clock told us it was nearly seven, and then we hastened homeward. We found the streets now quite lively, and the shops all open. There was a fine display of goods in the windows. I should not know how to select among so many beauties, if I had money to buy any thing. Central street is paved, and makes quite a citified rattling. Merrimack street is more recently paved, and it makes quite as much noise in the world as its younger sister. I saw the Post Office which was but a few steps out of our way; and I saw the *depot*, which was all alive with "men and things," starting for Boston, in the first train of cars; and I saw

the cars start away from the depot, smoking, and whizzing, and puffing, like so many monsters of whom the fairy tales have so much to tell.

When we got home the girls were almost through with their breakfast, for I never saw eating done more expeditiously.

The breakfast was coffee, which I did not taste, hashed meat, and milk toast; all good, though it would by no means satisfy an epicure. Some behaved like ladies at the table, others behaved like the factory girls of whom we have had so many descriptions.

This evening the girls have been busy at work preparing for the Sabbath. There was washing, starching, and ironing going on, besides mending and making. I left the workers down stairs, and came to my room. Fanny has dressed herself and gone upon the street. Betsey, who is patching next week's dress, says she is always gadding, and no good will come of it. Hannah sits trimming a new bonnet, and humming an old tune. The rest are below stairs, and I have finished my day, by writing this account of it for you, my dear parents.

Lowell.

WHERE SHALL OUR SISTER SLEEP?

Where shall our sister sleep?
Where the sweet willows weep
Over the dead?
Or 'neath some violet sod,
Where human foot ne'er trod,
Rest her young head?

Far, in some forest deep,
Where sunbeams fall asleep
In azure sky,
Where moonbeams sink to rest
On streamlet's silvery breast,
There let her lie.

Or, where a fountain, bright,
Showers its tears of light
Over the brow;
Where, through the whispering trees,
Murmurs the passing breeze,
Silent and slow.

Let a bright happy band,
From the far spirit land,
Pour on the ear
Angelic minstrelsy,
Unheard of melody,
Thrilling and clear.

Let angel's tears soft fall
Over the emerald pall,
Watering the sod;
Let white-winged seraphs come,
Bear the freed spirit home,
Home to its God.

Lawrence Cor., Lowell.

P. H.

OUR TOWN. No. 2.*

OUR MEETING-HOUSE.

Our meeting-house was of course the principal public building in *our town*. Like true descendants of the Puritans, our townsfolk were a go-to-meeting people. The fervor and punctuality with which this duty was practised, was in truth the chief test of character. It was the place to which the failing footsteps tended last, and the little child was early taught to turn its face toward the house of God. It was the place, also, where public business of a secular kind was attended to, and perhaps subdued and hallowed in a degree, that often disgracefully clamorous assemblage, "a town-meeting." Being one of the unprivileged sex, I can, of course, describe none of the political manœuvres, nor "Timon" like draw any of the portraits of the orators of our town. Of the rites at the inner temple of freedom I know nothing. But I know that, if there was any snow upon the ground at that time in March, the best sleigh and handsomest horse in town were sent for the minister, who prayed with and I trust for them, though to have availed himself of a farther privilege, would have neutralized all past and future efforts for other good. I know that little clubs met nightly in advance of the eventful day, at the village tavern, and that, occasionally, the sober face of a squire or selectman, joined the more boisterous and unselect group. But these worthies more usually satisfied themselves with a call in the edge of the evening at each other's houses, or a conversation at the roadside, or a casual meeting in the woods or fields. I know that there was a time when the successful candidate to the State Legislature always testified his gratitude to those who had so kindly elected him, by an invitation to the bar-room of that tavern. I know that, spite of minister and prayers, and a general sober deportment, there was drunkenness and quarrelling on that day, more than on any other :

" But things like this we know must be,
Wherever there is — *liberty* ; "

at least such was the usual salvo to the consciences of our townsmen.

But on the Sabbath our meeting-house was the focus at which all the population centred, and I can describe it as we saw it then. Outwardly, it was an unassuming structure, crowning a gentle elevation about half-way between the northern and southern boundaries, on the main road. It had once been painted, but the rain and the snow had now denuded it of all such outward varnishment, and, without any spire or porch, it was simple enough in its exterior for a Quaker tabernacle. Indeed, the irreverent wags as often called it the "Lord's barn," as the "Lord's house," and were at times but refractory creatures, when shut up there upon the holy day. The door still retained some unmistakable tokens that it had once been of a cream color, and upon it were posted the notices of impending marriages, with other documents of like public importance.

* Continued from Vol. VI.

It was equally plain within — the simple whitewashed ceiling was only variegated by a few weather stains, which seemed to indicate a suspicious state of affairs among the shingles on the roof. The pews were unpainted and unvarnished, there were no carpets nor cushions, and every thing *plainly* indicated that Sabbath worship was not to be made an easy thing. Along the broad aisle were the principal pews; Colonel Smith's, and 'Squire White's, and Deacon Johnson's, and Major Brown's, upon the right hand, and as many more of the aristocracy upon the left. Colonel Smith's pew had three crickets, a spit-box, a book-rack, and a little swing shelf of pine at the head of the pew, for the colonel to rest his arm upon.

At the right hand of the pulpit, was the minister's pew, and in due order with it, a succession of square pews around the walls of the house — these pews were a step higher than those in the body of the house, and those of them that had windows were not considered inferior to those in the broad aisle.

The side pews had often a high-backed flag-bottomed chair in the middle of them, for the "grand ma'am" of the family, and some of these carved oaken antiques would now be a treasure in many a city parlor.

One of the pews was noted as being made of two by the abstraction of the intervening partition. This was for Ensign Brewer's family, which was the largest family collection in the church. The window to his pew was shaded by a green blind, which was quite a conspicuous badge upon the exterior. There were no curtains nor shutters; indeed nothing of the superfluous, save a row of little carved trunnels at the tops of the pews, which, sometimes, twisted in the hands of a restless child, sent forth a shrill squeak to the annoyance of the preacher, the disturbance of the congregation, and the dire dismay of the witless culprit, who shrank aghast from the frowns and starings and head-shakings of its awful guardians.

The floor and seats were white and clean, it being a matter of habit with the good house-wives to go once a year and "clean up the pew," though Mrs. Ensign Brewer, and Mrs. Colonel Smith, and such ladies, sometimes employed Peggy Ceaser, a colored woman, as their deputy. Peggy's pew was in the gallery, and she was the only woman, save those in the choir, that went up stairs to sit. Perhaps she has one of the highest seats in heaven.

The rest of the gallery was occupied by outlaw boys, a few crazy men and idiots, with a sprinkling of old bachelors, who, in our town were classed with negro women, fools, and children.

The fixtures of the choir were merely the seats; for the bass-viol, the violin, and the singing books were usually brought and taken upon the Sabbath. The last mentioned instruments were of late introduction into the meeting-house, and the innovation had caused much discussion and some displeasure. Ensign Brewer had threatened to leave if they were brought, and, one sabbath, went with his two wagon-loads of folk over to the Methodist meeting, by the pond, in the edge of the next town; but all the next week, he was "Brother Brewer" to every poor humble Whitfieldian, and the Ensign, who *was* a bit of an aristocrat in his way, concluded to go back to the old meeting-house.

Old 'Squire White favored the instruments, because his son, Captain White, the leader of the choir, and a great teacher of singing schools, was for the *improvement* ; and Colonel Smith was very acquiescent, "for a reason that he had." The other opponents after awhile gave up. The colonel's reason was this : it was quite a matter of ambition with the young women in our town, to rise in the world, at least to the singing seats ; and, as Captain White wished to make as few enemies as possible, and be popular among his pupils, he took as many as he could, and more than he should, into the choir, enjoining it upon them very earnestly to "*sing softly,*" which meant to *make as little noise as possible*. But it was a rebellious company at best ; and, if I write the full history of this choir, no one will wonder that the captain died in the prime of life of a disease of the heart.

Colonel Smith had a grand-daughter, Julia, who was a great favorite in his family. Now Miss Julia wished very much to lift up her voice in the Sabbath praises, but Captain White had never invited her into the seats ; he knew very well that she was not at all backward at the singing schools, and singing meetings, and doubtless understood her desire to assist him in the church psalmody ; but none of Miss Julia's hints and attentions had availed her aught. Now, for one of Colonel Smith's family to sit quietly in his pew every Sabbath, while Mary Foster, one of the poorest girls in town, and her father a drunkard, as it was called then, led the first treble — this was too much for the colonel to bear. So one Sabbath he waited upon Miss Julia into the seats, as though he were doing the captain the greatest favor in the world. The damsel availed herself of her position, and such shrill screams and shriekings as went up that day, seemed premonitions of the death of the choir. The captain saw her during the week and invited her politely to take herself away — aware as he was that this might be the commencement of a feud between all the Whites and the Smiths, which would only be comparable to those of the Guelphs and the Ghibbelines, the Montagues and Capulets. Probably no Smith would ever have gone to the captain's singing school again, and a new singing master might have been introduced into the town by the manœuvrings of Mrs. John Junior, as the younger Mrs. Smith the mother of Miss Julia was called, had not a peace been conquered. Mrs. Colonel and Mrs. John Junior were remarkably peaceable when the violin and clarionet were introduced into the choir, and even the colonel thought instrumental music no more objectionable than the singing of non-professors (of religion.) The cause of this unexpected acquiescence was soon understood. The colonel found a time and place to tell the captain, that Miss Julia had improved very much in singing since she had studied some books he had purchased for her, and he wanted her to have a chance in the seats again. Miss Julia *had* learned something, and improved in the art of keeping still ; at all events, she could not rival the instruments.

But I have almost done with our meeting-house. In later days it had a stove, with an abundance of funnel, which ran around behind the posts, but previously it had been warmed by the foot-stoves, and soap-stones, and heated bricks, carried by the old ladies.

Our congregation well-befitted such a house. They came to meeting

on foot, if they lived within walking distance, and if not they rode in a wagon, filled with seats and stools, and folks, according to the size of the family. There was a row of stalls and a horse-block in the rear of the church for their accommodation. All looked well, for they wore their best, and some were really quite dignified in appearance. Colonel Smith walked erect as a grenadier, though his hair was thin and silvery, and his cane seemed more for grandeur than support. Mrs. Colonel wore a black silk gown and a leghorn bonnet, and in winter a broad-cloth cloak. Mrs. Captain White led the fashions, and was duly stared at every Sabbath. The poorest old lady carried a "posie," consisting at least of some spioy pinks, and a sprig of caraway or lavender. The young gentlemen always formed a group around the door, before the services commenced, and the pretty girls blushed, and were perhaps all the more careful in their toilet, on account of their scrutinizing observations. On a windy day these were very annoying, but looked upon as much a "necessary evil," as the rattling of the windows.

THE LITTLE WASHERWOMEN.

In a very small and quiet country town lived, some years ago, two little girls who were *great friends*, if it is not a paradox to call a *little* child a *great* friend. Their names were not the same, but so nearly alike that the abbreviations were often "Henry," and "Harry." There were but eighteen days difference in their ages, and none in their feelings. For many years they had enjoyed themselves very pleasantly together, gathering nuts when the autumn days grew cold and short, studying together at the winter school, and often devoting a long evening to improvement by attending together a spelling, parsing, or singing school. There were then long hours for amusement too, when, with their mates, they played at blind-man's buff, hunt the thimble, are you pleased or displeased? I have a thought and what is it like? whirl the platter, &c., and sometimes they got together in a *tete-a-tete*, in the great chimney-corner of the back kitchen, vacated after the exercises of washing-day; and there they parched corn in the ashes, or roasted apples by the decaying embers, "crooning" cosily their plans and hopes, and inciting each other to effort and improvement. In the spring they watched "Aaron's rod," as it budded by the door, and blew the *bag pipes* they made of its tender leaves. Then came stealthy gropings in the high grass for strawberries; and, later in the season, the long afternoons devoted to blackberries, blueberries, raspberries, and "huckleberries." None knew better than they where these vegetable treasures were to be found most thick and sweet, and none could lead off better an occasional expedition for ground-nuts, artichokes, sassafras, birch bark, bayberries, elder blow, juniper, fern-buds, sweet flag, golden rod, pennyroyal, or any of those domestic indispensables, which must be collected for time of need. The old woods; they knew them well, and where to gather the richest moss, and the leaves that

turned of the richest hues. The young growth of oaks, with here and there a majestic pine, rising above them like some evergreen pagoda, where the birds of heaven formed themselves into a sweet-toned choir, and with the insects, made rich harmony. The wild cherry trees, and the old "scrub," that had died beneath the anaconda coilings of the native grape, which was cherished for its ruthless murder. The pitch-pines, which had pitched themselves among the oak stumps of the clearing — they knew these, and where to look for rosin and for gum.

The flowers too, they knew of these; where came violets of largest eyes, and longest stems, sweet-briars in bloom, and the honeysuckle amid the rocks. They knew of the lady's ear-drop in the meadow, the blue-flag by the pond, and the freckled lily of the pasture. The mountain pink, with curious little boat and pavilion, Solomon's seal, the flaming cardinal flower, with others as rare, did not escape their searchings. And they enjoyed those most common. The sumach with its dark coral clusters, the hardhack with its roseate cone of efflorescence, the butter-cup, holding its golden saucer for dew-drops, and the blue-eyed grass, with its finely pencilled lashes.

I said that they lived in a humble town. The inhabitants, mostly farmers, were all of the middle class, though some were poorer than others. Their low wooden houses nestled under the shade of old forest trees, or amidst fine orchards, and the long rows of bright tin-pans, set out by each good dairy woman, threw bright glances at each other across the gardens and fields which stretched between each homestead. Harry had often nestled herself by Henry, as she milked one after another the fat kine, in her father's barn-yard, and Henry had taught Harry how to get the strippings of her father's only cow. Each girl was one of her mother's house-maids, for there was no such article known in town as female *hired help*. At every large farm there was a band of retainers around its patriarch; the old grandmother, and unmarried sisters, or daughters, or nieces, or cousins, whom it would have been disreputable to have turned away, and who often made themselves invaluable for their services. Excepting in sickness no want was felt of the missing article; and then, if the poorest and least needed dependant went, for a few days, to help a neighbor in distress, she refused, with the hauteur of a dutchess, all compensation, and returned to the old homestead as soon as her benevolence would allow her to resign her charge as convalescent. Young wives made the announcement, in a stealthy whisper, to some good aunt, or mother, or grandmother, which queen Victoria so often publicly proclaims, and besought her promise for the hour of trial.

There was not even a washerwoman in the place, and the doctor's wife, the minister's wife, and one or two others, who were *not* sojourners among their own people, would have suffered at times, had it not been for Bridget Mc —. Bridget was of Irish birth, and had been brought over with the emigrants to Derry, when the inhabitants of "the emerald isle," showed far less partiality for "brother Jonathan" than now. It was a matter of pride with her that she could never be a *town pauper*, but would be the charge of the whole State, if ever disabled from taking care of herself. She lived in a little hut at the edge of the next town, and divided her services among the few, who could pay for them,

of two or three different towns. There must be many now who remember her; nor do I know that the stout short form, and blithe florid face, are yet beneath the sod. She would rise with the first dawn of a summer's day, dress herself neatly in a dark calico gown and apron, a close bonnet, and, with a cotton shawl, or dark handkerchief over her shoulders, she would start merrily on her long walk, carrying her little bundle, consisting of a "short-loose," and a wash apron, tied up in a clean cotton bandanna. The birds sang to her as she passed on, the sun gave her his first smile, and the flowers shed tears of joy as they met her early footsteps. Gay as a lark, she arrived from her walk of miles in time to share the family breakfast, and then went cheerily to her task. We will not tell it in "Gath," nor "Askelon," but only here in the "Offering," that she always expected a glass of toddy, as an interlude to the other exercises, and never refused the "stirrup-cup." But she was never the worse, and all the better, for the drop she took. Bridget was a good Christian, an exemplary Methodist, and would not have done it had she thought it wrong. Father Matthew had never then bestowed pledges in Cork, nor in Faneuil Hall, nor do I know certainly that Bridget Mc — would have received one from him had she fallen in his way. After her work was done, her cordial taken, her clothes changed, she tied the "quarter," which was her compensation, securely in a corner of her handkerchief, with some little present of fruit or vegetables, and retraced her long way home.

But Bridget-like I have written now as far as I had allotted paper for my story, and yet have not told the first word of it.

It was a cold winter eve that Harry was spending with Henry, when she heard the mother of her friend telling of the distress of Mrs. C., the blacksmith's wife, who was sick, with no one but an aged mother to nurse her and take care of the family. The washing had lain by week after week, until there was scarce a clean thing in the house for the sick, or those in health. Bridget Mc — was nursing, or spinning, somewhere afar off, and could not be obtained. The woman had no relatives within many miles, but the old mother, who could scarcely get through the daily routine of duties; and who was there, in the whole town, who would have done a washing for the blacksmith's wife? Not one.

A bright thought struck Harry. "Let us go and wash some things for Mrs. C.," said she to Henry.

"So we will, if mother is willing." "Mother" was pleased with the idea, and the next morning they set forth, in high spirits, for their unaccustomed task. Great thoughts cheered them, and gave unusual strength — thoughts that they were trampling upon prejudice, setting a noble example of kindness for the distressed, and respect for labor in any form; that in their way they were sisters of charity, Dorcas, and bent upon a noble mission.

Mrs. C. rose in her bed, as they announced their errand, and gazed with astonishment. No two misses in the town were better educated, better connected, or more intelligent than the two who had come to do her washing. But the old lady did not stop to marvel, and the brass

kettle was hung over the fire, and the hot water made ready without delay. "We will do as much as we can," said they, as they put their arms into the tubs, and introduced one article after another to the wash-board. With laugh and jest they sustained each other's strength and spirits, and pile after pile of soiled raiment was brought by the old lady before them. "We are almost through," they would think, but Alps on Alps of cotton and woolen continually arose. Eleven kettles full were boiled and hung out, besides those not boiled. The sick woman gave them her thanks, and insisted upon the acceptance of a half dollar, for both, at least to buy something as a memento of the occasion. They were not likely to forget it — and returned laughingly home, to bind up their bleeding hands, and rest their aching limbs.

Harry and Henry have now doubled the years they had seen then. They have been separated also for most of this time. It is not, however, a year since, for the first time, the former visited the latter at her new home, in the most flourishing of our Atlantic cities. They recognized each other after the separation of years, and Harry also greeted the old school acquaintance who was now the husband of her friend. He is eminently handsome, as in his youth, and fast gaining wealth and distinction in his profession. "Let me tell you of our prosperity," said Henry, after she had exhibited her best treasure, the babe she loved so well.

Harry has not been thus blessed. No new ties have gladdened her heart, or strengthened her hands; and, one by one, many of the loved ones of her youth have taken their flight across "the dark valley." Yet has not her life been wholly aimless, and she strives to convince herself that she has done something for her sex, something for her class, something for *humanity*.

Lowell.

H.

LINES TO A FRIEND ON LEAVING NEW ENGLAND.

Why will you leave your native soil,
Your own New England air,
Your much loved home, your long tried friends,
To seek a clime more fair?

Think not a perfect paradise,
Will e'er be found on earth,
There 'll ne'er be more of Eden here,
Than round a Yankee hearth.

There, peace and plenty, joining,
Like sisters hand in hand;
Heaven seems to smile, approving,
The happy fireside band.

Then leave it not, to wander far,
In search of Fortune's smile,
Your present blessings do not mar,
Forget them not the while.

Think not in all that land to find,
A fountain, rill, or lake,
Whose chrystal waves, divinely pure,
The thirst for gold can slake.

Lowell.

J. M. M.

RETROSPECTIVE GLIMPSES OF RECENT TRAVEL.

THE BALL AND THE PRESIDENT.

BY THE EDITOR.

The Inauguration Ball has been so often and minutely described, by the papers of the day, that little more is necessary than to acquaint our readers with its impression upon us. Those of "our girls" who attended the famous "Carpet Mill Pic-nic," have seen as large an assemblage, and one better accommodated. They have seen as great a collection of personal beauty, though truth compels us to add, less magnificence of apparel. The dresses were very beautiful and mostly in good taste. A few were distinguished, even in that great throng, for singularity; but we will not pander to the desire for notoriety by describing them. A few, both males and females, blazed with jewels, and some who needed no addition to their charms.

The scene upon entering was very brilliant. The floor of the transient ball-room was a few steps lower than the entrance, and the apartment was filled before our arrival. Above were the "chandeliers," mammoth hoops, blazing with lights, each the lowest of a series which gradually diminished to an apex. Around, the white walls were ornamented with pink and blue cloth, crossing in "herring-bone" fashion, and interspersed with State insignia. Below was the great *parterre*, its bright colors changing like the kaleidoscope, and its interest enhanced by the associations of the day and hour.

Our New England feelings were sometimes gratified even here. "Who was that," asked a lady, "to whom I saw you speaking?" "Hon. Josiah Quincy, jr.," was our reply, "recently mayor of Boston." "His is the most purely intellectual countenance I ever beheld," she replied. And this remark came from a lady who sees the reflection of much intellect every time she gazes into her mirror. "Do you know Abbott Lawrence?" "Yes; he passed us but a few minutes since, with a young lady upon his arm, dressed in white with pink trimmings." "Will you point him out, if he passes again?" "Certainly; there is Mrs. Lawrence, at least I think it her, in black satin, with pearls hanging from her wrists." But Mr. Lawrence did not pass again while the lady stood there.

In one of the papers we saw that, in the robing rooms, the ladies "acted like furies," because they could not find their things. There was much disappointment felt and expressed; but we were there as long as any other one, and saw nothing furious, nor unlady-like. The conduct of the hackmen was most objectionable. An Inauguration is their *benefit*, and they strive to get as much as possible at it. They were extortionate and implacable.

We did not fully see the President that evening; but heard the next day of a high compliment he had paid to our magazine; and we resolved to pay him our respects. To describe him would be to forestall an opinion which each may soon form. We will only add, that two beautiful little misses were introduced to him at the same time, that he kissed the little girls, and — and — we believe we won't tell here who else he kissed.

EDITOR'S TABLE.

THE LOWELL POST OFFICE : Familiar as this expression has been, within the last half year, the sight of it in this place will doubtless excite surprise. Even those who have talked, and read, and written upon the great subject of "Post Office Reform," in general, may wonder what we shall find to say upon it in particular. Upon the great theme of general, thorough reform in the department, we have nothing here to say. Some of the highest periodicals, and finest writers have exerted themselves to convince us that we are far behind "Old England," whose penny postage, and included delivery at each one's door, is worthy of all admiration. We will leave to such as have already treated upon this subject, its farther discussion. Taking it for granted that, organically, the Department is to remain, for at least four years, in *statu quo*, are there not minor reforms which may well be made, and reasonably demanded. We have nothing to say with regard to a change of postmaster. Our present incumbent can as well go forward in this matter as another. "But what," it will be asked, "are the specific reforms you would have?" We speak only for the operatives. If others have aught to ask, they have also their own mediums of communication.

There is an apartment at the post office allotted to "ladies." So far so good, in this city of women, and women peculiarly situated, with no brothers, cousins, or fathers to deliver and procure their letters for them. But is their convenience studied in all respects? They say it is not. There is for them a room with one little aperture, through which a document is transferred, much as food is passed to a wild beast in his cage. In the evening hour of liberty, for these thousands of females, their room is crowded with a throng anxious to be waited upon; and, in their desperation, pushing, struggling, and knocking about, in a most unseemly manner. Those within, come quietly back and forth, regardless of the hubbub, for many years considered a matter of course, "a necessary evil," and throw all blame upon the operatives of the "noise and confusion." They offer them a box at twenty-five cents per quarter, where they shall be waited upon with the best, and they will be very happy to forward their letters to their boarding-houses, for two additional cents to pay the penny-post. Many complain, but the most submit. The majority prefer the penny-post, and extra payment of nearly half the first postage, to the detention, disturbance, and distress of their apartment at the office.

The penny-post does a thriving business — soon there are to be two or three of them, the postmaster hires them at a salary, reserving to himself the profits, amounting, according to various estimates, to about two dollars per day. This has been but little to each operative, but it may often have been "her mite," and at one dollar per year, or less, it is that sum needlessly paid away. True, it has saved her the jam and rush at the post office. But this is not a necessary evil. An apartment with a window partition, half a

dozen apertures, with attendants light of foot, and interested in having all accommodated as quickly as possible, would remedy all this. Then each girl could go herself to the office, when out on her evening's excursion, without feeling it to be a death-struggle. She could, with an unblushing countenance, ask her friend to step into the post office for her, if she were not going out herself. And the two cents, four cents, six cents saved, would often go into the post office as pre-payment for a letter home, which now she does not write.

Another trouble remedied also. The penny-post arrives at the boarding-house with his letters: the mistress is out, and there is nobody but Kitty McNeil, or Biddy O'Flaherty, to wait upon him. Biddy is washing the dishes, and her hands are slippery with soapsuds. She starts in her haste to receive the official, and crash goes the platter upon the floor! Kitty is shelling peas; and, as she jumps towards the ruins, she knocks over the basket, and away run the green 'uns. "The fault 's in the pays," she exclaims, in her natural desire to exonerate herself from blame; and, after a hasty scramble for the scattered runaways, she follows Biddy in her search for their mistress, for they have not been in this country a month, and neither of them knows how to make change, nor understands the mysterious hieroglyphics pencilled upon the letters, and may-be n ether has a cent in her pocket. The mistress is found. Perhaps she is down cellar, arranging affairs among butter-firkins, meat-barrels, milk-pans, &c. Or may-be she is up garret in a deadly contest with "red rovers," or she may be at a neighbor's, discussing the price of eggs, flour, vegetables, &c. She comes to the rescue; then there is a running for her purse; she has not the change and must borrow it at the next tene-ment, and all this trouble, where three must do the work for forty, is no insignificant affair. Some of the women have refused to receive of the penny-posts, at the risk of losing their boarders. Nor is this the end of trouble. The letters are given to the owners when they come in; and, some for want of the ready change, some from natural giddi-ness, and some from absorption in their epistle, neglect to pay immediately, and the hostess must keep a running account in her head, or somewhere, of these items. And all this because the girls can't go to the post office — they are not accommodated, and some say they are not treated civilly when they do gain access to the clerks. With more deliverers, and more places of delivery, the evil might be removed. Let the attendants in the evening be increased, as they are in stores and saloons; let the girls be promptly and pleasantly attended to, and their own manners will improve.

Another suggestion. Let there be women, instead of men, to wait upon this depart-ment. Let it be under the charge of a woman. We know of girls who have served long and faithfully as mill operatives, in the cloth room or elsewhere, whose prompt-ness, probity, and efficiency in every requisite, would render them the most suitable persons in the world to wait upon the sisterhood.

There is a propriety in this; females attending upon females; occupying responsible positions in a city of females, at least a city whose wealth and prosperity has been greatly owing to females; a propriety which must be apparent to all. We shall take pains that our suggestion come to the knowledge of the Postmaster General, and request of him to give it the weight of his recommendation to whomsoever may be appointed, or re-appointed to the Lowell Post Office.

NOTICE TO READERS AND CORRESPONDENTS. — The chapter of "Duties and Rights of Mill Girls," for this month, was not received in season. It shall be forthcoming in the September number. Other articles, mostly poems, which we had intended to pub-lish this month, have been crowded out by the prose, and the printer. Next month we will be happy to find a place for some of our eastern and western correspondents, and not forget our corporation friends of Lowell.

THE
NEW ENGLAND OFFERING:
A MAGAZINE OF INDUSTRY.

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SEPTEMBER, 1849.  
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GIRLHOOD.

Ah! girlhood—joyous girlhood!
How transient is thy stay,
The dew upon the opening bud,
Steals not so soon away.
Thy tears are but as April showers
That melt in rainbow light;
Thy smiles are like the morning flowers,
Fading, but O! how bright!

Ah! girlhood—merry girlhood!
What is there like to thee?
A fledging, panting for the fields
Beyond its sheltering tree.
Half poised for flight, one wishful trill
Upon the air it flings,
Then nestles, with a frightened thrill
Beneath its mother's wings.

'T is well for thee, bright girlhood,
Thine is no prophet's pen
To search out, warily and sad,
The evil ways of men.
Then would the night of distant time
Thy present sunshine dim,
And thy light laughter's tuneful chime
Become a wailing hymn.

Yet, girlhood, artless girlhood,
Thou too must needs beware,
For in thy leafy covert oft
The fowler lays his snare.
And O! if Virtue leadeth not
The soul from girlhood's dell,
There is in all the world no spot
Where joy may with it dwell.

A blessing on thee, girlhood!
Be happy, and be pure!
For Purity's white plumes are charmed
Against the tempter's lure.
Droop not—nor, shivering, dread to feel
Life's ruffling blasts of wrong,
For, in the strife for others' weal,
The Woman's heart grows strong!

L. L.

RIGHTS AND DUTIES OF MILL GIRLS.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "LIGHTS AND SHADOWS OF FACTORY LIFE."

CHAPTER XI.

Mary and Anna — Elevation of Mind versus outward Display.

One of the most melancholy evils, induced by an extravagant outlay for beautiful clothing, lies in the consequent neglect of poor, worn-out, and disheartened parents at home; and of the young brothers and sisters who are growing up there in ignorance, perchance in wickedness, from which they might be saved by those means of comfort and improvement which the daughter and sister is lavishing on her already ample wardrobe. It is a sad sight when such a girl — for instance, when Mary Bradley returns to her family, from the mills; for, ever since she entered them, there has been a hope, in the heart of her parents, that something would come of her exertions; that want of agreeable food, needful clothing, and a comfortable house need not always press them. The children, too, have expectations, indefinite ones to be sure, but they often deny themselves the more willingly, and work the more industriously, because soon sister is coming, and then!

She comes at last, elegantly dressed, looking every way like a new creature. But, alas! in all the time that she has been away, she has thought only of herself, what *she* should eat, what *she* should drink, and wherewithal *she* should be clothed. And the selfish habit so long indulged is not easily broken. Her manner is cold and abstracted. Her eye is upon her travelling dress, lest the children soil it; upon her beautiful bonnet, lest it be crumpled; upon the silks, muslins, and laces with which she has covered her low bed, lest she find no safe place for them in her mean home; and upon all the poverty, and what she is pleased to consider bad taste, of her parents' and the children's dress, and of everything around her. She is vexed that things must always go so badly there; that they must be going worse and worse every year; that she did not stay in Lowell, and thus save her travelling expenses, her stage sickness, and all this annoyance. Her father, her mother, and the children are all so dull! only staring at her and her things!

Yes, they are dull. The mother goes mechanically about preparations for her daughter's supper, with an aching heart, a choking breath. The father sits in a low, creaking chair, rocking the little one with his eyes fixed on the floor, thinking, meanwhile, of the taxes that must be paid so soon, and conjecturing whether, indeed, his daughter can have a cent to spare, after all this outlay; sighing, bitterly, as he concludes that she has not; and that, even if she has, he would rather borrow of a neighbor, her look is so cold and proud. The children withdraw themselves, as far as possible, to conceal their patches, their bare feet, and to look at their grand sister.

Heaven help the parents of such a daughter! Heaven help the daughter and bring her into the way of true adornment, true happiness!

Not so is it in the home to which the good, the faithful Anna Simonds has just returned. How happy are they all! The mother's heart

seems bursting. She longs to steal away one moment from her beloved ones, that she may weep in her gratitude, and fall on her knees and bless the good Being who has preserved and blessed her daughter. How lively is the father! He appears to have grown, all at once, ten years younger. But, see! his chin quivers as he takes the waistcoat pattern Anna has just given him; he looks at her with filling eyes, draws the back of his hand across them, but does not speak. As for the children, they laugh when nothing is going on, lean on their sister, cling to her, put themselves in her way wherever she moves, and think more of the kisses she gives them than of the calicos, gingham, and drillings she has brought for their summer clothes. And she, the blest cause of all this joy, how simple and yet how becoming is her dress, how gentle and loving is her manner! She knows that there is deep poverty in her home; and that the hands of her parents have already begun to falter in their work. But she is young, strong, and hopeful. The world is open to her, and kind. God is her friend; He is near her; He approves her self-denying acts of love, and turns them to an inward joy. Her parents, her brothers and sisters, and herself are together once more; they are happy, and she asks nothing more but that her gratefulness and dutiful works may be equal to her mercies.

My friends of the mills, ye who are the daughters of the poor, to which of this twain will ye be likened? with which of these humble homes shall we compare your own! It rests with you.

I know that in this land of deference to wealth, and to its chief insignia, jewels and costly dresses, it requires no small amount of self-denial and independence of mind to bring you to proclaim your poverty, to every one who looks on, by your humble garb. But, surely, you will do this, and still preserve your self-respect, and a quiet consciousness of "the grandeur of your nature, which turns to insignificance all outward distinctions." Channing says—"Indeed every man, in every condition, is great. A man is great, as a man, be he where or what he may. The grandeur of his nature turns to insignificance all outward distinctions. His powers of intellect, of conscience, of love, of knowing God, of perceiving the beautiful, of acting on his own mind, on outward nature, and on his fellow-creatures, these are glorious prerogatives. Through the vulgar error of undervaluing what is common, we are apt, indeed, to pass these by as of little worth. But as in the outward creation, so in the soul, the common is the most precious. Science and Art may invent splendid modes of illuminating the apartments of the opulent, but these are all poor and worthless compared with the common light which the sun sends into all our windows, which he pours freely, impartially over hill and valley, which kindles daily the eastern and western sky; and to the common lights of reason, and conscience, and love, are of more worth and dignity than the rare endowments which give celebrity to a few. Let us not disparage that nature which is common to all men; for no thought can measure its grandeur. It is the image of God; the image even of his infinity; for no limits can be set to its unfolding. He who possesses the divine powers of the soul, is a great being, be his place what it may; you may clothe him with rags, you may immure him in a dungeon, may chain him to slavish tasks. But he is still great.

You may shut him out of your houses ; but God opens to him heavenly mansions. He makes no show indeed in the streets of a splendid city ; but a clear thought, a pure affection, a resolute act of a virtuous will, have a dignity of quite another kind, and far higher than accumulations of brick, and granite, and plaster, and stucco, however cunningly put together, or though stretching far beyond the sight.

“Real greatness has nothing to do with a man’s sphere, it does not lie in the magnitude of his outward agency, in the extent of the effects which he produces. The greatest men may do comparatively little abroad. Perhaps the greatest in our city, at this moment, are buried in obscurity. Grandeur of character lies wholly in force of soul, that is, in the force of thought, moral principle, and love ; and this may be found in the humblest condition of life. It is the force of thought which measures intellectual, and so it is force of principle which measures moral greatness, that highest of human endowments, that brightest manifestation of the Divinity. The greatest man is he who chooses the right with invincible resolution, who resists the sorest temptations from within and without, who bears the heaviest burdens cheerfully, who is calmest in storms, and most fearless, under menace and frowns, whose reliance on truth, on virtue, on God, is most unfaltering ; and is this a greatness which is most apt to make a show, or which is most likely to abound in a conspicuous station ?”

And let me ask you, my friends of the mills, if this is a greatness which is most apt to spring up within yourselves, when, all the while to possess a richer shawl, a more fashionable gown, a more becoming, bonnet, is the end and aim of all your toil, all your thought. No, you must become intellectually great by reading, observation, and an “earnest search of thought ;” and morally great by your charities, your love, your noble sacrifices for the parents who have sacrificed so much for you, for the brothers and sisters who look to you for encouragement and aid, and by your kindness to all around you. Thus acting, endowed with this true greatness, you will respect yourself. You will forget that worth is ever estimated by outward appearances ; or, if you remember it, it will be only in pity for those who make so blind and false an estimate. Your sympathies, extended alike to those who suffer and those who enjoy, will make every man your brother, and every woman your sister. You will envy no one, despise no one ; and, feeling thus, you will go through life with a kind eye and a gentle manner, which will not fail to win for you a higher esteem, a better love, than ever falls to the cold and selfish votary of fashion.

There are many girls, in our mills, who are already well educated, and whose parents and friends are not at all in need of their assistance. But pleas for economy in dress are not wanting, even in this case. For the sake of example, lest they cause a sister to sin, they should deny themselves. And, besides, their funds can better be spent on books, pictures, maps, and so on, or in travel ; or given to the poor. So that, whether we be rich or poor, in all cases it is better for us that simplicity abound.

Franklin, N. H.

EXTRACTS FROM A JOURNAL.

SUNDAY.

It is Sabbath morning — and I have awakened at my usual hour, but even Betsey is not stirring. No one is awake in the room, for they seem to have lost all power of arising without that ding-dong-bell. All is calm and still without, as the Sabbath morning should be; but there is not that sweet anthem arising to heaven which, in my old home, was wont to go up from birds, and streams, and wind-stirred trees. I have been reading as quietly as I could in my room, for even Fanny is in a deep slumber. But the first breakfast bell is dingling at the foot of the stairs. And now they are all awake and stirring. Good morning, dear parents! I know you will think of me this day.

SABBATH EVE.

“The day is past and gone,
The evening shades appear.”

I have spent a pleasant Sabbath. We had our Sunday's dinner in the morning — *baked beans*, and then at noon we set down to a tea-table fare, consisting of bread, butter, cheese, and plain cake, with tea, coffee, and water.

At nine in the morning the bells all rung for the Sabbath school, and I went to one where I saw more children together than ever before. Then I went to a meeting, where the congregation was almost wholly composed of females, of whom quite a number were blooming, handsomely-dressed young girls.

In the afternoon I went to see the Catholics, and was much amused by the service, which seemed so odd to me. But it was evidently as solemn to the worshippers as ours can be to us. After meeting was over the girls went to walk, and I went up to the Cemetery with some of them. They appear to good advantage while promenading at this time — so many pretty faces and tasteful dresses are not to be seen everywhere. The streets are thronged with them.

I went to a vestry meeting this evening, and the rest, dear parents, has been yours. Good night.

MONDAY EVE.

I am very tired, and my first impression of a factory life is, that it is *wearisome*. I went to work after breakfast, and the overseer, after taking my name, placed me with a very spruce young lady, who was tending extra work, and would be very glad of an assistant. I didn't help her much to-day, I assure you, for she was almost cross at the blunders I made. I had a hearty fit of crying at last, when she frowned because I made a great smash among the threads, and she had to stop the loom half an hour.

I thought the day would never pass away, and when I found out where the clock was, I kept running, every half hour, to see what time it was. At last “my lady” went to the looking glass, which hung behind her looms, and began to dress her hair for dinner. O such wetting, and oiling, and splatting, and brushing! I should have thought she was going to a party. I took care of the looms, for I have learned to change shuttles, and “tie the knot.”

After the hair was dressed she changed her working apron for a black silk one, put on a white collar, washed her hands, put on her bonnet, veil, and shawl, and was ready to start the moment that the mill stopped. So were all the others ; and I rather think the room was vacated in a very great hurry.

THE CATERPILLAR AND THE ROSE-BUSH.

A FABLE.

The Spring had come, and dressed the Earth
With flowers of ev'ry hue ;
To a Rose-bush it had given birth,
Which was beautiful to view.

No other graced the laden bower
With half so sweet a mien ;
And ev'ry lovely, fragrant flower
Was proud to own her queen.

It chanced one morning, as the sun
Shone on her opening buds,
A Caterpillar, tired and worn,
Addressed to her these words.

"I've travelled all the night, sweet Rose,
Seeking a resting place ;
And now would ask a short repose
Here, by your lovely face."

The haughty Bush drew up and said,
"Dost think I e'er could brook
To bow so low my lofty head
On a *crawling worm* to look ?"

O no! you see on ev'ry bough
Of mine, a blushing bud,
Too beautiful for such as thou ;
Thy place the dusty sod.

The Caterpillar turned away,
But marked the words she heard ;
And, while upon the sod she lay,
A purpose she matured.

It was, to enclose herself within
A tomb, as if to die ;
And, buried there, her form she 'd change
To a brilliant butterfly.

With thoughts, like these, she set to work
And wove a silken shroud,
And placed within her humble form ;
Far from the Bush so proud.

Meanwhile the Rose-bush bloomed and long
With weight of beauty bent
Till busy Death, her flowers among,
His poisonous arrows sent.

And then she stood a lonely thing,
'Midst all the flowers around ;
Her leaves, and blossoms, mingling,
Lay withered on the ground.

It chanced, one day, a butterfly
Alighted in the bower,
And thought his new-made wings to try
In sporting with each flower.

As he was hovering near the place
Where the poor Rose-bush stood,
She meekly asked if he would grace
Her with his presence good.

And thus replied the Butterfly :
' Dost think I'd fold my wings
For boughs like thine, so bare and dry ? "
I pause for lovelier things.

" Say, where is now each blushing bud
Thou boasted of in pride ?
Lay they not on the dusty sod,
The *crawling worm* beside ? "

MORAL.

Ye who bask in the sunshine of wealth,
With worldly honors blessed,
Weigh well your voice and words to those
By poverty oppressed.

Deny them not in selfish pride
The joys you can bestow ;
The ills to penury allied
Yourself too soon may know.

For Fortune's wheel perchance may turn ;
And you be forced to crave,
Of the humble one that now you spurn,
The favor you ne'er gave.

And your's at *last* the common lot ;
When the path of life you 've trod,
With the meek one of the lowly cot
You 'll rest beneath the sod.

Lowell.

H. E. S.

LETTER FROM ILLINOIS.

BY " RUTH ROVER."

August 15, 1849.

MY DEAR FRIEND :—What *news* shall I find to write you ? In this Western land there are no tottering dynasties, crumbling crowns, nor civil commotions. Here is no ninth wonder of the world, unless, in this age, peace and quietness be a wonder. Yet we have our events,—our plagues and pleasures. A little white-headed urchin said to me to-day, after I had succeeded in convincing him that he had never seen Niagara Falls, " Well, I *have* seen a *mud hole*, and, *I tell you*, it's a dangerous place." So I, though I would not have you infer that the State of Illinois is a *mud hole*, in comparison with *any* place, can tell you that our every-day life has its changes, as well as a more exciting mode of existence.

The first circumstance of the season, after the corn was planted, was the visit of the army worms. Returning from school one day, I found the ground covered with what I thought an innumerable multitude of black caterpillars. I always felt, with Cowper, that

" I would not number on my list of friends
The man who heedlessly sets foot upon a worm."

But a person of *large understanding*, like myself, can alone comprehend the extent of the wholesale murder I was forced to commit at every step. I soon found that my caterpillars were the redoubtable army worms, the terror of farmers. It was curious to watch their march. They passed half way through a field of green oats, leaving the ground entirely bare behind them. The meadows they pillaged looked just as if they had been mowed. Fortunately the wheat, which is the chief dependance of the farmers in this community, escaped their ravages.

The next thing that made us open our eyes, was the great fire in St. Louis. Though we are thirty miles from that city, it seems much nearer. Several men, who are in business there, have families here, which they visit one, two, or three times in a week. I suppose you have heard all about the fire. What a grand sight it must have been, if one could only keep the *consequences* out of mind, to see that fire-ship floating down the Mississippi, scattering desolation over the city, and the boats in the harbor. I suppose you have also heard of the more recent fire and attempted riot there.

The next event was the cholera; and terribly has this pestilence scourged our cities and villages. St. Louis is described as having been a complete charnel-house. Many of the best and most influential citizens have been taken away. The number of orphans made by the fire and the pestilence, is said to be very great. The Asylums are crowded. Those upon whom the scourge has fallen lightly, may well open their hearts and their purses now.

There have been a few cases of cholera in our immediate neighborhood; but I do not think I have realized its presence at all, though scarcely anything else has been talked of for a month or two. The National Fast was well observed. People suspended their business, and went to church all day.

But now the scourge and the terror it brought seems to have passed away. The lately quiet road is dusty and noisy with the country teams that crowd it on their way to market. We venture to eat peaches and plums, and all such *tabooed* luxuries; we,—I mean I, stand without fear under the moist drapery of evening, to look at Lyra and Arcturus, and wonder if they would not look brighter *at home*.

You should see our fire-flies. On a damp evening the air is full of them, and they are so large, and soar so high, that they can hardly be distinguished from the stars. They often fly into my bedroom at night, and their luminous flashing almost turns darkness into—twilight. Then the Katydids keep up a constant chattering from dusk till dawn. 'T is the fashion to complain of their noise, but I cannot, for it seems cheerful to me, though rather monotonous.

Do not think that I am quite naturalized here. I admire the luxuriance of Nature, as I see it daily around me; but I sigh for the rough old hills, where the barberry bushes hang their red clusters over the rocks, the stone walls with the rose bushes peeping from under them, and the blackberry vines straggling over them, (they *are* prettier than rail-fences,) the cool streams, the dear, the grand old ocean; and — my
ends.

TRIBUTE.

FROM A CORRESPONDENT.

I.

Thou art a stranger, yet I know
 Thy mission high and holy ;
 Thou seekest 'mid the toiling ones
 To cheer the poor, the lowly.

II.

To teach us labor is no sin,
 No crushing degradation,
 The mind, above the workshop's din,
 Can win a lofty station :

III.

But thou, with clear discerning eye,
 The good from false can sever,
 Consign the worthless to the flames
 And dark oblivion ever.

IV.

Can gather pure bright golden rays
 Of Learning's hallowed light ;
 The heart to cheer, when coursing years
 O'er us have cast their blight.

V.

And, while the purse-proud ones of earth
 Bow low at pleasure's shrines,
 Teach us, while toiling with our hands,
 To labor with our minds.

VI.

Stranger, accept the wish from me
 That this, thy high endeavor,
 May bring to thee and those with thee,
 Sweet peace, and bliss forever.

Globe Mill, Southbridge.

R. B.

VISIT TO A PRAIRIE.

BY A. H. WINSHIP.

It was midsummer. Our more laborious and pressing duties were for a time suspended ; thus affording an opportunity of resorting to any practicable and proper means to recreate our minds and recruit our wasted energies. Some of our farmers had selected a prairie, a few miles distant from the settlement, for a meadow, to which, year after year, they repair with their scythes, and, like old father Time, level all that comes in their way. The beautiful prairie flower, and the long flowing grass, suggest to the mind of their executioner but one idea, —that of winter food for his stock. The way to that fenceless field had, by use and frequent rains, become so bad, that it was desirable to make a new one, and, as one of the proprietors had appointed himself

Road Commissioner, and was about to engage in his appropriate duties, we were invited to bear him company. Though some of us had been out that morning, and had rode hard to escape a rising shower, we were glad to accept the invitation and were soon equipped with riding habits and other indispensables and on our way in good spirits. We rode "two and two," or single file, as the path would allow, sometimes winding round the corners of a worm fence, where it was all we could do to keep our feet from being crushed between heavy rails and our horses' sides. But we were soon out of the neighborhood of fields and fences. The first curiosity we met with was a Deer-lick. It is a spring, the water of which is a little salt. Although nature was arrayed in rich and ample robes, here the ground was beaten and dusty, much like a constantly travelled highway. To this favorite retreat, away in the depths of the forest, the timid doe leads her fawn to slake its thirst with palatable draughts from this well known fountain; then to join others of their kind, there on like errands, who are enjoying the refreshing coolness of the surrounding shade. It is, with us, no uncommon thing to see tamed, or petted fawns.

Once we were near losing our way, but our guide's bump of locality is pretty well developed, and he set us right. So in due time we come to the edge of the prairie, when our horses set into a gallop, and we sailed away over the sea of grass, not without fears lest our noble animals should set foot on some concealed specimen of the reptile tribe, venomous as hateful. There is surely meaning in that word "I will put *enmity* between thee and the woman." For myself, I know of nothing but sin so odious as a serpent. A huge rattlesnake had been brought for our inspection, from that same prairie, not long before. We were obliged to our considerate friends for the effort to confer on us a favor, but did not care to examine the fearful creature. Before leaving home, we had provided ourselves with manacles, with which to secure any of dame Flora's children, who might seem to us particularly beautiful. So we dismounted at the edge of a little grove of trees, and set about taking captives. They offered no resistance, though some of them were so extremely sensitive, that they shrunk from our touch like a pure heart from pollution, and it was not without great pains that we were able to obtain them in their full blown beauty. Though not *breathing* they were *living* captives, that, but for our visit to the prairie, would have "blushed unseen, and wasted all their sweetness on the air." Lovely flowers, the fairest of nature's children, and odious serpents! How strange their proximity! How wonderful, that the same sunny South should bring to perfection two such opposites!

Our books well filled, securely tied, and replaced in capacious pockets, we sought an eligible spot from which to attempt a sketch of the scenery, and being in that respect suited, H. and I applied ourselves to the task. On our left, a little way up the prairie, rose a small hill, a fac simile of a western mound. Starting off in that direction K. and W. went in quest of water, which by this time we greatly needed, and as they rode round its side, and disappeared in the distance, we regretted that we were not able to transfer them to our paper. Alas! we were only taking our first lesson in the art of drawing! We had but

just set ourselves earnestly about our pictures when our attention was called to a different quarter. Our two horses, whose bridles had been left on their necks that they might appropriate to themselves some of the luxuriant herbage, thinking to profit by their freedom started in the direction of home! We must secure them, or make our way back on foot as best we could! By dint of gentle words and quick and noiseless steps we managed to get before them (for they were only walking) and finally succeeded in getting the bridles once more into our hands. They were led back and securely tied to the impending branches of a tree when we again addressed ourselves to the sketch, and though we succeeded but poorly it still remains as a memento of our visit to the prairie. Our friends succeeded in finding water with which to slake their own thirst, but the tin cup which they filled for us was empty, long before we received it. Cold water, then and there, would have been indeed refreshing, for the very air seemed heated and suffocating until we had rested sometime and perspired freely. On our return we were much amused at the expense of one of our party. After following the course of a small stream for some distance, we struck off into a narrow winding path, which led us to the top of a hill, when suddenly a respectable looking house burst upon our sight. "Who can live here?" H. exclaimed in evident surprise, and it was not until we were well past the hospitable roof, which had been the first to shelter her in this land of strangers, that she knew it was the dwelling of an old missionary, and our nearest neighbor.

Iyanibbi Seminary, Choctaw Mission.

DIRGE.

Why hast thou lain her down to sleep, —
 So calm and low?
 And why from eyes unused to weep,
 Do sad tears flow?

Is she not lovely yet, and pure,
 The stainless one?
 Methinks her gentle voyage here,
 Wast but begun.

We loved so well her gentle form, —
 There came a fear —
 That o'er her young head, some sad storm, —
 There might be near.

Too well we loved; — a lurking cloud
 Hath passed her by;
 All calmly she her young head bowed, —
 Nor feared to die.

Upon her loved lip resteth now, —
 That smile so sweet;
 And nought but peace on her fair brow,
 Thy gaze will meet.

Ay! though she was so loved and blest,
 Cease thou to weep,
 Angels around her place of rest,
 Sweet vigils keep.

THE MOURNER.

BY J. L. BAKER.

"If there is in this world
A fount of deep, strong, deathless love
'T is that within a mother's heart."

It was sunset. The rich golden light of the departing sun, streamed into a curtained room, tinging with a ruddy hue the scene of ruin and desolation within. Rich and beautiful as was that flood of golden light, it was all unnoticed by the grief-stricken mourner that sat beside her dead. The snows of sixty winters covered her brow, and her form was bent, not so much by age as by the terrible agony of the last few hours. In them she had lived a lifetime of grief, yet her heart did not break; no, that would have been a blessing; but, all crushed and bleeding, it still throbbed on, enduring a living death. There was no tear in her eye, no sound on her pale, quivering lip to tell the awful struggle within. But the haggard features, the glassy eye, the long grey hair that fell in tangled masses about her wrinkled brow and neck, and the convulsive grasp of her withered hands, all spoke of grief too deep for words, too terrible for tears. The sun sunk to his ocean bed, twilight deepened into night, one by one the stars came forth, and the moon looked serenely down on earth; still that aged woman moved not, but gazed, utterly stupified with misery, vacantly on the livid, swollen features before her, rendered now more ghastly by the uncertain light that fell upon them. They were those of a man, apparently about forty years of age, and all distorted as they were, still over them lingered the last expression of grief and despair. A dark, purple ridge round the neck, and the starting eyeballs that glared wildly from their sockets, revealed a death by violence.

The guilty man had closed a long career of crime, by imbuing his hands in blood. No extenuating circumstances could be offered; and his life was the forfeit. Still, through all, his mother clung to him; her love never for a moment faltering; all stained by crime as he was, yet still he was her *boy*. And when all the world forsook him, and every voice was against him, she clung closer and closer to him.

On the morning of the execution, with tottering steps she approached the fatal spot; all regardless of the crowd she penetrated to the foot of the gallows to await his arrival. He did come; but O how changed was that stern, guilty man, from the guileless child of whom she had formed high hopes and expectations. With firm, haughty step he ascended the platform; there was no trace of penitence in his hardened conscience, but a sullen, reckless indifference. Ere the fatal cap was adjusted, he turned to take a last view of the thousands gathered there to see him die; unquailing was the glance of that dark, flashing eye, for he saw no pity in that vast sea of human faces. But, suddenly, a deadly pallor mantled his cheek, his lip quivered, and the tears came gushing to his eyes, as he met the mute, agonized gaze of his devoted mother, for she stood there in the attitude of speechless, hopeless grief. His stubborn spirit was broken, and he wept like a child. And the last words that

escaped from his lips, were, "O, my Mother!" A deep solemn stillness gathered over the multitude as the fatal moment arrived for the cap to be drawn over the prisoner's face. There was a convulsive movement of the form of the wretched mother, and one long piercing shriek of agony burst from her lips. Terrible is the crushing grief of age, for it is hopeless. Youth may outlive its sorrows, but age *never*. The barbed iron enters deep, rankling in the bleeding heart till it finds repose in death.

The body of the criminal, at the mother's earnest prayer, was relinquished to her; as it was to be borne away, the stricken mourner stepped into the wagon after it, and drew his head into her lap, and when they arrived at her desolate home, she was left alone with the dead. The anguish of that mother's heart, as she gazed upon the ghastly face of her only child, during the hours of that dreadful night, may never be revealed. Through all his crimes and reproaches, she alone had clung to him; and in the hour of his death her love rose superhuman, and after the grave had closed over his form, the memory of those scalding tears, that fell thick and fast as his eye met hers, was cherished as a redeeming trait. O, if there be any thing in this world, that purifies and makes holy, it is a *mother's love*.

Lowell.

J. L. B.

MY MOUNTAIN HOME.

BY CAROLINE WHITNEY.

I've a pleasant mountain home,
And in summer love to roam,
By the sparkling, laughing rill,
That comes dancing down the hill.

Walls of mountains, on all sides,
From the world our Cottage hides, —
But I've loved their aspect wild,
Ever since I was a child.

Yes, I love thy dear scenes well,
Vine-clad Cottage, shady dell,
Where the rose and lily bloom,
Shedding round a sweet perfume.

Nature's melodies are there,
Floating through the summer air,
Humming bees, and singing birds,
And the lowing of the herds.

Then the pensive moonlight hours,
That I've passed in rural bowers!
Catching oft, some spirit's tone
In the wind's low, plaintive moan.

Give me, then, a rural life,
Free from every heated strife, —
Dearer, far, my mountain home,
Than a castle's gilded dome.

South Adams, Mass.

THE DREAM FULFILLED.

Last night I dreamed, mother,
That stars were shining bright ;
But there were flitting clouds,
That half obscured their light.

I was in the garden
And O ! I felt so sad ;
A weight was on my heart,
And naught could make me glad.

I bowed my head and wept,
When lo ! I heard a tone
Sweeter than the turtle doves,
That in the forest moan.

And in the east, mother,
Where shines the evening star,
Was a radiant form,
Bright as angels are.

It was Mary, mother,
Wrapp'd in a snow-white shroud,
Standing where pearly stars
Looked up a parted cloud.

Sweetly she smiled on me,
And beckoned her white hand,
For me to go with her
To the spirit land.

Again I heard that tone
Float softly from the sky,
As spirit voices sang
" Glory to God on high."

The stars unlooped the cloud,
As Mary went away ;
And I wept again, mother,
Because she could not stay.

Then sad grew the mother's heart,
She knew her child must die ;
And she shook with fear, as
The wind went moaning by.

That night, as she bent o'er her,
She murmured in her sleep,
" My childhood's days are spent,
Yet, mother, do not weep."

Then, as the pale child woke,
A change passed o'er her brow,
Her lips just moved, she spoke,
" Mother, I'm dying now.

And O, I'm very happy
For angels round me stand ;
Sweet sister, too, is here,
And holds me by the hand."

J. L. B.

AN ALLEGORY.

BY L. A. CHOATE.

Mounting Fancy's airy car, I was rapidly borne above the highest pinnacle of earth. Resting upon the ethereal space, a scene of surpassing grandeur burst upon my view. This Globe, with all its rivers, lakes, and seas; its mountains, plains, and valleys, was spread out before my enraptured vision with a vivid distinctness that unfolded the minutest object to my earnest gaze. The golden sunlight, as it fell upon the fleecy clouds, reflected its dazzling radiance upon the waters, that seemed like polished silver, and cast a mellow softness over forest, glade, and dell. The wide extended landscape presented, to the eye, the soft luxuriant beauty of the richly variegated oriental carpet; or the more delicate perfection of finished embroidery, upon which the cities, towns, and villages were pictured with a distinctness defying the Painter's Art. As I gazed with wonder and admiration upon the fascinating scene, the beautiful picture assumed all the bustling activity of life, combining the various pursuits of Literature, Art, and Science, in one perfect moving Panorama.

Far off upon the horizon appeared the shadowy form of a misty forest, shrouded in noxious mists and pestilential vapors, from which arose all manner of impurity and uncleanness. Its very appearance was an assurance that it belonged to the King of Terrors, and was the abode of that formidable host of terrible emissaries that go abroad upon the Earth to do his awful bidding.

A shapeless form of huge dimensions, more terrible to behold than the fabled hydra-headed monster of antiquity, issued from its dusky shade. Spreading his monstrous wings, he sallied forth toward the beautiful earth, preceded by the blighting mildew of an insidious harbinger. For more than six thousand years has his fearful presence been *felt* upon the earth; and every precaution has been adopted to destroy this deadly foe; but in vain. Bolts, nor bars, nor the most careful, tender watchfulness of devoted love, nor the vast array of scientific skill can quell or shut out his dreaded presence. Like the midnight assassin, he ever lingers near, watching for an unguarded moment; and, in the securest, the most unlooked for time, aims his deadly blow. It is the young, the beautiful, the tender bud, just opening to love's admiring gaze, the fairest of Earth's creation, that he chooses to fill his insatiate maw, which claims its thousands for a meal.

A young mother sat upon the balcony of a princely palace, admiring the splendid autumnal sunset, which tinged the western horizon with purple and gold. At her feet, gamboled a beautiful child, full of mirth and life—her only one, the heir presumptive to a royal throne. He was a noble boy. Well might her heart swell with honest pride as she gazed upon his sunny face, and glow with joy that she was the mother of such a son.

The shades of evening gathered fast: an attendant removed the c^hair.

and soon he was wrapped in sleep profound, a heavenly radiance lighting up his lovely features as he reposed upon his downy couch. That terrible monster marked well the joyous creature, and claimed him for his own. To that sacred nursery he bent his way, and laid his cold death grasp upon the innocent, who gave vent to his agony in stifled, labored breathing, that told too plainly that his days were numbered. In vain the frantic mother wrung her hands, and tore her hair in wild despair, calling upon those of the most skilful art to save her child. Manfully they fought and struggled to drive the monster hence. But all in vain. He had laid his plan of attack too well to be defeated. "Grinning horribly a ghastly smile," he bid defiance to their united power, and in triumph quenched his victim's breath. This sweet morsel served more keenly to whet his appetite for his fiendish work.

Away to a stricken widow's peaceful cottage next he winged his way. Her darling babe quietly slumbered on her breast. He viewed this beautiful vestige of Paradise—Innocence reposing in the arms of love—a sight, admiring angels in the realms of bliss might look upon delighted; and with fiendish joy he grasped its tender throat. Its stifled cry awakened the affrighted mother; at once she knew the fearful foe, and every test of art and skill was tried *in vain* to expel the fierce invader. Not now, as formerly, will he beat a retreat, and leave the hapless one to its mother's care. No! he is the victor now. That cherished one must sleep in death. Mildly she resigned him and calmly said, "Oh, my Father, not *my will*, but *thine* be done!" She knew that her child would be at rest, sweetly reposing in the bosom of Him, who said, "Of such is the kingdom of heaven."

Next to a wretched cot he took his way, and laid his icy hand upon the fairest flower that bloomed beneath its roof, heedless, alike, of grief and tears. Thus, onward, ever onward was his dreadful course, leaving sorrowing grief, where love and joy were wont to dwell. Sure "he loves a shining mark, a signal victory."

O, cruel monster! why spread desolation, grief, and death upon the earth? Why, like the secret worm, within the closely folded bud, destroy the young flowers ere they expand their tender petals? In fearful agony of spirit I closed my eyes to his deadly march, and earnestly exclaimed, "How long, O how long, shall these things be? How long shall this fearful foe reign triumphant o'er the land!" A still small voice came whispering on the breeze, "These things *must* be while Time shall last. Till death itself shall die. Then, and not till then, will this terrible scourge be assigned to its own place, bound fast in the chains of darkness for ever and ever."

Lowell, May, 1849.

A FRAGMENT

TRANSLATED FROM RICHTER.

Freedom and the Sun never sink beneath the earth, but are ever rising. If you hear that the sun, pale and dying, falls asleep in the ocean, or freedom either, look towards America; there shines the Sun in morning freshness, with Freedom by his side.

L I N E S

INSCRIBED TO A FRIEND, ON HIS DEPARTURE FOR NEW ENGLAND.

"A song." O did I hear aright, a song?
If I might wield a Poet's pen awhile
How gladly would I thy request obey
And thou would'st be a willing listener.

The world is full of song; — the insect throng
The feathered tribes, the home-bound lowing herds,
The bleating flocks, a world of music are.
The foaming cataract, the flowing rill,
The everlasting hills, the lovely vales,
The sombre forest, the meek floral train,
The gorgeous sunshine, the calm twilight hour,
The lowering tempest, the low whispering wind,
The light-winged fleecy clouds, the sweet blue sky,
Each tiny atom that doth float in air,
Whate'er the God of love hath made doth sing
Aloud His praises, and the chorus fraught,
With melody, O so delicious, doth
Awaken in my very soul a deep
And fervent echo.—How I long for power
To pour in thrilling accents back their song,
And join the anthem of the UNIVERSE.

But yet a more enchanting voice doth blend
Its notes of harmony in nature's choir,
And add a charm resistless to the strain;
And oft, upon the ear of wearied out
Humanity, it breathes a solo soft
And low—a healing balm for grief and care.
It is the tone of human sympathy.
One look of kindness or one word of love,
Has swept the untuned harp-string of the soul,
And woe and want have caught the song of joy.
The lonely wanderer in the desert wild
Hath drunk delicious pleasure from the beam
Of pleasure on a brother's countenance—
Mayhap a stranger in our dialect—
But, soul to soul, can it a stranger be?

But thou art wandering toward the rising sun,
The land whose sons and daughters, while they seek
The scalding tropics and the frigid poles,
Remember well to love; New England's rude
And rocky coasts, high hills, and happy homes—
The barrier's strong between their hearts and vice.

O bear my message to that cherished spot,
And greet for me the solitudes and scenes
Of busy life, my kindred animate,
Inanimate, varied, and multifold,
That sometimes meet thee in thy wanderings,
And when the Sabbath comes, with silent tread,
And, gratefully upon thine ear,
Like showers of plenty on the poor man's eot,
The deep tones of the church bell shall have lured
Thee to the earthly temple of thy God,
And thou shall bow amid His worshippers,
Remember what a privilege is thine,
Drink in the music of the morning chant,
The organ's loudest peal and softest cadence.

And may that gospel, every where the same,
The refuge of the saint, the sinner's hope,
In its own pure and earnest eloquence
Be sunshine, rain, and dew, upon thy heart.

ADELAIDE.

Choctaw Mission, Arkansas.

OUR TOWN, NO. 3.

OUR PULPIT.

If our meeting-house deserves a whole chapter by itself, our pulpit should at least have a separate paragraph. Its location was opposite the front door, and up about half way between the floor and gallery. The deacons' seat was in front of it, on a level with the first step. Here sat two white-headed patriarchs, Deacon Smith, and Deacon Carter. They were men who differed widely in looks, character, and influence; albeit in office and week-day calling alike. Deacon Smith was brother to the Colonel, and like him a fine portly figure. There was more of pride than of humility in his look and bearing, though he professed to be a very humble Christian. In his youth, it was said he had been a reprobate; worldly, reckless, and profane; denying God and contemning man. Of course he did not prosper. His betrothed forsook him; his relatives denied him; his neighbors avoided him; and all feared him.

For years he was like an Ishmaelite, his hand against every man, and every man's hand against him. At length he came out with a confession of a dream, which was very much like the vision of Saul, of Tarsus; only that there was no one with him to see the light, or hear the sound of the heavenly voice; but no one doubted the statement, for he who had once been a scoffer, sat penitent and stricken at the feet of the godly. From this time the world went well with him. He married his choice, was admitted church member, and indeed became one of the pillars of the church; was then made a deacon, and no one had more zeal and influence than he. He kept strict watch over the parson, and would have seen the slightest misstep towards heterodoxy; he was at the head of the committees upon psalmody, and the minister's tax; officiated with the pastor at the monthly concert, and Friday evening prayer-meeting; and had an oversight with regard to religious affairs in general; saw that the Bible was duly read in the town schools, and that the teachers were religiously disposed men or women; that they attended church, and took classes in the Sabbath School, with other matters of like importance; and, indeed, it seemed as though the fear of the deacon's reproof tended greatly towards the strengthening of the outworks of Zion.

Yet still the deacon was a hard taskmaster, severe in his family, and an extortioner in his dealings. But, as a portion of his gains was given to the Lord, these short comings were forgiven him.

Deacon Carter was quite another man. From his childhood he had feared God, and kept his commandments, and loved and respected his fellow man. Yet trials grievous had come upon him. His wife and children died; his house was burned by lightning from heaven; his cat-

He sickened and wasted away ; his crops failed, it seemed, more often than his neighbors' did. Yet never was there a murmur at his heart, and his lips said, "It is the Lord, let Him do as seemeth good unto him." His life was a lesson of patience and submission ; and his words, though few, were those of a Christian ; spare in frame, humble in aspect, deferential in word and manner, there was little in him to *command* respect, yet he possessed the regard and esteem of all who knew him. "Deacon Carter is a Christian" said even the Infidel ; and in him was honored his Lord and Master.

Our pulpit was very humble ; it was uncurtained and uncarpeted. Even the stairs were unpainted, and only when the great elm, in the rear threw its shadow across the window, was it shaded. That window larger than the others, and arched at the top, was distinguished from them all, within and without, aside from its position, which was at the inner corners of two above and two below.

The green velvet cushion, on which lay the time worn Bible, was faded and worn ; and the two tassels which depended therefrom, before the eyes of the congregation, were ravelled and rusty. The inner portion of it, too, was evidently decaying, and resolving into dust. And whenever some young preacher exchanged with our good pastor, who had more zeal in his head than grace in his heart, and, fearing failure in his attempts to impress his sentiments upon his audience, determined, at least, to thump them into the cushion ; when he lifted up his voice and dashed down his hands, such clouds, not of incense but of dust, would arise, such hosts of rebel atoms come up before him, that he generally desisted from the attempt.

But, as time passed on, the necessity of new pulpit trimming was discovered, and many were the plans laid to accomplish the desired object. Mrs. Deacon Smith, a little, thin, abject looking woman, who could n't speak three words without coughing, started with a subscription paper, but she soon wearied and gave it up. Then a sewing society was talked of ; but as everybody did their own sewing at home, there was nobody in our town to sew for. The singers volunteered a concert ; but very little was gained by that, as they got into a quarrel and broke their lamps, which were borrowed and must be replaced ; and injured the bass-viol, which must be repaired. At length, another subscription was agreed upon and half a dozen young ladies chosen to canvass the town. This last was successful ; and, when the materials were purchased, the ladies collected at Mrs. Deacon Smith's, and transformed them into sacred garniture. And what a transformation in our pulpit ? Instead of one green cushion, there was crimson damask for the whole pulpit-top, at the sides as well as front of the preacher, edged with a splendid tasseled gimp ; and the curtain behind, looped, and festooned, and tasseled to match, threw its ruddy hue over the preacher and his congregation. A new japan spit-box was provided in lieu of the old wooden one, and new steps replaced the blocks with which the speakers graduated their height in the desk, a strip of carpeting for the stairs, and a new Bible exhausted the funds ; leaving, as the religious duty of another generation, the replenishing of the communion service.

Lowell.

DAYS OF MY CHILDHOOD.

BY "MYRTIS MILWOOD."

Happy days of my childhood !
 O where have ye flown ?
 I deemed not so quickly
 Ye all would be gone.

Cherished friends of my youth !
 Where—where have ye fled ?
 Some roam o'er the billow,
 Some sleep with the dead.

In their rude forest homes
 Some are happy and blest,
 And God's Altars have reared,
 In the "far distant West."

But the home of my birth —
 It is desolate now ;
 O why have ye changed ?
 Why broken your vow ?

With life's earliest dawning
 Ye promised to last,
 But that "day dream" is ended,
 Delusion is past.

E'en the streamlets low murmur,—
 How altered its tone ;
 How mournful its cadence ;
 How unlike its own.

Happy days of my childhood !
 Ye've indeed passed away,
 All — all things are changing,
 Nor I less than they.

Lawrence Corporation, 1849.

LINES ON THE DEATH OF K. M.

Thou hast left the green earth in its sweet waking hour,
 When the leaf-buds were bursting in forest and bower ;
 When the Spring bird's wild carol was heard on the lea,
 And the bright waters murmur'd glad music for thee.

Thou art gone ! The loved haunts where thou wandered of yore,
 The deep spell of their beauty will win thee no more ;
 Nor the soft voice of waters, nor Spring zephyr's breath
 Will thy spirit recall from the dark shades of death.

Thou died in life's morning, 'mid its romance and bloom,
 When hope's rose-tinted dreams cast a veil o'er the tomb ;
 Yet thy lip spoke no murmur, no tear-drop thou shed :
 More meekly the pale lily bows not its head.

And the pall of gloom saddens the hours of our mirth,
 When we gaze on the beautiful, passing from earth ;
 And we grieve, — till a voice, from the land of the blest,
 Whispers, "Earth hath a grave, — but in Heav'n there is rest."

North Adams, Mass.

E. L. S.

RETROSPECTIVE GLIMPSES OF RECENT TRAVEL.

MRS. MADISON.

Of our interview with this distinguished lady we should never have given our readers *a glimpse*, had not Death drawn close that curtain which must henceforth intercept all but retrospective views. To the class, whom we chiefly address, she has been, save in reputation, a stranger; and a description of herself and home will doubtless be gratifying.

On the last afternoon of our short stay in Washington, we called upon General Houston, whose courtly and affable manner, and dignified person, impressed us very favorably. He well remembered "Captain Farley," who had served under his command at the battle of San Jacinto, and he endeavored to seek out for us a brother Texan, who had more recently beheld our far-off wanderer. We then bent our steps to the residence of Mrs. Madison, outwardly a more simple building than the residence of any "superintendent" of this city. As we enquired for her, of the servant, she stepped herself towards the open parlor door, and we immediately recognized "Queen Dolly;" the soubriquet which we had learned from her admirers in Virginia. She was a tall, stately-looking lady, finely proportioned, with much animation still lighting up her fine countenance, and an expression of benignity resting over all the features.

She looked like one who loves to love, and be loved, and who has not been disappointed in this dearest wish of her heart. In a little *feminine* magazine like this, it will surely be excusable to describe her dress. It was of plain black silk, with a white muslin kerchief, carefully arranged (not with Quaker simplicity) around her neck. A crimson crape shawl, of medium size, was gracefully folded over her bust, and her head was graced with a white satin turban, ornamented with tiny maribout feathers, of the same pure hue. The silk was not trimmed, the crape was not embossed, the muslin was not embroidered, nothing was elaborately looped or folded; and yet there was, even in her vestment, that unmistakable air of *distingué* which would have attracted attention in any circle. She received us cordially, and evidently appreciated the effort made to win the interview. She readily remembered the wandering brother, to whom we have above alluded, and repeated some of his expressions to her.

He had been, many years ago, a teacher in the family of Judge B., one of her neighbors, in Virginia. "And you," said she, "resemble one of his pupils, Cornelia B." We laughed, and told her that we did not know we looked like anything but a Yankee. "You are not a Yankee," said she, earnestly. We did not seriously dispute her; though we could have averred with truth that we were *not anything else*.

She spoke highly of New England and New Englanders, and evidently felt kindly toward all.

In her room were, among other valuables, portraits of herself in her beauteous youth, of her husband, of Jefferson, and others; among them, the best likeness of Washington we have ever seen. There was more

life in the eye, less rigidity in the features, than in the engravings and statues we see of him. "Have you seen the President?" she asked, "and Mrs. Taylor? and Mrs. Bliss?" "No; the President only." "Did you inquire for the ladies?" "I did not." "Well, if you go there, and inquire for Mrs. Bliss, you will see her, and I think *you* will see Mrs. Taylor." As we rose to depart, she asked our address, adding, "you will hear from me." "Thank you, if but for your autograph:" and when we separated, with the feeling that this first interview would be our last, she bent her face to the one upturned to hers, and gave us a kind motherly kiss.

We did hear from her after our return home, and shall ever preserve that memento of our visit, and of that representative of a race of wonderful men and women. Were not they greater in their day and generation than we are in ours?

To be worthy descendants of those Revolutionists, we must go on in the work which they commenced; but for which they struck that memorable blow, the *first*. No one of us may be a Mrs. Madison, but we can all be kindly, charitable, and in some way beautiful and pleasing.

The letter written to us may have been one of her latest, for soon after its reception, we learned that she was sick, and then we heard of her death. — "Rest in peace!"

PROGRESS.

BY M. R. GREEN.

Out on the silly merit
Of a contented mind!
Why should we curb the spirit
That would its Eden find?
Why should we fondly linger,
'Mid pleasures of a day,
When Faith's prophetic finger
Is pointing us away?

Away to scenes of glory
Where all mankind are free,
Where creeds and dogmas hoary,
Are changed for LIBERTY.
The day-star now is springing;
Love's banners are unfurled;
We hear the tocsin ringing
Reform throughout the world.

What care we for aggression
If Justice is the prize?
To trample down oppression—
Is it not just and wise?
Ho! onward to the battle,
While sceptics stand amazed!
Fight we a human battle?
No! for our kind enslaved.

Out on the silly merit
Of a contented mind!
Why should we curb the spirit
That would its Eden find?
Our noble birthright claiming—
" 'Tis madness to defer,"
Our motto ever flaming
Should be "*Excelsior.*"

Haverhill, July, 1849.

EDITOR'S TABLE.

LETTER FROM ENGLAND. — We give the following extracts from a letter, recently written by a lady in England, and mailed from thence, August 17, 1849. "This letter is addressed to you with perfect confidence, by one, who, till a few weeks since, had not even heard your name. The reason of my feeling thus assured is this: your position, as editor of the "Lowell Offering," warrants me to hope that you will sympathise with me in my present circumstances.

"I am a young person, living in the midst of a manufacturing community. The majority of those at work in our mills, I think, are young women, who, now that they only work ten hours per diem, have some hours daily at their own disposal, and which I, with a few other young friends, think might be turned to profitable account, by forming classes for Mutual Improvement. Indeed some of the girls themselves have made application for something of that sort to be done. Now we are quite willing to do what we can to advance this object, but it is a novel affair here. We should have no difficulty in getting the girls to attend; the obstruction is on our part. We know not how to proceed. In this, our dilemma, I thought I would write to you to favor us by giving advice on this subject. I fancy I hear you saying, Why send across the Atlantic for advice? Why not trouble those near home? 'T is true that in our Mechanics' Institutions female classes are taught the different branches of learning by efficient masters, to whom they give pecuniary payment in return. Now this is a country village, and we can't afford to pay teachers to come from town, so that we must manage the affair ourselves. Now, I imagine, (I may be wrong) that your excellent institution possesses more of the character that ours must have than the classes connected with our Mechanics' Institutions; namely, that the improvement arises from *mutual* help, that each member contributes her mite of information to the general fund; thus benefiting, and being benefited. If you would give us a few hints, how to proceed in this matter, we should esteem it a favor. If you possess a code of rules, a list would be thankfully received. Indeed any information on the subject would greatly oblige."

We are almost as much in a dilemma as this lady represents herself to be: the circumstances of the young persons here and in England differing in many respects so widely. Our "Improvement Circle" has had none of the character of a school, excepting so far as writing compositions is concerned. The free schools among our native hills had previously prepared us for this exercise; and, when we first met, a goodly proportion of pen, ink, paper, and talent, had been devoted to a consideration of those standing themes for incipient authorship, Hope, Charity, Gentleness, Spring, Summer, Autumn, Winter, Morning, Evening, &c., &c., and it required some assurance for "a hemlock broom" to sweep its way through these favorites, and compel attention to other if not more *common* topics. But, after this, the change was great. Stories, Dialogues, Poetry, gay as well as grave, became quite popular; and then the idea was broached of selecting, from the accumulated manuscript, a magazine. The history of that magazine is with the public; but all, especially in England, may not know that, while the contributions of prose and poetry have never failed, the means of pecuniary support for the magazine have been, especially of late, utterly inadequate. We have thought of enlarging our

subscription list, by establishing an agency in England ; or, in some way republishing our work there ; but have not the necessary means nor information for such an enterprise. We could do, perhaps, more good there than here, and we doubt not could please more readily.

Our " Circle " was a public one : there were no restraints nor restrictions. The contributions were dropped into an accommodating receptacle, at the entrance of the room, which played well its part in the Hold-fast-all-I-give-you game, and told no secrets. The writers were not obliged to make themselves known, except when their communications were desired for publication. Many wrote, who would have shrunk with terror from an individual exhibition of their talents, and many were brought forward who rejoice that their useful recreation has been of benefit to others. For ourself we can bear with much that is difficult and disagreeable to contend against, when we receive communications like this from England, and requests like one we recently attended to from Georgia, to assist their operatives to become what they suppose the New England mill-girls to be. I say " suppose ; " for may they not imagine that the advantages enjoyed here are more universally appreciated than they are ? May they not be surprised to learn that the Reading Room almost freely established here, failed entirely of drawing an attendance ; that the Bathing Rooms, in a neighboring factory town, are not even known to exist by many of their operatives. Partly this may be owing to want of time, for our hours of labor are more than ten per diem, for the majority of the operatives. And now, we would improve the opportunity, to express our wish that some national law might be established to regulate the hours of labor in corporations. One section of the Union cannot well start alone in this ; for it would soon cease to be powerful in any cause. One corporation, or city, or state, will not ruin itself by adopting a code which will disable it from competition with another, or all others. Perhaps there was never a better time than the present to take this subject into Congressional consideration. Perhaps there have never been those at the seat of government more willing and able to ascertain what may and should be done.

But we have almost wandered from our English correspondent, who suggested this topic to us. We might say much against abuses there ; but should not be sure but we were fighting wind-mills. We will give, upon our cover, some extracts from the records of the Female Mutual Improvement Circles, premising that many of their members had previously assisted in the support of still more private societies, consisting of a few friends, or a few families, who met to please and instruct each other.

One word as to the character of the " Offering " as a Mill-Girls' Magazine. We hear that many speak of it now as entirely disconnected from the interests and sympathies of manufacturing operatives. We once invited other working females to join us in the literary department of the work : but they did not come forward : either because they have less desire to write, or less of public prejudice to remove by an effort of this nature ; or because they had looked upon it as a Factory Girls' Magazine so long that they were disinclined to an entrance upon its list of contributors. At all events they have not written for it ; and if its title-page asserts the contrary, then for the first time we acknowledge " there is a lie upon the face of it."

We intended to have given an Engraving this month, and procured one in season but the letter press could not well be prepared. It shall be forthcoming next month.

Nor have we been able to prepare an explanatory sequel to our editorial remarks upon the Post Office. More anon.

THE
NEW ENGLAND OFFERING :
A MAGAZINE OF INDUSTRY.

OCTOBER, 1849.

L I F E .

WHAT is life ? an April day
Made of light and showers ;
Long the darkness will not stay,
Swift the sunny hours.

Every cloud above our heads
Hath a "silver lining ;"
Though the sun a dim light sheds
Vain is our repining.

Friends, we 've dearly loved, are gone,
Stolen by death or distance ;
Hopes, most fair to look upon,
Fade from our existence.

Did we never drop a tear
Over friendships riven, —
Were it *always* sunshine here, —
Earth would be our heaven.

Hard it is to bow, and say,
" Bless thee, Lord, for sorrow ! "
Yet He gives the dark to-day,
And the bright to-morrow.

Oh ! To-morrow ! with its dawn,
Hushed will be our sighing ;
We shall clasp our loved ones, gone,
Beautiful, nodying.

Looking back, with opened eyes,
O'er life's lengthened trial ;
We shall thank the Good and Wise,
For each kind denial.

We shall love, as spirits love, !
God and one another ;
Far from all the jars that move
Earth, our tottering mother.

Humbly pass we, then, life's day, !
Tasting joy and sorrow ;
For, through pardoning grace, we may
Rest in heaven to-morrow.

L.L.

MOUNT AUBURN.

BY THE EDITOR.

We give our patrons this month a view of the Entrance to Mount Auburn, the celebrated Cemetery of America, and noted for its beauty throughout the world, at least the world of arts, culture, and elegance. But, as definite statistical knowledge is not always possessed by those who have the beautiful outline of a place like this, we append a few facts of that nature. Mount Auburn was well known as "Sweet Auburn," and much admired for its beauty, before its consecration as a burial place. Less than is generally supposed has been done to beautify it by labor, for nature had almost perfected the picturesque beauty of this collection of hill, pond, and dell.

The earliest meeting held upon the subject of a Cemetery was in November, 1825, at the house and by the instance of Dr. Jacob Bigelow; and the next movement upon the subject was in 1830, when Dr. Bigelow, having obtained from George W. Brimmer, Esq., the offer of "Sweet Auburn" for a Public Cemetery, at the price of six thousand dollars, communicated the fact to the Massachusetts Horticultural Society, and engaged their co-operation, as private individuals, for the object in view. A committee was appointed, among whom were Abbott Lawrence, Edward Everett, and George Brimmer. These gentlemen called a more general meeting in June, 1831, to consider the details of the plan to be carried into execution, and on this occasion the attendance was large. Justice Story took the chair, and Hon. E. Everett acted as Secretary. It was unanimously voted to purchase Sweet Auburn, provided one hundred subscribers could be obtained at sixty dollars each; and a committee of twenty were appointed to report on a general plan of proceedings for the promotion of the objects of the meeting. Among this committee were the gentlemen previously mentioned, as active in their interest, Daniel Webster, Charles Lowell, Samuel Appleton, A. H. Everett, John Pierpont, &c.

Another meeting was held on the 11th of June, at which the committee of twenty reported:

"1st. That it is expedient to purchase, for a Garden and Cemetery, a tract of land, commonly known by the name of Sweet Auburn, near the road leading from Cambridge to Watertown, containing about seventy-two acres."

"6th. That the land devoted to the purpose of a Cemetery shall contain not less than forty acres."

But we have not room to follow minutely the "History of Mount Auburn." Legislative recognition and protection was asked, and accorded in an Act dated June 23, 1831. In August 3, a meeting was held, in which it was ascertained that the subscription had become obligatory by the taking of a hundred lots. August 8, a sub-committee was appointed to procure a topographical survey, and report a plan for laying it out into lots. The consecration took place Saturday, Sept. 24th, 1831. A temporary amphitheatre was fitted up with seats, in one of the deep valleys of the wood, having a platform for the speakers at the bottom. An audience of nearly two thousand persons was seated among the trees.

The first choice of lots was offered for sale by auction Nov. 28, 1831. The amount bid for the right of selection, was \$957.50. Mount Auburn is now the property of a separate and distinct corporation, the transfer having been made by the Horticultural Society in 1835; and an act was passed by the Legislature, March 28, 1835, protecting it as private property, and a rendezvous of Art and Beauty. The sum paid by the proprietors to the Horticultural Society was \$4,223.42. The original cost of the land was \$9,766.89. The quantity, in all, is one hundred and ten acres, a piece having been added to the first purchase. The total cost of ground and improvements, to the year 1838, was \$34,107.57. The whole amount of purchase money, including that given for selection, was \$50,077.59.

We cannot here, as we would like, give a detail of the tombs, hills, paths, and avenues. A fence and gateway have been made; a lodge built; and a porter appointed. More recently a beautiful Chapel has been erected, which we have never seen since its completion. The keeper of the lodge is Mr. Safford, father to the celebrated child-mathematician of Vermont.

Mount Auburn, the glorious dwelling-place of the dead, is now also the favorite resort of the living; and well may its seclusion, beauty, and sacred associations, awaken in the most transient visitor a holy happiness even in the life which must end, a stronger desire to consecrate its fleeting span to usefulness and love, and awaken in the most careless heart an aspiration for that home, beyond the tomb, of which the loveliness around is but a faint foreshadowing.

[We insert here a representation of the beautiful Chapel, at the entrance to Mt. Auburn, which was completed about two years since at a cost of \$2500. It is built of granite, with windows of stained glass, and resembles a Cathedral in miniature.]

THE OAK LEAF AND THE MORNING-GLORY.

BY A. H. WINSHIP.

PILED on a shelf, with careful hand,
Some massive volumes lie ;
Memorials of a little band,
Of good men, born to die.

Their well turned leaves are radiant quite
With gems of learned lore ;
Altho' their lips were never bright
With gold, nor tinselled o'er.

No "fine engravings" there are spread,
To feast the hungry eye ;
Like colors floating overhead,
To lure the passers by.

Arrayed in comely garb, and meek,
In latent worth secure ;
They oft from their retirement speak,
Or send their influence pure.

Altho' no pictures there are seen,
Less living scarce than life ;
Fair nature's workmanship, I ween,
With richer beauty there is rife.

* * * * *

A mourner, in her cherished grief,
Had sought among the flowers,
An image of the blessing brief,
That cheered her sunny hours.

She noted well the lily's hue,
Its robe of spotless white ;
Its cup half filled with morning dew,
Its petals bathed in light.

She marked the fragrant blushing rose,
That trembled in the breeze ;
Then turned to where the violet grows,
'Neath over-arching trees.

She sought in garden, field, and bower,
On plain and prairie wide,
An emblem of the living flower
That withered by her side.

She wandered through the shady dell,
Where modest flow'rets peep ;
And where the cooling waters swell
From hidden fountains deep.

The brooklet's winding course she traced,
Its emerald fringe she scanned,
With many a glitt'ring diamond graced,
Arrayed by skilful hand.

But all her anxious search was vain ;
Nor bower, nor mountain side,
Garden, nor field, nor verdant plain,
The likeness fair supplied.

With saddened spirit, and in tears,
Unnoticed and alone,
She wandered where in other years
Her bow of promise shone.

There, on an old familiar seat,
Round which the ivy crept ;
Its rude proportions still complete,
She sat her down and wept.

Her heart unburdened, soft repose
Stole o'er her wearied powers ;
Like that which languid nature knows,
Refreshed by summer showers.

Soft breathing zephyrs fanned her cheek,
Her brow was wet with dew ;
Kind words some being seemed to speak,
Of hope and comfort too.

There lighted on her lips a smile,
That, graceful, hovered there ;
And one, who passing, paused awhile,
Heard murmured words of prayer.

Bright visions passed before her mind,
In that remembered bower ;
And sacred mem'ries, there enshrined,
Were fraught with healing power.

She heard again the notes of joy,
That oft had blessed her ear ;
She saw again her cherub boy,
Just as he did appear.

In infant loveliness he slept,
Wrapt in his cradle bed ;
While she her noiseless vigil kept,
Beside his pillowed head.

She saw him wake, then twined a wreath
To deck his brow, and thought
How deep the meaning hid beneath
Each leaf with care inwrought.

The oak tree did a figure lend,
That pointed toward the mind ;
To live, when Time itself shall end,
And Earth is left behind.

The white convolvulus looked up,
And seemed to ask a place
On which to set its blooming cup,
The chaplet fair to grace.

That blossom beautiful, but frail,
Marr'd often by a breath,
Well shadows forth the infant pale,
Marked for thine own, O Death !

To that poor sleeping mother's mind
Her boy seemed passing fair ;
With oak leaves and convolvulus
Around his shining hair.

The oasis half its beauty owes
To contrast, and the gleam
Of the red lightning brightest glows
When darkness reigns supreme.

So that bright dream, too bright to last,
That green spot, decked with flowers ;
Was lighter for the shadows cast
O'er all her waking hours.

It passed away ; that dreamer woke ;
Her load of grief was gone ;
She wept no more, nor sighed, nor spoke,
But hastened toward the lawn,

Where, 'neath a little grassy mound,
She knew her Alfred lay ;
And, kneeling on that hallowed ground,
Did most devoutly pray.

"I know," she said "this heavy blow
Has been in mercy given :
My flow'rets petals lie below,
Its spirit is in heaven."

She rose, and planted on the grave
Some morning-glory seed,
Then left it, and attention gave
To every household need.

A well-worn pathway from her door,
Led to that grassy shrine ;
And thriftily, beneath her care,
Grew up that cherished vine.

She trained it round a youthful oak,
That marked the sleeper's head ;
Whose twigs she every evening broke,
Upon the turf to spread.

Her morning-glory bloomed ; the tree
Was dotted o'er with white ;
It seemed the long-sought type to be
To her a grateful sight !

The volumes from the shelf were brought,
With eager anxious haste ;
And those fair flowers, with meaning fraught,
Among the leaves were placed.

Then, from the pliant sapling's head,
Its verdant crown she took ;
To 'mind her of the living dead,
And laid it in her book.

Their well-turned leaves are fragrant now
With flowers of Paradise ;
That reader oft will o'er them bow,
With 'rapt though tearful eyes.

* * * * *

Piled on a shelf, with careful hand,
Those massive volumes lie ;
Memorials of a shining band,
Who never more can die.

ROSALTHA, THE SHEPHERDESS ;**OR, THE CASTLE OF PEARL.**

Rosaltha was the only child of a shepherd, who fed his flocks upon the hills which sloped up from the waters of a bright "Bay." Her father had taught her to read, and given her all the books which had wiled away his long hours spent with the flocks upon the hill-side. She had dearly loved to sit under the covert of his mantle, and learn what authors may tell of the stars, trees, and flowers ; and sometimes he amused her with repetitions of old legends, handed down from troubadours and aged crones, of times long passed, of battles and truces, of knights and ladies, of castles and bowers. Perhaps her ideas were not as clear as they might have been of crusaders and fairies, of warriors and queens ; but, if her fancy looked over a tangled maze, still it was one of bright colors, of fragrant flowers.

When she was old enough to take a crook of her own, and lead a separate flock to distant pastures, she took also the old romances which circulated among the shepherds who could read ; and in her loneliness, they pictured to her more vivid scenes than when another shared her reveries. Rosaltha had sometimes seen another book, with dark covers and bright clasps, which was filled with sacred poems and holy mysteries ; but her father never owned nor read it, and she knew little of its contents but that it was said to contain a revelation from God. That name was connected with vague associations of awe and fear ; and, though once when scarcely more than a babe she had kissed the leather envelope which guarded its binding, she yet shrunk from a perusal of its pages, a search into its high revealings.

The mother of Rosaltha took care of the cot which was their home, made curds from the milk of the ewes, and gathered herbs for medicines and spices. She was a kind friend to the distressed, and an excellent nurse to the sick. But, in her busy life, she had only time to love her daughter ; and felt that confidence in her husband's ability to educate their child which left her entirely at ease respecting her mind, heart, and future welfare.

From childhood, Rosaltha had no playmates but the little lambs whom she made her pets, who ate out of her hand and followed her at night to the cottage door, and old Watcher, the dog who gathered in for her the stragglers of her flock ; and, when they fed quietly, or rested in the shadows of the rocks, slept himself in the unbroken sunshine on the high pastures. So Rosaltha could think and study, and dream at will, and many an hour was spent in gazing over the bay to the dim heights on the distant shore. Through the purple haze could be discovered the towers and turrets of a lofty castle, which sometimes shone through the bright atmosphere of a clear day, and sometimes wore a faint tinge of the vapors which veiled the mountains. To the eye of Rosaltha it was strange and beautiful ; and she longed more and more each day to see it more nearly, and to stand upon its battlements.

She almost envied the birds, for they could fly around it; the clouds, for they floated over it; the winds, for they swept through it. Once, when she saw a strange fisherman cross the bay, and moor his boat below the highlands, she hastened to the shore, and begged of him to know about the castle. "What? the one so far away?" said he, "It is called **THE CASTLE OF PEARL.**" Rosaltha questioned no farther, for she was dumb with astonishment. Its grandeur even exceeded the bright imaginings of her airy structure. "*The Castle of Pearl!*" and, from that day, she dreamed more and more of its beauties. Now, when she gazed through the floating mists, they glowed in brighter tints; and her fancy clearly saw the pearly walls and beaded cornices. "How beautiful," thought she, and she repeated to herself, again and again, *The Castle of Pearl.* It seemed at times that she already looked upon its polished ceilings, with the light of many rainbows waving through them, or fixed in undulations there. The Castle of Pearl! It had now become the dream of her life, and her aim and determination was to stand *once*, at least, within its halls and chambers. Somehow, at some time, she would step upon its pavements, lean upon its battlements, and revel amid its beauties.

Rosaltha was not very beautiful; but she was fair, finely featured, and even her dreaminess gave an elevated spiritual expression to her features. She was sought in marriage by those to whom her parents would gladly have seen her wedded, but she refused their offers, and dreamed of a day more glorious than a bridal morn, when she should stand, proud and blissful, in the Castle of Pearl. Alvin was at length more favored than any other suitor had been, for she was wishing and waiting for a brother. He, at length, so far won her confidence as to gain her secret, and he neither smiled nor sneered at her desire to behold more closely the Castle of Pearl. Whether it was to share a great pleasure with her, or the determination to break a delusive spell, or a desire to dare and suffer for her sake, to win her favor, at all events he consented to do all in his power to convey her to the pearly paradise.

They chose a beauteous morning for their effort, and Rosaltha knelt and sought her parents' blessing ere she consigned herself to the guidance of her lover.

The sunbeams danced gay waltzes on the laughing waters, and the boat bounded, as in merry play, over the liquid gold. The land breeze brought the merry songs of the birds, and the fishes leaped into the clear air.

On, on, darted the light boat, away from the shores, far into the bay, with Alvin, Rosaltha, and the old boatman, who gazed away upon a dark cloud rising from the horizon. Higher, higher rose the storm-cloud, stretching its dark awning over the bay, and hanging its thick screen before the cliffs, shore, and Castle. Rosaltha looked for the pearly turrets; and, when the vivid lightning rent the cloud, the Castle gleamed from the rift with a ghastly brightness. Again all was dark, and then the thunder-crash burst upon them.

Strange fears took possession of Rosaltha. The guardian genii of the Castle were angered at her coming, and the lightning flash was to

warn her, as well as light her fatal way. Her spirits quailed, but her determination did not fail. There were thunder bolts on the track behind, as well as the course before them. The waves sprang spitefully before her, and threw their cold spray over her brow. "It is the baptism of death," said she, as the blood curdled in her veins, and settled back upon her heart. Alvin and the boatman labored at the oars till the perspiration fell from them in large drops, with the rain. On labored the boat, till a stronger gust of wind, and swell of the wave, lifted it over, and the three were cast into the mad waters. Alvin caught his beloved, and bore her, with desperate struggles, to the shore, where the old fisherman met him, and relieved him of his burden. He was weak and bruised. His arm bled from the wounds he had received by the rocks, but he did not murmur. Rosaltha was unhurt. She opened her eyes, as they lifted her over the foam wreathed sands, and the sedge through which the tide crept sobbingly. She saw the dark clouds roll away, and the sun burst forth triumphantly above them. The blood leaped from her heart to her cheek, and the light burst with a flashing radiance to her eyes. She lifted her head, and then she saw, near, though above her, the gray broken walls of the Castle, which was *not* of Pearl. "Tell me," shrieked she wildly, "tell me where is my Castle? my bright Castle of Pearl?" "There is the Castle," said the old man. "Many years ago it was the abode of a gay lady, who adorned her festive chamber with pearl, so that the fame of it went throughout the country; and they called the Castle in honor of that chamber, the Castle of Pearl. But time, and the enemy, and poverty have despoiled the Castle, so that this generation has but the name as its only remnant of beauty of "the Castle of Pearl." Rosaltha shuddered, and closed her eyes, as the vision vanished. Back went the blood to her heart, and soon it settled there. They saw her gasp, and then she was so cold and still that Alvin laid his hand upon her heart, to see if there was still a motion there. They bore her onward to the Castle, and again she opened her eyes as they approached the gate. How grim, dingy, and frowning! The bright sun lighted up each broken crevice, and smiled jeeringly upon the crumbling ruins. Again she was motionless, and her eyes only unclosed at last as they laid her on a rude pallet, in the chamber, *once of Pearl*. Her lips moved, and Alvin bent his head to hear. "Forgive," she whispered, and laid her clay cold hand in his, all bruised and bleeding. He kneeled beside her, and her head rested on his shoulder. Her dark wet hair clung to his cheek, and when he bent lower he felt the last throb of her heart.

Alvin and the boatman returned in safety to the other shore, and they went alone; for they had buried Rosaltha in the old tomb of the Castle of Pearl. They raised no monument, they inscribed no word, but may there not be a lesson and warning drawn from this old castle tale? Are there not those who gaze away into the dim future, and form bright castles from the mists which veil the coming years? Something there may be of the real at its foundation, and then we rear gorgeous palaces upon that of vapors and prism hues. We twine fresh garlands of fancy around a word, a name; and in a prejudice, a memory,

a phantasy, a hope, we invest our heart and life. We turn from Love and Happiness, as they offer the simple pleasures of truth, and press on to the realization of our dream. Friends are spurned, or drawn into the fatal snare, and we wake only from the delusion, as darkness, storm, and ruin overwhelm us, and those who have unfortunately clung to our fates. It may be that we reach our castle; that we rest within its sacred chamber; but, oh, how different from the shrine of our hopes and fancies! And happy are we if one faithful heart remains with cheer and sympathy, if one glance beams forgiveness unto us, if one strong arm sustains the drooping head, and kind eyes look constancy in ours as they close forever upon our Castle of Pearl.

Lowell.

H. F.

THE AUCTION.

A BACHELOR, Ladies! with him I'll begin;
Who's in want of a sensible man?
"Fair, fat, and forty," with plenty of "tin,"
Come, give us a "bid" while you can.

'Tis the "last of the lot," all others are sold!
It has already proved a "bad spec;"
For I lost reputation by selling so bold,
And came very near losing my neck.

It is seldom you find an agreeable old bach,
They are often so "crusty" and "sour;"
Here's the remedy, Ladies, a "lemon drop," snatch,
'T will "relieve" them in less than an hour.

I "imported" a "lot" a fortnight to-day,
Which I liked exceedingly well;
And I here try my best to "palm" them away,
But, Ladies, somehow they "do n't sell."

'Tis the "last," he "will wear," a "warranted man,"
Hark! there is a "bid," two, three, four,
The last Lady takes him; but wait, if you can,
I believe I have "one or two more."

I see now the signs, and the bent of your wills,
And no reason have I to cause sorrow;
So, Ladies, to please you, I'll put up some bills,
For a Bachelor Auction to-morrow.

Now Ladies, dear Ladies, I pray you attend,
For nothing, I know, will be lost;
I've a stock of old bachelors always on hand,
Which I promise to sell "below cost."

Dear ma'am, this old fellow I send you this night;
Pray, Ladies, who, where is my bidder?
Just pass him along, far out of my sight;
Who's she? as I live, a young widder.

Laurence Cor.

JESSIE JOSELYN.

RIGHTS AND DUTIES OF MILL GIRLS.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "LIGHTS AND SHADOWS OF FACTORY LIFE."

CHAPTER XII.

On a Just Appreciation of the Mill Girl's Character and Condition.—Lydia and June, &c. &c.

Let me insist to the end, that our mill girls be better understood; that the whole class be not thrown off from our charities and sympathies, on account of the irregularities of a few; because, last Sabbath evening, at church, we saw two girls laughing, and behaving very rudely, whom we believe to be factory girls, since they were strangers; because the last time we were on the corporation we saw some girls running with their bonnets swinging in their hands, talking loud and laughing loud; because sometimes we meet at the post office, or "on the streets," girls odorous of cotton and oil, with rude manners, soiled dresses, soiled bonnets, and dangling shawls. When we see these things, we should think that we are looking only upon the *few*, while the *many* are going their ways with a perfect decorum; and that even in the hearts of this few, there are excellent things not dreamed of by those who look only upon the outside of life. But, while I say these things for the mill girls, I do most heartily deprecate all these irregularities. Two, or three, or more young mill girls may go abroad after their labors and confinement are over, full of animal life, and with brains whirling in delight at finding themselves out in the free, open air. They may be longing for — oh, for something, they know not what, to break up the monotony of their daily life. They want some fun; they want to stir! to go bounding, thus! Then it is that we hear the loud laugh, and witness the unmaidenly movements. Well, let us not despise them for this; for the heart and the limbs long for the *play* that should come into "the life here," along with the *work*, just as "the heart panteth for the water-brook," just as we long for air if suffocating. Let us thus rather pity them, and all those of our sisters whose lot it is to

"Work — work — work — as prisoners work for crime."

But for them, let them regulate properly these lively impulses. Let them walk vigorously and far; but let them be still and lady-like, reserving the loud laughter and witty things for the retirement of their own rooms; for surely they would not indulge themselves, at the risk of throwing reproach upon the whole class of mill girls. Besides, the reckless indulgence could do *them* no good, and self-restraint is wholesome for them.

I think, that to a very large portion of the dwellers in our large towns and cities, factory girls are merely and solely factory girls. True, they have among their acquaintances a few who were once factory girls, who now preside elegantly over elegant establishments.

Oh, but then, this is nothing. These were probably never at all like the rest, like those they see now-a-days going along the side-walk. My friends, let me show you. I will suppose three conditions of the operatives, in view of their social position when out of the mills, their moral and mental qualities; and, with slight modifications not affecting the case at all, I think these conditions will cover nearly the whole class.

In one of these conditions we find the daughter of the country farmer, who has enough for the abundant supply of all physical wants, but is unable to command means of liberal education for his children, for travel, and for those little elegancies in the household arrangements, and in dress, so grateful to young persons of refined tastes. His eldest, a son, is bent upon a thorough education. He is worth nothing on the farm. He forgets the names of the oxen, and how many sheep there are. He stops long and often in turning up the turf, to examine its properties, or to hunt for Indian relics and minerals. He is buried in his books the moment he enters the house; and then he can never hear unless he is twice called. He is in a dream always; and so goes on with his work, committing all sorts of blunders, both laughable and provoking. This will never do. John, the second born, is a smart, active fellow, fonder, a thousand times, of horses than of books. He must be the farmer; and the eldest a clergyman, or doctor of medicine, or a teacher, although it is clear that his education can be secured only by constantly recurring sacrifices on the part of the whole family. Whatever can be sold, must be; and its products appropriated to the student. In such a case what can the rest do? John is not at all anxious about it. He does not trouble himself or others. He has a plenty to eat, to drink, and to wear; and, as to the latter, he would as lief wear "homespun," as satin; patches, as velvet. "When labored task is o'er," he just wants his arithmetic and slate, or the last "Gazette," or "Cultivator."

But the daughters, Lydia and Jane, what can be done with them? Lydia has already studied arithmetic, geography, grammar, history, philosophy, chemistry; French, a little, and domestic economy a great deal. She has taught these branches a season or two, but she had only a miserable pittance for her pains. Now her chief aim is to accumulate a good "fixing-out" by the time that her lover is able to purchase the farm upon which he has long had his eye. Jane — oh, truly! she knows but little of arithmetic, or domestic economy, or any dull sort of thing whatever. But she so longs to know all about the stars, about volcanos and earthquakes, how they come! and about herself, how she wills it, and then moves a finger; how she thinks, how she sleeps and dreams. She must look beyond her own county too. She must see Lowell, and Boston; and mayhap, New York; and mayhap, Niagara. And then, ah! if she can only manage in some way to go to England and look upon those old castles; then, indeed, will she be happier than any bird she ever saw. One can see what will be the end of these speculations. With hearts torn between their hopes and wishes on the one hand, and ties of home and kindred on the other, Lydia and Jane

go to the successes and the disappointments, the good and the evil, of factory life.

In another condition of factory life we find the delicate, the naturally intelligent and very poor girl; her who is compelled to leave her studies, her parents, and her home — which, despite its utter poverty, its bitter privations, she still loves dearly — in search of a subsistence for herself, her parents, and the little helpless band of brothers and sisters. What cares and struggles are laid on her young and shrinking frame! How her heart beats and her head swims, as the stage-coach that is to bear her away stops at the low door! And when, at last, she is carried beyond the last familiar object, the last field that she knows, she buries her face in her coarse handkerchief and weeps scalding tears, unless, indeed, she is stupefied by emotions too intense for tears. She is awhile only conscious of one agonizing thought; and this is, that she would rather turn back, lie down on her hard bed and die, than to go forward to meet all the uncertainties and trials in her way. Will the world be kind to her? Can she *live* away from the dear, suffering ones at home? Can they live without her? Oh, bitterness of all the thoughts that crowd her brain; will she not return to find, at least, one “vacant chair,” one new mound in the graveyard near? But she is hurried on; and then she, too, mingles in the factory throng. Ah, my friends! little is it heeded what trembling misgivings, what tearful regrets, and what high resolves are nestling together within the heart of that slender, poorly-clad, timid, and unnoticed factory girl!

There is another condition, and in this we find the girl whose parents may be rich, or, they may be poor; or, they may be straitened at one time, and abound at others; it makes no difference to her how it is with them; or, little difference. If they will take care of themselves, their affairs, and leave her to the jolly sort of life she likes, *that* is all she asks of them. She has little feeling for them, little ambition for herself. Not to be troubled in any way, not to lack in fashionable clothing and “lively times,” to be married, by and by, when she can find a “Joe,” are her principal aims. She has read little, and reflected less. She has no settled and determinate principle of action; but is governed almost wholly by the circumstances under which she happens to be placed at time of action. If she is joined by a slanderer, she finds her heart growing cold and malicious; she lends her tongue in all its reckless volubility to the cause of scandal. If the benevolent, high-minded mill companion takes her by the hand, leads her away, and talks to her of better things, she finds a warmth, a kindly sympathy stealing into her heart, and through her whole being. She determines then, that hereafter she will — she scarcely knows what she will do hereafter; but it shall be something new, and something better than she has ever yet accomplished. There is cause for hope and cause for fear when once she is brought into this temper of mind. If bad influences return to her, and remain with her, she is lost. If only good influences come in her way, if the next one she meets is kind and noble, and the next one likewise, if her overseer is respectful, and her hostess like a good,

considerate mother, if her minister is indeed a spiritual father — not perhaps attending at all to her individually, but evincing by his earnest, humble manner, his encouraging words, and by his works in general, that he is the friend of the operative, that he has faith in the progressive elevation of the laboring classes, and that he is lending his best energies toward its accomplishment — if she sees that she is respected wherever she turns ; and if, in addition to all this, she can see that her employers, the rich and powerful capitalists, are indeed interested in promoting her convenience and improvement, then she goes on her way, becoming every day and every hour a better and a happier being. Her good but fitful impulses settle down into virtuous and unwavering resolves. Her occasional gushes of sympathy and kindness, become a steady, quiet stream, fertilizing her own intellect and her affections, and helping to make glad all around her. Who does not thank God that such a work as this is carried on in just one human heart? And, especially, who does not bless Him, that it lies in the power of our factory people, our clergymen, and members of society, to help along just such a work in the hearts of thousands of our country's daughters?

Let me ask you, my friends, if there is even in this third and lowest condition of factory life, that which you dare to despise and trample under your feet.

MOONLIGHT ON THE WATERS.

BY "MARY MAY."

THE moonbeams are glancing,
The wavelets are dancing,
All lightly and free ;
The sea nymphs are singing,
Their voices are ringing
Far down in the sea.

The halls of the ocean
Respond to the motion
Of music so free ;
Harsh discord now hushes,
As leaps forth, in gushes,
Their wild melody.

Old Neptune now listens,
His trident bright glistens,
As silence he keeps ;
Now music he blesses,
And gems their dark tresses
With pearls of the deep.

All nature rejoices,
And echoes your voices,
Ye maids of the sea !
Your tones have a meaning,
It cannot be dreaming,
To listen to thee !

O ! if the dark billow,
For me should e'er pillow
A rest deep and free ;
Then sing your wild numbers
And soothe ye my slumbers,
Sweet band of the sea !

"Green Isle."

CAPT. T., OR SECOND LOVE.

Some few years since, in the town of M., a seaport on the shores of Maine, lived a young sea-captain. He early saw, and loved, a young lady of the same town. His love was pure and ardent. He cheered the otherwise lonely hours of many a voyage with the thoughts of her he had left behind, on whom the warmest affections of his heart were placed, and, when he proudly set foot upon a foreign shore, he sought for some trophy to bear to her, from a land she had never seen. But, it is said, the course of true love never did run smooth, and that of the Captain's was not an exception; the current was entirely changed, whether by death or a rival I must leave the reader in doubt; but, as effectual was the change as *either* could render it. And now he took full many a lonely voyage, when, I dare say he cared little whether an angry storm sunk his ship beneath the waves, or a favoring breeze bore it swiftly over the calm, blue waters; for his thoughts by day, and his dreams by night, were of her, to promote whose welfare and happiness had been all his aim; and now he was to meet her no more. In the same town where he resided lived a wealthy farmer, the father of several daughters, who, like most farmer's children, were rosy-cheeked, healthy looking girls; and, as Capt. T. did not, like some, quit his native country on account of his disappointment, he one day met with the farmer's daughter, N., and being pleased with her appearance, after a short acquaintance, requested her company. N. was a kind hearted, affectionate girl, she pitied him when she thought of his loss, and liked his fine, manly appearance; her pure heart was easily wrought upon by his flattering words, and she at length loved him with all the fervor of early love; for he, indeed, was her first love, and she knew no other; hers was that love that never faileth or groweth old. The day was at length set for their union, and a large party were invited. With joyful hearts the young people gathered to the mansion of the farmer, to celebrate the union of his beloved daughter to the being of her first love. It was on a beautiful eve, that many will still remember, that the doors of the farmer's house were thrown open to receive their guests, whose light hearts beat quick at the well-known sound of the viol and guitar. Swiftly and pleasantly passed the evening, and when the party broke up, Capt. T. and my friend N. were one.

A few years were borne swiftly away; business, new friends, and new scenes occupied my mind; yet I did not fully forget the past. Ah, no! oft did I think of the happy pair, (as they were called on the eve of their union;) but I knew so well the effects of the loss of one's first love, that I dreaded to hear of the crushed hopes of my friend N. Business at length called me to the town of M., and one day, in company with a friend, who had formed a partial acquaintance with the farmer's family, I was walking a romantic street, not far from the harbor where Capt. T. so oft anchored his vessel, when my attention was attracted by the fine and comfortable appearance of a little cottage, upon the brow of a hill near by; as we approached it my friend said,

"This is the residence of Capt. T., the husband of N., the farmer's daughter," and not knowing that I knew them, she continued: "I do not like her as well as I do some of her sisters, she is so dull. She does not appear like the rest. See, she keeps her parlor window-blinds shut as if no one were at home." She here ceased, and I made no reply, for my thoughts were busy; I had almost imagined this cot a paradise on earth, and such it might have been had two such hearts as my friend N.'s dwelt there. In the course of the day I saw two roguish looking boys who, I was told, were the sons of Capt. T. This I might have guessed, from the full dark eyes of the one, or the modest glances I now and then received from the mild blue eyes of the other, so much did they resemble those of their parents; and, as I took a hand of each, and inquired after the health of their mother, I thought of the many comforts my friend told me that Mrs. T. had in her home, and how happy she would be if she had found in Capt. T. that affectionate husband and father she fancied she should on the eve I saw them last. But, alas! a friend soon told me, what I had expected, yet dreaded, to hear, that the affections of Capt. T. had been too deeply set upon the lost object for her ever to be erased from his memory; or, at least, as long as he roamed the deep as he now did; for, he yet remembered her, although he knew she was lost; and, at times, would almost forget that he had chosen another to fill her place, and would imagine he saw her form, or features, or both, in some stranger in a distant country. Thus he wore away the affections he once possessed for N., while she was yet in his lone home, the mother of his children, and exercising every energy in her power to promote the happiness and well being of her husband and sons, seldom thinking of herself, except to appear in an acceptable manner to him she loved, when he should return to her from his long voyage. But, alas for N.! kind, gentle, and affectionate as she was, and with all her arts to please, she could not fill the place he had imagined his first love would. Yet you, kind reader, may say, or at least think, you could. Yet I doubt if N. had been an angel from the celestial courts above, that she could have pleased him. Still I do not wish to be understood that he was naturally difficult or fault-finding; no, it was far otherwise; but he had not been acquainted with the lost one long enough to realize that she possessed a single fault. His imagination had painted her as a perfect being; but had she been his wife for a time, and he remained at home with her, he would, like other men, have loved his second wife, or loved with more sincerity and stability; and my friend N., and hundreds of others who, like herself, confide in one who loves them not, (for various reasons) would not have been the victim of consumption.

Reader, you now see why my friend did not like N. or Mrs. T. as well as her more gay and thoughtless sisters. She was not aware that silent consumption was fast bearing her down to earth, and that the cold clouds would soon be her covering. She dreamed not that, within her pleasant cottage, surrounded by so many comforts, secret sorrow could be preying upon her heart; but, had half her cares been written upon her brow, she would have sooner wondered that she had

not long since closed her eyes upon the world, than that she closed her shutters in her husband's absence.

Reader, be not hasty in your judgment of any one who does not like to join in the gay and thoughtless circles of society ; but pause ere you pronounce them dull and stupid, and reflect, that " Each heart knoweth its own bitterness," and remember N.

She sleeps ! she sleeps, her care is o'er,
Her course of sorrow and of pain ;
She dwells on an immortal shore,
On Heaven's broad, unbounded plain.
Her heart in sadness beats no more,
At dashings of the noisy waves,
At every storm's tempestuous roar,
At every surge that strand that laves.

L. C. L.

Laurence, Aug. 1849.

FAMILIAR LETTER.

FROM "RUTH ROVER."

Woodburn, Illinois, Sept. 8, 1849.

MY DEAR FRIEND:—I have just returned from a visit of a day or two at St. Louis, having been free these two weeks from school-house fetters. The first week of my liberty was passed at my favorite retreat, Vine Lodge. It is as beautiful and as quiet as ever ; only that its luxuriant vines show symptoms of decay, which have been watched with great sorrow by its mistress and myself. It is well, perhaps, that we are thus reminded that "Passing away" is written on all things terrestrial, for *there* I have often very nearly forgotten it. The timorous, in that vicinity, were much alarmed by fears of a *panther*, which has been seen prowling about the woods for some time past,—a very uncommon visitant,—and as his beastship has not yet been captured, the moonlight nights have a sort of "delicious terror" about them.

The time I spent in St. Louis was devoted to sight-seeing and shopping. This latter business is the same to me everywhere,—very disagreeable. I wish Prof. Morse, or some other upsetter of human affairs, would invent some lightning fashion of disposing of it. The former was quickly done, as there was precious little of it to do. I thought of visiting the Arsenal, but concluded it would not pay for the trouble. Then ascending the Dome of the Court-house was proposed, and agreed-upon. From this Dome we had a fine view of the city, the river, and the fertile borders of Illinois. Chouteaus Pond, which, from this height, looks like a gem embedded in bricks and dust, is said to be a receptacle for much of the filth of the city, and is thought by many to have been an extensive *cholera manufactory* the past season. The "burnt district" is fast losing its desolate aspect, and brick walls are rising, as if by magic, from its ashes.

In the evening I visited a panorama of the Upper Mississippi. I do not know the artist's name, though he exhibited the painting himself.

I cannot tell how it would compare with Harvard's, but I thought it beautiful, especially the wild scenes, and those into which the Indians were introduced. The Falls of St. Anthony, the "Laughing Waters" of the savages, have always been a shrine to me, and the desire to visit it is by no means lessened by having seen its representation on canvas.

The view of St. Louis seemed perfect. That of Alton, in the distance, was very good; but farther up the river I have never been. There is one prairie scene, which gives a better idea of a prairie than I ever saw in a picture. I enjoyed the visit, but am glad to tread the rich sod again, for walking upon the pavements made my feet sore beyond endurance; and no city can have but a passing attraction for me, unless I have friends in it; and *their* society I can enjoy better in the country.

I suppose you have heard of the recent developments of depravity in and about St. Louis. It seems as though the desolating breath that has lately swept over it, has but served to ripen its wickedness. Mob, Bank robbery, and deliberate murder, follow each other in quick succession; and, worse than all, *woman* appears in her most revolting aspect on the unsightly picture. If guilt hastens the destiny of a nation, are we not fast approaching our climax?

ADVERTISEMENT.

Miss FARLEY, I'm sadly in want of a lover,
And prithee what would you advise me to do;
For I see upon this very nice little cover,
That you have done helping the men and maids too.

I think it a shame, and very great pity,
That some of those youngsters and bachelors too,
Had n't thought, in good time, and sent to the city,
To have some of their business done nicely by you.

The first one that published, I like him the best,
He seems to be manly, good humored, and true;
But now he is spoken for, so I may rest,
And hope that ere this he has found him a Sue.

He says he would like one to bake, wash, and stew,
All this I perform with the greatest of ease;
Grace the parlor, or kitchen, the nursery too,
That's me at your service, do just as you please.

I like him for this, because he has sense,
Because he's a Farmer, and does as he will;
He says not a word about silver or pence,
That, that is the way to win him a Gill.

The one who wants money is a crusty old Bach,
Who always would manage to have his own way;
But I trust that ere long he will meet with his match,
Then what do you think the old fellow would say?

If he marries for money, what can he expect,
But a rusty and crusty, and fussy old maid?
For none but a poor one would think to accept
A miser, who'll think with his name she is paid.

Of all, over thirty, not one need to think
This man with his "thousands" on you would e'en blink;
So keep your own picture, let him do the same,
And do n't for a moment for his change your name.

Now sisters beware, before it's too late,
That I may ne'er hear you lament your sad fate;
Far better live single, or live not at all,
Than to live but for one, to come at his call.

I'll tell you, on second thought, what I would like,
A man that has sense, — can laugh, talk, and write,
If he owns a good farm, I would like him the more,
Then I, my dear lady, leave others to soar.

An old or a young man I would not refuse;
If homely his person, I'd fully excuse;
So, if any there are in want of a wife,
I'll make him a good one all days of my life.

Bay State, Lawrence.

"BETHIAH."

MEDITATION.

WHILE on the road that leads to God,
I look with wondering eyes;
And view by faith his blest abode,
Far, far beyond the skies.
There christians look with anxious gaze,
And sing their great Redeemer's praise.

O Lord, renew my strength each day,
And let me see Thy face;
Help me in secret so to pray,
That I may share Thy grace.
Before Thy throne there let me live,
And let me there my spirit give.

That when the ray of life is fled,
My soul may rise to God;
My body slumber with the dead,
Beneath the mouldering sod.
And as the righteous shall appear
In robes of white, let me be there.

Highiston, R. I., July, 1849.

L. M. T.

TO JANE G——.

THE cheerful tones of thy voice to hear,
In song and gladness, my Jennie dear,
In my heart emotions of joys will wake,
And sadness from me its flight will take.
Deep sorrow's shade on thy face to see, —
That home of mirth in thy hours of glee;
See tears that flow from an aching heart,
When fun and frolic from thee depart,
Will strike a chord of sadness in me,
And I think of nought, dear Jennie, but thee.
I wish, O I wish the load to remove,
By some act of sympathy, kindness, and love;
A sister's affection, as tender and deep,
In store for thee I ever will keep.
Then cheer thee, dear Jennie, be joyous and gay,
For youth's golden hours are fleeting away;
'T will be soon enough then "to quell the tone
That rings in thy laughter, thou joyous one!
And to teach thee that grief hath her needful part,
'Midst the hidden things of each human heart."

Lowell.

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OBITUARY NOTICE.

[Though the whole of this letter was not given for publication, yet we venture to insert it without any omission. — ED.]

Hooksett, Oct. 2, 1849.

MY DEAR MISS F.:—I could not better spend the quiet hours of this beautiful morning than in writing to you. It was so early in the Spring when you were here, I fear you could not form a very favorable opinion of Hooksett; but, on such a morning as this, I think you would say, it is, indeed, wildly romantic and very beautiful. In a single night the Frost King has clothed the forest trees with a glorious beauty, only too soon to strip their limbs, and leave them naked, dreary, and desolate. The yellow leaves, from the old elms before our door, go flitting past the window as I write, and the warm sun-light throws a golden gleam across my paper. It is sabbath day with us now; the mill is stopped, and the road leading to Pembroke closed for a season, so that scarce a carriage-wheel breaks the quiet of our little village, but the music of the winds, the waters, and the sad farewell of the birds to the dying Summer, mingled with the happy voices of childhood, alone greet the ear. It is, indeed, very beautiful here now; and recalls the many happy hours and pleasant walks I have enjoyed with those whose familiar voices are *now* silent in death; whose fair brows are shaded by the grave. *Emily*, darling little *Emily* and *Eliza*, names that will linger in my heart when earth, its joys and sorrows, are fading out. I have hastily prepared a brief sketch of Eliza's life, commencing with the notice of her death in the Boston Recorder. I have written as my heart prompted, and leave the matter entirely at your disposal.

"In Cambridgeport, Sept. 8, of consumption, ELIZA W. JENNINGS, aged 27. She lived an humble, devoted, and consistent Christian; she died with bright hopes of a glorious immortality."

O! there's a fast and a visionless sleep,
The calm, the stirless, the long and the deep;
'T is the sleep that is soundest, and sweetest of all,
When our couch is the bier, and our night-robe the pall.

It was a cloudless day, in early Summer, when she first joined our happy group in that old familiar shop. She wore the habiliments of mourning; and from the moment she crossed the threshold, my young heart bounded toward her with sympathy and love. There was a shadow of deep sadness resting on her brow, and her dark eyes were often tearful. When I learned it was the death of a beloved mother she mourned, my heart yearned still more toward the lonely stranger. I strove to win her confidence, and was permitted to sit by the very hearth-stone of her heart; and I loved her for her gentle, unobtrusive goodness, and high moral rectitude of character. Thrice happy were those blessed summer hours we spent together, working side by side; and brighter, better still when the hallowed Sabbath came, those early morning walks, and the still hour of unrestrained communion, when twilight drew a shadowy veil around the earth. And then, when Winter came, to use her own language, with

"That garment of white, that emblem of Heaven,
Which my Father in kindness has graciously given,"

we looked forward with bright anticipations to the commencement of our Evening School, to our "Improvement Circle," to the "Lectures before the Institute," and to that Class, best loved of all, who, regardless of time or cold, gazed with upturned faces, with kindling eye and rapt spirits, up to the bright burning stars circling on, ever on, through incomprehensible immensity.

"O who has not felt, at such an hour,
A wave of *thoughts* gush up, and roll
Like Passion with resistless power,
Which seemed to break and flood the soul!"

We left Lowell, and visited together the classic shades of old Harvard; the beautiful resting-place of the dead at Mount Auburn; and trod on the sacred soil, baptised with blood, first consecrated to liberty. We stood together by the deep, deep sounding sea, and on the angry wave, in the solemn night, listened to the wild awful music of the storm, as peal after peal of thunder reverberated across the deep, and flash after flash of fiery light broke the intense gloom. Late in the season we retraced our steps to Lowell and were separated for a time, but were soon reunited in the quiet little village where E—— remained, till she returned to her friends *to die*. During our long and uninterrupted friendship, which years only served indissolubly to cement, she was *ever* an active and efficient laborer in the cause of the crucified Redeemer. Wherever there was work to do, — in the Sabbath School or out, — her ready hand, prompted by a generous loving heart, was quietly and unobtrusively at work. She strove so to *live* that when death should come, she might go calmly and peacefully through the dark valley to "that far-off invisible shore," where the waters of life are flowing fast by the throne of the Eternal. Such was the life of one who, for several years, has occasionally contributed to the pages of the "Offering." Her life was meek, humble, and lowly, and death had no sting. With a calm, unwavering trust in Him, who died that we might live, she passed from earth, nor cast one lingering look behind, to its dimly receding scenes. O surely there is a better world than this, where death may not come, —

"A land where beauty cannot fade,
Nor sorrow dim the eye;
Where true love shall not droop nor be dismayed,
And none shall ever die."

J. L. B.

[We are happy to avail ourselves of this opportunity to add our tribute to that of our correspondent, and unite with hers our expressions of regret and admiration for the friend who has gone from us. During the time she was employed upon the Middlesex Corporation, she was one of the most constant attendants at our literary gatherings; and the sweetness of her manner, the beauty of her person, will readily be recalled by those who so seldom missed her there. Death has not often visited that band; and, indeed, we can recall but three of all the members for the last ten years, who have been forever taken from us. When he cometh again, may it be to one as well prepared to live, or to die, as to the last he has borne to his shadowy land. — Ed.]

in incense-wreaths, too sweet to be wasted on an earthly shrine." When we inform our readers that the compiler has given us four hundred and thirty pages of this "romance and reason," they will, with us, we are assured, feel grateful for the treasure. Many as are the calls upon our own time and attention, we have read every word of the book, and many of them twice. Of the Editor it is enough of compliment to say that she loved him, and he appreciated her.

From the Author, we have "REVIEWS AND ESSAYS," by *E. G. Holland*. Published by Crosby & Nichols, Boston. Pages, 400.

The Reviews are, "*Confucius*," "*Channing*," and "*Natural Theology*;" and the Essays are upon "*Genius*," "*Beauty*," "*Justice*," "*Immortality*," &c., &c. All are written with perspicuity and power. All contain much thought, and suggest much more, upon all those topics which exercise the higher intellectual powers. Of Confucius he says, "the danger is not that a great man will be held up to our admiration where there is none, the real danger is that the portraiture will fall below the reality. A score of ordinary minds can never give us a truly great man; from the fact that no one can rise above his own ideal; and every one's ideal will be the enlarged likeness of his own mind. Each constructor furnishing as much as he will, leaves a character within his own level. Mice never create mountains. But when the reality has lived among men, and wrought his image on their minds, then from the abundant material of words and acts he may be set forth; probably not entire, but as the section of a grand circle, from which we may ascertain the whole indicated by the part." After this extract it is high praise of the author to say that he has set forth Confucius in no broken outlines, and perhaps with as much of vitality as is possible in this distant country and distant age.

To the publishers we are indebted for a copy of "LECTURES," by *E. P. Whipple*. Published by Ticknor, Fields & Co. The subjects of these Lectures are, "*Authors, Novels, Wit, and Humor, The ludicrous side of Life, Genius, Intellectual Health and Disease*." Critical acumen, practical sagacity, independence, and animation mark all of them. No doubt the book owes much of its interest to the fact, that the Lectures were prepared for personal delivery before the friends and associates of the writer. Efforts like these are more likely to combine the merit of the study with the interest of social converse. In these we find flashes of wit, passages of brilliance, and paragraphs of sterling sense. He says of Genius, "The mind of Genius, being vital, grows with exercise; assimilates knowledge into the very life-blood of thought; every new acquisition becoming additional power; and, though the last result may seem simple, the processes, by which it is mastered, are complex and mighty. In view of the difficulties to be overcome, and the annoyances to be tossed aside by the original thinker, Buffon defined genius as patience." This volume contains 218 pages, printed with clear type upon beautiful paper.

We are indebted to the agent in this city for the "HISTORY OF ALL NATIONS," by *S. G. Goodrich*; the first five numbers of which have appeared. Published in Boston, by Wilkins, Carter & Co., 16 Water Street. The whole work will be issued in thirty numbers, as nearly as possible semi-monthly. The price will be twenty-five cents per number, payable on delivery. This Universal History commences with the earliest times, and presents us with the relics of the oldest nations. Its pictorial illustrations are frequent and beautiful. Indeed, we hardly know how to reconcile the generosity of the publisher with the cheapness of the work. But its subject and the manner in which it is presented, must gain it the support of the great majority of readers; for, when completed, it will be one of those works which few libraries will be complete without, and will constitute a valuable library in itself. The writer has formed a high ideal of the character of the good historian; and if his aim is to approach this excellence, the intellectual superiority of his work is certain. He says a perfect History, or even one which makes a close approach to perfection, the world has not yet seen. We shall notice this work again.

ISOMETRICAL VIEW
of the
BAY STATE MILLS
AND ADJACENT HOTSES,
LAWRENCE, MASS.

Prepared especially for the New England Cotton Co.

THE
NEW ENGLAND OFFERING :
A MAGAZINE OF INDUSTRY.

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NOVEMBER, 1849.  
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LAWRENCE.

SOME weeks since, we promised to give an engraving of every manufacturing place which would give us a requisite number of subscriptions. The town of Lawrence has been the first to recall our promise to ourself, and we have given an isometrical view of the "Bay State Mills," engraved from a daguerreotype, kindly furnished by the politeness of Mr. D. Roks, Esq., Superintendent of those Mills, and the adjoining boarding-houses. *Our girls* will readily see that this is a supposed view from a height, like looking down from a balloon, and our far-off subscribers, who have never seen a picture of any New-England Mills and boarding-houses, may rest assured, that from this they can form a correct idea of one of the finely laid out and well proportioned "corporations" of New England. A slight description will suffice to illustrate the plate. The buildings at the right and left of the entrance, to the "yard," are, the one a counting-room, with other offices, and the other a cloth-room, with other necessary apartments of that nature. Then there are Mills, Nos. 1, 2, and 3, and "the River Mill," where one roof covers 1,500 feet in length of building. The boarding-houses, without the "yard," will be readily distinguished from the Mills. They are very handsomely finished buildings, and more convenient probably than any others of the kind in our country. Our manufacturing companies seem to spare no pains to improve upon each other, when erecting new buildings, and the Operatives reap great benefit from this rivalry. The fine finish of the wood-work, and plaster, in doors, and ceilings within; the conveniences of clothe-yards, pumps, wood-sheds, &c., without, will with difficulty be improved upon, when another "new city," is made to order. Let us describe one house very superficially. At the left, as you enter, is a coosey little room, exclusively belonging to the mistress of the house. At the right are two dining-rooms, connected by folding-doors, the front room rather the larger of the two, and each forming a pleasant sitting-room at other than meal times. Passing through the entry, you enter the kitchen, with all necessary conveniences "and appointments" for the elaborate preparation of "Thanksgiving dinner," or the serving up of a "hasty plate of soup." Then there is the back-kitchen, with its gigantic boiler, or caldron, for the washing-day service, and conveniences for divers other important household exercises. On the second floor is the parlor and the sick-room, a small chamber with a fire-place assigned to the invalid who may need seclusion and extra warmth. Then there are the sleeping apartments for the boarders, some calculated for two, some for four, and the larger will accommodate six, and give every advantage of room, air, &c., with the smaller bed-rooms — every advantage but their privacy.

We think we have written enough to convince our readers, who have had no opportunity for personal observation, that our factory boarding-houses will well compare with other houses for public accommodation. They are inferior to none but our first-class Hotels, and the residences of very wealthy citizens. And while the mill owners are thus provident for the physical well-being of the Operatives in their employ, we are happy to see a genuine desire for their mental and moral welfare. We trust that the exertions made to exclude from the town all fomenters and nuclei of crime and iniquity, will be crowned with success, and that "the new city," so beautifully encircled with Nature's still fresh charms, will also be girt about with the more glorious circle of purity and intelligence.

Another year, should our present number of subscribers hold good, we will give an engraving of the "Atlantic Mills," or of some other view of the city — perhaps of its Common, and handsome Town Hall.

We have not room to speak of the mills as minutely as of the houses. Their valuable Shawls have made them famous all over the country. What the tartan is to the Scotch, the mantilla to the southern European, the blanket to the Indian, the cashmere to the Oriental, the Bay State Shawl seems destined to become among us. Beautiful, comfortable, and fashionable, they seem a necessary luxury, if this is not a paradox.

WHAT IS LIFE?

BY "MYRTIS MILWOOD."

What is life, that we should love it?
 Fraught with sorrow and with care;
 Sad experience daily proves it,
Yet how fond of life we are.

See yon fair and rosy child,
 With bounding foot and spirit free;
 But soon his bounding foot is stilled,
 And hushed his voice of childish glee.

See the youth, with hopes all rainbow,
 Fairy fields before him lie;
 Yet his hopes, though bright and golden,
 Quickly fade, and early die.

Mark the weary home-bound mariner,
 To the breeze each sail is flung —
 But see! his noble ship has stranded!
 And he dies in sight of home.

And the sterner brow of manhood,
 Born to rule and legislate;
 Write his name on *History's* pages,
 Number him among the great.

Yet he, too, from earth is passing,
 Soon he sleeps beneath the sod;
 But the spirit freed from sinning,
 Mounts triumphant to its God.

Lawrence Corporation, May, 1849.

THE CALL TO PRAYER.

Hark! to the evening bell,
 Heard through the still air;
 Its solemn music seems to tell,
 This is the hour of prayer.

Yes — 't is a time to pray, —
 In the twilight calm and still;
 When fades away the light of day,
 Behind the Western hill.

When the evening zephyrs sigh,
 And the shadows darkly glide;
 And faintly from their watch on high,
 The stars peep, side by side.

This is a holier hour —
 All nature rests in peace;
 And the vesper bell with a soothing power,
 Bids strife and passion cease.

Then come to the house of prayer,
 With thankful hearts, and bow
 Before the shrine, and toil, and care,
 Sorrow — shall leave thee now.

Pray — to Him who ever liveth,
 As ye journey wearily on;
 A holy calm, and peace, it giveth,
 When the toils of day are done.

ROSAMOND.

RIGHTS AND DUTIES OF MILL GIRLS.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "LIGHTS AND SHADOWS OF FACTORY LIFE."

CHAPTER XIII.

IN a former chapter, I have shown how the sick in the boarding-houses may be attended by their fellow-boarders, and thus be spared a nurse's bill, in addition to their other incidental expenses. This method is practicable, however, only when the patient retains a good portion of her strength through her illness, and when her nerves are quiet and strong. If she is exceedingly weak, or exceedingly nervous, she is made feverish and wretched, by seeing and hearing two or three persons busied about her at the same time, and, in such a case, she must have a regular nurse. By an established usage of most factory communities, the bed-mate of the patient takes this office upon herself. Sometimes she is competent, sometimes she is not. Sometimes she comes to her task with a patient, willing mind; sometimes grudgingly, and in ill-humor. If the former, how good is the work she may perform; but if the latter, who can calculate the amount of misery she is the instrument of inflicting? Perhaps she neglects nothing, that she conceives may tend to the improvement of the physical condition of her charge. Her selfishness forbids this. She wishes to get her upon her feet as soon as possible, that she herself may be rid of her tasks. She therefore administers her medicines faithfully; but the dull eye of the sick one in vain is raised to hers, to see if there is yet any kindness, any sympathy there. There is no kindness in the tone, no gentleness in the manner. She hates nursing, and of this she assures her patient often. She wishes in her soul that factory girls had sense enough to take the stage or the cars for home, when they find that they are going to be sick; or that they would send for some of their own folks to take care of them; or that the corporations would keep an army of nurses under pay, and subject to general orders; or *any thing*, so that she might keep about her own work, where she could be earning a third more, and taking some comfort in the bargain. She adds to the bitterness of her remarks, by tossing her head, protruding her lip, and by quickening her impatient and noisy movements. How harrowing is this to the poor sufferer, who lies there in silence and in tears! Enough, enough she undergoes, the burden on her heart is already sufficiently heavy, if unkindness withholds its sting; if gentle hearts and gentle hands yield their best ministries. What she suffers, the truly benevolent and sympathizing nurse readily imagines; what she wants to atone for, the home and the friends that are so far from her, in this her hour of great need, she supplies, as far as is possible, for her. This she seems to do instinctively. There are others who have learned compassion from being often sick themselves. They know what attentions relieved the body, or gratified the mind, when they were ill; it is easy now for them to bestow the same attentions on others. There are yet others, who have neither kind sympathies, nor experience, to direct them. But for

them there is one perfect rule of duty. They all know what it is, and are without excuse if they regard it not. 'Tis none other than this: "Whatsoever ye would that others should do unto you, do ye even so unto them." They can pause before every word, every action, upon the character and tendency of which they have any doubt, ask how *they* would wish to be treated under a change of cases, and be governed implicitly by their conclusions.

But something besides kindness is needed in taking care of the sick — a knowledge of the *art* of nursing. Mrs. Farrar, in her "Young Lady's Friend," lays down many excellent rules for the young and inexperienced. I shall subjoin a few of these for the benefit of those who have not access to the work:—"A light step, quick but gentle movements, and a dexterous use of the hands, are pre-requisites in a good nurse. If the absence of all unnecessary noise is a luxury to the well, it is of the first importance to the sick. Most people refrain from loud talking in the chambers of the sick; but few are equally careful to abstain from needless whispering, which is often more trying than a common low tone. The buzzing noise, which cannot be understood, or shut out, is very fatiguing; and rather than inflict it on a patient, the nurse and her companions should keep silence. Folding and unfolding a newspaper, that has become very dry, will make noise enough to wake a person from a light slumber; and so will turning over the leaves of some books, if done carelessly. I have known a whole night's rest lost to a sick person, by this simple act on the part of the watcher.

Important as it is to all to sleep in airy rooms, and to have frequent changes of linen, it is doubly so to the invalid. Bed linen and body linen should be changed oftener in sickness than in health; and every day, when the patient can sit up long enough to have it done, all the bed-clothes should be carried out of the room and thoroughly aired, either out of doors, or in another room, whilst the bed is shaken up, and remains uncovered.

Personal cleanliness is so important to the sick, and daily ablutions are so necessary, that I shall quote the words of an eminent Physician of the present day in favor of it:—"Few nurses are sufficiently scrupulous about the daily ablutions of the sick. Their neglect arises from the common fear about applying water to the sick, for fear of their taking cold. Instead of washing the patient's hands, face, and neck, and often feet too, with warm soap and water, once, or twice, or three times a day, which should be done, they merely daub them over with a rag, dipped in hot rum or vinegar, which leaves on the skin all its impurities, and gets it into a hard, dry, and most uncomfortable state."

A bowl of water should be always standing ready for you to wash your hands in, and this should be done before you touch either food or medicine for the patient; in preparing either, use your fingers sparingly, and never put your lips to it; but if it be necessary to taste the article, take a clean spoon to do it, and put it aside after using it. Many a poor, feeble sufferer, has been disgusted with the food his stomach craved,

by seeing a nurse put her lips to it, whilst in preparation, or by having it presented in a smeared, sticky vessel.

You should frequently straighten the bed-clothes, and beat up the pillows, and always have close at hand a small blanket or a flannel gown, or something else suitable to throw over the patient's shoulders and back, when sitting up in bed. In this position much support is needed at the back, for which purpose bed-chairs are made; but where they are not to be had, a small footstool put behind the pillows and the bolster doubled, makes a very good substitute. It will also add a great deal to the ease of this position to have something at the feet to push against; if there be no foot-board to the bed it should be something heavy that will keep its place; but if there be, any brace between it and the feet will answer.

All sheets and pillow-cases should be well dried and warmed by a fire before being put on; and if you bring a fresh pillow from a spare chamber, in cold weather, be sure to warm it well through and through, before you put it on a sick person's bed.

It should be the study of all who are in attendance upon the sick, how to accomplish the most with the least stir, and the least opening and shutting of doors. Never leave the room nor return to it empty handed; for there will always be something to be carried out, or brought in, if you look sharp and think of every thing. There is generally a good deal to be done before the patient settles for the night, and therefore the preparations should be begun in good season, that all may be done and the room still at an early hour. Sick persons are often made feverish, and their night's rest spoiled, by not being settled early. It is rarely proper to wake a patient for *any thing*; and it should never be done without asking the physician if it be proper. If you are a watcher for the night, only, be very particular to get the physician's directions from some competent person, and write them down that there may be no mistake about the medicine, or food, to be given through the night. Exactness and punctuality in administering the medicine prescribed, is all-important; and no one is fit to take care of the sick, who does not make a point of conscience of it. In measuring a dose you should be scrupulously exact, particularly where drops are to be counted. In most cases it is right to shake a phial before you begin to pour from it; where this is to be avoided, there will generally be directions to that effect."

In conclusion, let me say to you, my young friends of the mills, whatever you do, whatever you say, let it be under a clear consciousness of the responsibilities of your situation. Ministering to one, who, whether she pass now into eternity, or go out again into active life, will yet bear with her, graven into her heart, the impress your kindness or cruelty shall leave there — what other consideration than this can you need to induce the practice of a perfect faithfulness? Read to her as she is able to bear it from the Scriptures and other books, calculated to elevate and strengthen her. Comfort her for the home and the parents she may see no more on earth, by leading her thoughts frequently to

the home and the Father in Heaven. And, oh! my sisters, devote yourself with an especial kindness to the sick, who have no home, no parents; to the orphans that are in your midst. Picture to yourself what you must suffer at *any* time, and particularly when you felt your strength failing day by day, if you must turn here and there, and still find no resting place, no mother to welcome you and lay your head upon its soft pillow, no father to provide for your wants. Such, alas! is the sad condition of many, many of our mill-girls. May the Father of the fatherless help them, and incline the hearts of his more favored children to a perfect fulfilment of the law of kindness.

THE SPIRIT GUEST.

BY CAROLINE M. WHITNEY.

One twilight hour I strayed away,
Down by yon babbling brook,
To watch the calm decline of day
From that sweet moss-grown nook.

And deepening shadows onward came,
And objects dimmer grew;
And strange wild forms, without a name,
Were wrapped in night's black hue.

The streamlet's music, at my feet,
Grew soft, but strangely sad;
And fairy groups held converse sweet,
In dewy vapors clad.

A trembling awe my spirit swayed,
Then I was not alone;
For, while the leaves with zephyrs played,
I heard a Spirit's tone.

As thus my thoughts were firmly chained,
By that deep, magic spell—
There came a low, soft, mournful strain,
Borne on the night-wind's swell.

The loving spirit sought my breast,
In winning confidence:
With folded wings, from care to rest
In conscious innocence.

A tear-drop glistened in that eye,
So full of tenderness,—
One prayer it uttered, and one sigh,
Then drooped with weariness.

Night's hours flew on—my beauteous guest,
Still lingered with me there;
And strains of love's deep happiness,
Startled the midnight air.

But, when the glorious orb of day
Burst the dark bands of night,
Those tones of music died away
In morning's rosy light.

The Spirit left an impress bright,
Of pure and perfect bliss,
That leads me, with a holy light,
To brighter worlds than this.

South Adams, Mass.

ELLICOTT'S MILLS, MARYLAND.

Editor of Lowell Offering —

As you were kind enough, in your June number, to notice the complaint made from this village, respecting the short and imperfect notice of it, given by your Travelling Agent in the April record, I am induced, through the invitation which you add, to send you a few particulars respecting this prosperous manufacturing community. Of course your readers will like to hear something respecting its natural, beautiful scenery, which has been before mentioned as being "unequalled on the continent," and, as there might be some danger that my own pen might possibly describe it in too flattering words, I will simply give you the opinion of a traveller, who paid a visit to it so late as the past summer, who says:—"This is a romantic and charming village, for a stranger to visit, or even for a permanent residence. It would please the fancy of some of our young and promising poets, who bid fair to live eternally in song. To the poetic mind no dulness here would fling a blighting shade over the soul. The scenery being so enchanting, the places for rambling so numerous, and so conducive to give inspiration to "pen runnings," the air so bland, the everlasting hills are so agreeable, that no mind, poetic or otherwise, could fail to drink in refreshing draughts from the ever-flowing fountains of pleasure. The atmosphere, too, is so life-imparting, salubrious, and healthy."

So much for what Nature has bestowed upon us; and I will now inform you what we have done for ourselves, although I often hear the exclamation, "If the Yankees only had the management of the resources of this place, they would make it a second Lowell;" indeed, the present President, who remained here a short time, while on his way to the White House, in February last, expressed the same opinion, and acknowledged that he was quite pleased with the appearance and industry of the place.

The Cotton Mills in this place, four in number, are on what we term a large scale, and are denominated the Union, the Granite, the Patapsco, and the Thistle, all built upon the edge of the river Patapsco; all of which, in a collective expression, are termed Ellicott's Mills, from the fact that, about the year 1771, a number of brothers purchased the land in the ravine, in which the Patapsco runs, for the length of ten miles, and then erected thereon grist mills and saw mills, which were termed "Ellicott's Mills," but which are numbered now, along with the founders of them, "amongst the things that are past." The place still retains the name out of respect to the hardy pioneers, who first cleared the forest; but many citizens now suggest the propriety of altering the name to "Patapsco," and although there is some objection to this measure at present, it will eventually be adopted.

The Union Mills are the largest. The buildings are three in number, two large and one small, with a machine shop, for their own repairs. They employ between 300 and 400 hands; have 300 looms and 10,000 mule and thistle spindles. The company was chartered i

1808, and is the oldest in the State. They consume 3,000 bales of cotton per annum. Their water power is great, being a fall of 49 feet 6 inches, with double the quantity of water they are now using. The company are now making extensive improvements for the accommodation of their Operatives. Their cottages look well, and have a neat appearance; and their flower or vegetable gardens have a domestic bearing which is pleasing to the beholder. The whole of this extensive establishment is under the able and gentlemanly management of John Thompson, Esq., from Paterson, N. J., whose actions are ever characterized by kindness and affability.

The Granite Manufacturing Company have a large and handsome edifice for their Operatives, built of enduring granite, surmounted with a belfry. The company have a capital of \$150,000 employed in carrying on the factory, consisting of one hundred and thirty-two looms, and four thousand spindles. The machinery is all built on the latest improved plan, and is the best in this part of the country. The company employ about one hundred and fifty hands, and manufacture six thousand yards of $\frac{1}{4}$ muslins per day. Thomas Lansdale, Esq., is manager.

The Maryland Machine Manufacturing Company's Works, are contiguous to the Mill. The Machine Shop and Foundry are fitted up with the most modern improved tools, and they are prepared to manufacture all kinds of cotton and other machinery. About one hundred hands are employed, the whole being under the supervision of Geo. Poe, Esq., manager.

The Patapsco Factory is a little lower down the stream than the "Granite." It is in a thriving condition, and has been brought to its present state of prosperity through the indefatigable exertions of its gentlemanly proprietor, Edward Gray, Esq. Their machinery consists of one woollen, two spreading machines, fifty-two cards, three thousand three hundred spindles, and one hundred and twenty looms. They manufacture Osnaburghs, and heavy Twills, and employ one hundred and eighty hands. This factory has a very pretty appearance to the eye of the traveller, on the Bath and Ohio Railroad, which reflects high credit upon the taste and good order displayed in the sanitary condition of the cottages of the Operatives, who reside upon the spot, for which too much praise cannot be given to the spirited proprietor and his able and energetic manager, Hugh Bone, Esq., a gentleman perfectly at home in the management of such establishments, to the truth of which, the neatness and cleanliness that reign around, bear undoubted testimony.

Last, but by no means least, either as regards extent of operations or ability in the management thereof, comes the Thistle Factory, so called, from having been commenced under many difficulties, by two indomitable and persevering sons of "Scotia's Isle." It has been in a prosperous condition for some time, and employs about one hundred and seventy-five hands. There are, in this factory, four thousand seven hundred spindles and twelve looms. George Kerr, Esq., is the manager at the present time.

As I have given you such a long description of the Cotton Factories,

(though I scarcely think I could have said much less,) I will but slightly advert to the other public places in the village. There are several Flour Mills, which are large and commodious, and which can turn out about three hundred barrels per day. The Patapsco Bank, has a fine edifice for the transaction of their monetary affairs. There are very commodious and elegant places of worship for many denominations. Also two large educational establishments, called the Rockhill Institute, for boys and young men, and the Patapsco Institute, for the education of young ladies, which is conducted by Mrs. Phelps, a lady well fitted to train the minds of Columbia's fairest daughters, as the many works she has written do well testify.

I could go on much longer in these descriptions, but as I am afraid that if I lengthen them any more, it will cause their utter exclusion, so I will desist. As we have an interest in your Offering, we desire to be known to our sisters in Lowell, and therefore trust you will insert this still imperfect description on your cover, and send to you our kindest wishes for the prosperity of the Offering, and our desire is, that the "union" between it and you, may long and happily continue.

A. A. S.

FLOWERS ON GRAVES.

BY "IDA ST. NICHOLAS."

"LET none remove those fragrant things,
Affection's native offerings."

The grave-yard is a sacred spot,
The flowerets there, — O touch them not;
Kind friends have placed them there with care,
O'er some lov'd form that's sleeping there.
Ye thoughtless ones who idly tread,
Around the place where sleep the dead;
Think you those flowers, which please the eye,
Are free to cull as ye pass by?

Know ye those plants which deck the bier,
Oft watered by affection's tear,
Are sacred to those friends whose care
In grief and love hath placed them there?

Then leave them, leave them to their fate,
Why seek the tomb to desolate?
Why pain the hearts, which grief hath torn,
Of friends who oft go there to mourn?
Sweet Flowers! ye beautify the bier,
Ye make it seem less cold and drear;
Ye seem to breathe, while there ye wave,
A requiem o'er the lowly grave.

Ye seem a chain on mission sped,
To link the living to the dead;
To raise our thoughts from earth's cold tomb,
To Heaven where flowers perennial bloom.

There plant the violet and the rose,
To deck the grave where friends repose;
And may no ruthless hand e'er dare,
To pluck their sweets while blooming there.

Southbridge, Mass.

A LEAF FROM LIFE.

THEY were brothers — yes, more — they were *twin* brothers ; and from the earliest period of existence had never been separated. In infancy, pillowed upon their mother's bosom, together they were wont to rest ; or, soft slumber brooding upon their eyelids, side by side, in the cradle their tiny forms reposed ; and when, after a time, they began to exercise their limbs, it was an interesting spectacle, to watch them as with feeble, unsteady steps they would run along the floor.

And oh ! it was a holy sight as they knelt at their mother's knee, clasping those dimpled hands, and with sober faces repeating after her their infant prayer. Through boyhood they were never parted, even for a day ; indeed so necessary was each to the other, that *apart*, existence seemed incomplete — a blank, incapable of being filled by aught else. Together in the fields they toiled ; in the long bright summer days they might have been seen, side by side, levelling the ranks of stately grass ; and when Autumn came, they gathered in the golden sheaves. On the holy Sabbath, as they walked arm in arm to the House of God, many were the fond hopes of their parents as they gazed after them, so tall, erect, active, and blooming, and so kind withal to old and young, yes — well might they look on them with parental pride.

Time rolled on his ceaseless flight, and they were men. One by one, the elder brothers and sisters had left the paternal roof and formed new ties. Only these two remained ; and they were needed now by their parent, for *only one* parent remained. Death had been there, and the Father's place was vacant ! The aged Mother now, more than ever, centred all her hopes upon these, her youngest, her favorite sons. And faithfully did they seek to repay, in part, the debt of children, and like good and affectionate sons strove to comfort and cheer her solitude.

One Sabbath day in Summer, the absent children had returned to the parental roof to spend a few hours, — for it was still sweet to gather at the home of their childhood ; especially on the Sabbath.

The hours flew by on rapid wings, and they perceived not a dark cloud gathering in the western sky. It gradually increased in magnitude, gathering blackness as it advanced towards the zenith. Oh happy family ! little do ye realize the portentous blackness of that cloud ! The thunder began to roll heavily around, flashes of livid light shot athwart the sky, blacker and blacker grew the heavens ! Then torrents of rain-drops descended on the earth, peal on peal followed, and all nature seemed in tumult and confusion ! A pause in the tempest — an ominous stillness — then a flash — a crashing, stunning sound, and nought was to be seen in the room except smoke, and dust, and blackness ! They looked again, and — oh ! with what agony did they behold one of the two brothers lifeless upon the floor. A bolt from the skies had winged its fatal way, and *now* they were separated ! Oh ! who shall describe the desolation, the *misery*, of that family circle ; or the heart-rending anguish of the lone brother ?

"How may the mother's heart
 Dwell on her son, and dare to hope again?
 The Spring's rich promise hath been given in vain,
 The lovely must depart!
 Is he not gone, our brightest one and best?
 Come near, and bear the early called to rest.
 Look yet on him whose eye,
 Meets yours no more in sadness or in mirth,
 Was he not fair among the sons of earth?
 The beings born to die?
 But not where Death has power may love be blessed;
Come near and bear ye the beloved to rest.
 All is not here of the beloved and blessed —
 Leave ye the sleeper with his God to rest."

There was a crowd — a solemn gathering — old men, and youth, and maidens — and as the holy man endeavored to speak comfort to the afflicted and sorrowing, strong men bowed their heads and wept; yea, those who seldom wept, the *stern*, the *fearless*; *children, youth, maidens*, — all shed tears for the dead, but most for the *living*. A long sad look at the departed, and then he was borne to his last resting place.

Lowell.

ROSAMOND.

FALSE OR TRUE.

BY L. E. LEAVITT.

Adieu to thee, lady,
 Long, long have I loved,
 And thought thy affection
 Full well I had proved.

While the bright smiles of fortune
 Around me were cast,
 So long, but no longer,
 Did thy friendship last.

The vile darts of malice
 Around me were thrown;
 I looked for thy friendship,
 But ah, it had flown.

I sought not to win thee
 Again to my heart;
 Said the proud spirit in me,
 "Let the false one depart."

When foes I had vanquished
 Then quickly thou came,
 As though thy heart languished
 Affection to claim.

You called me "cold hearted,"
 And said that "you thought
 I prized thy love lightly,"
 I value it, *naught*.

Such friendship, for light ones,
 Perchance may well do;
 But, lady, MY lovers
 Must be FALSE ones, or TRUE.

Salmon Falls, Dec. 9th, 1848.

NO TIME FOR IMPROVEMENT.

BY J. L. BAKER.

So should we live, that every hour
Should die, as dies a natural flower,
A self-reviving thing of power;

That every thought, and word, and deed,
May hold within itself the seed
Of future good, and future need.

MILNES.

MEMORY, with unerring finger points reprovngly to many misspent hours, which should have been devoted to improvement. Too many frivolous excuses are often urged, which are light as air, and ought to have no influence at all. The want of time is the most common plea, which, by the way, is an excuse for almost every duty we neglect. No time! why, really, this seems absurd; no time to spend in the cultivation of those higher and nobler powers which our Father in mercy has given to us. No time to feed the mind which continually yearns for, and aspires to, the true and beautiful, and which can be satisfied only when it is merged in the light of heaven! No time to rise up on white-winged thought, and hold communion with high and holy things; to burst the bands of ignorance and go free! No time to discipline these minds, to strengthen and enable them to rise far above passion and sin, to revel in the glorious sunlight of purity! If it were aught else, it would not be thus.

We never think of time when engaged in light and frivolous conversation; and it passes by too often unheeded, while we are engaged in worthless pursuits; worthless to ourselves and those around us. We never urge the want of time, when any thing presents itself to gratify a vitiated appetite, or any thing is to be obtained wherewith to adorn this frail and perishing body; no excuse is of moment when its wants are to be satisfied; but, on the contrary, we lavish time and wealth on the clayey casket to adorn and make it beautiful, while the gems it contains are left unadorned and unseen by human sight; even we ourselves are almost unconscious that they are there, buried deep beneath the rubbish of sordid care, and cold indifference; and that it requires only thought and perseverance to bring them forth that their influence may be felt, and their value known. Not so should this be, not that which we shall throw aside ere long, should absorb our whole time; but a part be given to that which shall never die; and then when life's young staff is broken, when its beauty departs, when old age, with its train of cares and griefs comes creeping on, when weariness steals over the spirit, and the sources which formerly yielded amusement are drained forever, then it will yield a firm and sure support, and, when the light of life's young being has faded, that blessed light shall grow brighter and brighter on the altar of the soul, and impart to it a lustre that naught can ever take away.

Hooksett, N. H.

MY CHILDHOOD'S HOME.

" THERE never was a happier home,
Than *our dear happy hearth* ;
The fields in which I used to roam,
Seemed none so bright on earth ;
The brook that rippled by our door,
Sweet music always gave —
And sweetest flowers grew on that shore,
That ever kissed the wave.

" The path that lay across the lawn,
Where I my playmates met ;
The *woods*, the *fields*, the waving corn,
Are present with me yet :
The brown school-house adown the lane,
The village church and choir, —
But these will not return again
Nor youth my form inspire."

THE home of my childhood ! How dear art thou to my heart ! Humble, yet sacred spot — the scene of my childish sports, and joys, and griefs. Oh ! how dearly have I loved thy every shaded nook, and rock, and tree, and " soft flowing water." They were the cherished companions of my childhood, and their memory is inwrought into my very being — entwined around my heart-strings — their shadows will ever flit o'er my pathway through life, and soothe my tried spirit, as I combat with the vicissitudes of time ; renovating my tired energies, as I revel amid those pleasant haunts of memory. Oft, as I look back upon those pleasant scenes, " I'm a merry child once more," and live over all those golden days, as it were, in an hour. It seems but yesterday that I was a merry, romping child, chasing the gorgeous butterfly, dazzled by its wondrous beauty ; or skipping with the innocent, harmless lambkins, o'er the verdant fields ; or nestled close beside my much-loved mother in " the east room," listening to her mild, sweet voice, as she amused us with some tale of olden times, " that tried men's souls," and *women's too*.

I will attempt a faint description of the old homestead. Our humble cottage was quietly nestled in a beautiful glen, amid the circling hills, which seemingly vied to shut out the rude storms of the world, resting upon their strong foundations, from everlasting to everlasting, lifting their green-clad tops like giant warriors on a battle-field, — nature's guardians over our sweet retreat. The house stood upon a gentle swell of ground, nearly in the centre of the valley, which is bounded on all sides by unequal hills ; the principal of which, rising at the northeast, gradually gains an ascent of about half a mile, maintaining its elevation to the east, south, and southwest, in a semi-circle ; thence to the west and northwest, gently sloping to the bank of a large stream, called " the great brook," which takes its rise in a large basin of water, in the adjoining town, called the " Mill Pond," which owes its name to a grist-mill standing at its outlet. The stream meanders through woods of noble forest trees ; among which, the sugar maple, beech, birch, spruce, and hemlock, were the most conspicuous, over which the travellers on

the *highway* could be distinctly seen, pursuing their way to and from the village. A smaller stream takes its rise in the hills at the southwest, and winds its way at the base, in an easterly direction, thence to the north, paying its tribute to the larger stream.

The banks of both streams were favorite retreats, where we loved to gaze upon the sparkling waters, as they bounded onward, seeking their ocean-bed; or watched the silvery trout as they glided swiftly over the glistening sands, reflecting the sun-beams. Oft have we ranged those woods and fields in sweet communion of dear delight.

The cottage was a small farm-house, standing at right angles with the four points of the compass, and such an one as may be found scattered all over New England; consisting of a long kitchen, and large entry-way fronting the south; to the northeast was a large square room, called the "East-room," and a large bed-room in the northwest corner; between that and the kitchen was a sink-room, in which was situated the oven; the upper part was an unfinished chamber over the whole. Though small, there was room enough for comfort and convenience; its simple hearted, contented inhabitants, had yet to learn the necessity of spacious parlors and dining-rooms. Its inmates were far more happy than many dwellers in splendid mansions and princely palaces can ever be. To the north and east of the house, extended a large garden in three divisions, devoted to the culture of vegetables, herbs, and flowers. The wall was lined with currant-bushes; and close by a large rock, just opposite the northeast corner of the house, was a luxuriant growth of rose-bushes; and in one corner, was a little plot marked out "for the children," where I have spent hours and hours, watching the tender shoots as they burst through the protecting earth, or impatiently opening the ground, to ascertain if the seed had sprouted, thereby destroying the source of my childish expectations, as many, in maturer life, in their too eager haste, crush the germ of their future prosperity.

A few rods from the house, to the west, stands a large pile of rocks, varying from seven to thirty feet in height, promiscuously thrown together in the most fantastic shape, forming caverns and fissures, penetrated only by the noon-day sun. Upon the summit stands a large birch tree of many years growth. Beneath its shade, my gentle sister and myself, have whiled away many pleasant hours. This pile must have been detached from its native bed, and borne to its present location, by some terrible convulsion in nature, as it stands in the open field, while, to the north, nearly half a mile distant, is a spacious ledge composed of the same species of rock. Nearly in a range with the mass and ledge, is a spring of perpetual running water, gushing out from a fissure in a large flat rock, of several rods extension, just even with the surface of the ground, save where the rushing waters burst their rocky barrier, and bound away in freedom, to quench the thirst of man and beast, when the Summer's parching sun seals the source of other streams. Around the western margin of the rock, fragrant roses, "all the air perfuming," thrive in lavish beauty. Near by, were the ruins of the "old log house," interspersed with blackberry bushes; while the apple, cherry, and plum trees, flourished in profusion; the other extremity of

the field was devoted to tillage altogether, bearing the name of "The North Orchard."

To the east of the house, upon the sloping bank, was a more extensive orchard; a choice variety of apple, together with excellent pear and plum trees. The whole valley teemed with the wonderful curiosities of Nature's freaks, at least, such to my childish mind. Ascending the hill, to the east, is still the winding foot-path, which we have daily traversed on our way to school. Two thirds the ascent stands a noble beech; beneath its shade we rested our weary limbs as we climbed the hill-side. Upon the summit of the hill is a beautiful table-land of considerable extent, comprising three well cultivated farms, with large commodious dwellings. The first one was owned by Mr. J —, and was a favorite stopping-place of ours. He was a righteous man, "whose hoary head was a crown of glory;" his sons, with one exception, were "Watchmen on Zion's walls;" his daughters, "lively stones, polished after the similitude of a palace." Many words "like apples of gold, in pictures of silver," have they spoken to us, encouraging to piety, virtue, and honesty. The one across the way was owned by Mr. S —, a native of Ireland, but one of the first settlers of H —. The other, the most spacious of the three, was owned by Mr. H —, comprising a large tract, upon the southern slope of the hill, which formed a rich and productive farm. He had a large family of sons and daughters, "like olive plants about his table." The district school-house, where our *young ideas were taught to shoot*, was located upon the eastern slope, where the children of the rich and poor met together upon one common platform; and of all that youthful band, not one remains in that neighborhood, but they are scattered all over New England, and some are far away in the great western valley. On the southwest ridge, was the residence of Mr. P —, a substantial farmer, with goodly acres and a thriving family. Mrs. P —, was indeed a mother in Israel, and truly beloved by all around her. Adjoining Mr. P —'s and our little farm, to the west, was the spacious farm of Squire F —, a young man of wealth and promise, with a lovely wife and several small children. They were the nearest neighbors, and we were oftener there, than at the other farms, with the exception of Mr. J —'s.

The memory of childhood's home is indelibly stamped upon my mind, never to be erased, and all those childish impressions come looming up, in after years, like the waving shadows of a passing dream. And though that humble dwelling has been left to the moles and bats for years, yet when "tired nature's sweet restorer, balmy sleep," rests upon my eye-lids, my wandering thoughts often seek their early home.

L. A. C.

MY HEART IS SAD.

BY "REBECCA."

My heart is sad, —
 For the blight of sorrow is on my brow,
 And my song is mingled with sadness now,
 Once, once so glad.

I have known gay hours, —
 When life was bright as the moonlit sea,
 And Pleasure's gay hands entwined for me,
 Her fairest flowers.

Then friends were dear, —
 While hope's glad song of future bliss,
 And Love's deep thrilling tenderness,
 Were in my ear.

I heeded not,
 That Pleasure's voice would e'er be hushed,
 That my cherished hopes could e'er be crushed,
 And left forgot.

Yet o'er the past,
 Mem'ry oft wakes a magic strain,
 And I'm living o'er those joys again,
 Too bright to last.

Globe Mill, Newburyport.

SUNSHINE.

I SAT me in my parlor,
 On a dull November's day,
 With none to chat or listen,
 With none to laugh or play.

The dreary rains were soaking
 All beauty out the earth,
 And Nature wore no single trace
 Of loveliness or mirth.

There was no ray of sunshine
 Within the air or sky;
 And not a strain of gladness
 Stole near, or floated by.

My heart was very dismal,
 And craved one ray of light;
 A voice said "make thy sunshine,
 Go, make it warm and bright!"

The voice danced on in whispers,
 Through chambers of my brain;
 And when I humbly listened there,
 It tutored me again.

I took a *thought for others,*
 A *wish for human weal:*
 These words "*all men are brothers,*"
 And mixed them well with *zeal.*

I sought for *self-forgetting,*
 I found a *psalm and prayer,*
 I mingled them with *smiles and tears,*
 And SUNSHINE glimmered there.

Then, up into the brightness,
 Gushed music from my soul;
 And to my pen and paper,
 This simple sonnet stole.

November 7, 1849.

H. F.

A DAY IN ARKANSAS.

FOURTEEN miles from us, is a place called the Depot, where provisions were once issued to newly emigrated Indians. For sometime we had been desirous of going to trade at the little store which is kept there, although we knew we had but a small chance of finding goods. Necessity, however, inspired hope, and our horses were fed and saddled for a day's journey. At half-past seven in the morning we started, my companion being a fellow-laborer whom I shall call K. The first part of our road we were quite familiar with; but it was early spring-time, and we saw much to delight us. Gracefully shaded was the predominating color of newly spread chenille which covered the earth, and tasteful the patterns wrought into it. The forest was clad in robes of more than regal splendor, numerous dog-wood trees had put forth their blossoms and looked like so many brides arrayed in white; blushing red buds were scattered here and there, their deeper hue contrasting finely with the snowy petals of their neighbors, and the verdant holly tree, emblem of flourishing old age, added much to the beauty of the scene. Large festoons of evergreen were now and then suspended from the branches of some great old tree. The feathered tribes poured forth rich notes of melody, or soared away, on joyful wing, till they seemed lost in the deep, blue ether; then reappeared, and lighted on the topmost twig of some majestic oak.

It was a lovely time to ride, except that recent rains had rendered the roads a little muddy, and somewhat swollen the streams. An Indian namesake of Dr. Q., of Boston, was to accompany us to the river where his road took another direction, but he soon fell behind, having stopped to converse with a neighbor, and as we knew we had no time to spare, we lost none in waiting. Arrived at the river's bank, the full strength of our lungs was tried, for the boatman lived across the stream and we must "raise him," which we at length succeeded in doing; so we dismounted, while he was taking the "flat" over, and were ready to lead our horses into it when he landed, which K. did, though our friend, who had by this time come up, kindly took the reins from my inexperienced hand. It was well; for I am not at home on the watery element, and could neither have aided the horse, nor the horse me, had any accident befallen us. While we were crossing the river, our ferry-man related a circumstance that had occurred a few days before, while he was taking over a wagon drawn by oxen. The animals had been, at his instance, detached from the vehicle. When fairly out in deep water, they became frightened, and one of them jumped overboard to the no small discomfiture of his yoke fellow. They sunk and rose and floundered in their unpleasant situation until their yoke was turned; but finally made their way out on the other side of the stream. We landed safely, walked up the bank, remounted our horses, bade our friends of the ferry a good morning, and started anew. The influence of the hour was clearly manifest in our improved spirits, and having left our cares at home, we gave ourselves up to the contemplation of God's

wonder-working providence. We saw his hand, not only in the productions of Nature, but also in the mighty events transpiring in the world. We knew empires were shaking on their old foundations, and monarchies crumbling into dust. The pathway, black and fearful, of the angel of death, who is still sweeping the earth with the besom of destruction, was visible across the mighty ocean, even to the deep forest where the red man finds his home. We noted with gratitude the improved prospects of God's ancient people, the Jews; Kings literally becoming their nursing fathers, and Queens their nursing mothers. We rejoiced that the Lord God Omnipotent reigneth; that He can produce order out of confusion; good out of apparent evil. But suddenly our attention was arrested by an object nearer home. We had come up to the hut of an old blind Indian, who sat by the road-side upon a stump, to beg of every passer-by. Knowing something of his habits, we thought it not best to give him money, but our luncheon was cheerfully divided. The hands of the aged mendicant moved nervously in every direction, as he held them out to receive the proffered pinak, (lunch) which fell to the ground, for our horses were impatient, and started too soon. He dropped upon his knees and carefully examined the earth near his feet, until he found it. It was truly painful to see him, at mid-day, groping in utter darkness.

Next we came to a creek, where there was neither bridge nor boat. The water looked rather deep, but, unless we returned, there was no way but to ford. K., being the better rider, went in first, and when she was safely over, we followed. Our horses' sides were laved in the turbid stream, and our feet and drapery came near sharing the same fate. The noble animals seemed no less pleased than ourselves that we were so well past the creek, and pursued their way with *great ability*. When we reached the end of our little journey, we were kindly provided with refreshments and a suitable resting-place, of which we made haste to avail ourselves, and for which we were thankful. Then came the shopping process, in which we were suited with a few articles, and after which we were soon homeward bound. K. beguiled the time by relating an incident of other days, suggested by a little white flower that looked modestly up from the road-side. "Some years since," said she, "when at my father's, in one of the States, I had a dear friend, from whom I expected soon to be separated. Her lover had gone to the West to make his fortune, and word had been received that he had so far succeeded as to feel justified in claiming his affianced bride, and also, that in a few weeks he might be expected. It was a lovely morning as my friend and I walked in the orchard, our thoughts and feelings busy with the past, yet reaching forward to the future, that she said, "Look, K. at these delicate blossoms! They seem sweet emblems of humble innocence." "What are they? I do not know their name," I replied, "although I have often noticed and admired them." "We will name them, then," said she, "they shall be Forget-me-nots, and when I am far away in my new home, they shall speak to your heart of me." In due time, the lover arrived, the nuptials were solemnized, and the rejoicing husband bore away his cherished bride, to the spot he

had chosen for her future residence, trusting her smiles would cheer him through all life's journey. I saw her no more. In one short year, from the time she named that little flower, the green turf covered her grave."

As we pursued our way, we could not, in our exposed condition, fail to notice that black clouds began to chase each other across the sky. We were not, dear reader, afraid of a few simple rain-drops, but in *such a shower* as we had often seen, we did not care to be "out," especially *out in the pine woods*, where dead trees, like so many giants in threatening attitudes, stood on every hand. Travelling through such places, during a high wind or a heavy rain, is accounted dangerous, as the force of the storm is apt to bring them to the ground, and it is by no means uncommon, for them to fall across the road, — a fact which accounts for the oft recurring horse-shoes and letter S's which our highways describe. As we advanced, our prospects grew darker, except as we emerged into a little prairie or an old field, when we thought them *lighter*, and hoped we might reach home before the rain, which, by this time, we were sure was coming. We rode the rest of our way by a horse-path through a great field that lay waste, in the midst of which were two tall oaks, that when standing, were close together, but which had been uprooted and fallen in opposite directions. K. said she had heard the Rev. Mr. — remark, that they had followed the fashion of the country and divided the blanket — a phrase which signifies the divorce of a married pair.

At length huge drops began to fall, but we were in the midst of one of our *dark prospects* and not being able to see overhead, hoped it was only a sprinkle, and for a moment neglected to adjust our extras. We were, however, soon convinced of the necessity of doing so. K's Lowell Long Shawl, loaned her for the occasion, answered a good purpose as *long* as it was able, but it could not perform miracles, and our wadded cloak, on which we very much depended, in case of such an emergency, was soon completely saturated, while our heavy blanket was not entirely available, not having been spread in season. On we rode through the descending torrent, unable to turn in our saddles, until K. was far behind — a fact we were not aware of, until we wheeled our horse's head to ascertain why she was so silent. We waited sometime for her to come up, and were just on the point of starting to see what accident had befallen her, when she made her appearance, drenched and dripping. Knowing it was no great distance to the dwelling of the kind ferry-man, we again pushed forward, K. again falling behind and saying, "We are already wet; it can be no worse." We drew up at his gate just as the rain ceased, and were kindly invited to alight; but it was only three miles home, and so we thought best to proceed, when K. again overtook us. "Can we ride down this steep bank and into the boat," we asked, "or shall we dismount and walk through the deep mud?" "The hill is indeed very muddy and slippery," said Mr. R., "but we will lead your horses. You had better keep your seats." And we did so, not without feeling that we were in danger's reach, as the little flat-boat pushed off into the strong current; but the care and skill of

our ferry-man were quite sufficient, and our good horses soon again set their feet on terra firma. "Hark! that is the supper bell," said K. as we rose the last hill and came in sight of our dwelling, "and our lively charge is stepping to its music." We laid aside our dripping garments and joined the family just in time to unite with them in their evening devotions.

ENILADA.

Choctaw Mission, Arkansas.

THE TIME WHEN I WOULD DIE.

BY CAROLINE M. WHITNEY.

LET me die in the spring-time of life, e'er old age
Has blotted all pleasure from memory's page;
And palsied, and weak, it goes tottering forth,
Unable to cope with the sorrows of earth.

Let me die in my youth, and when beautiful flowers
Are clustering round the green earth's lovely bowers;
Let the fragrance be shed from the violet's bloom,
'Round the spot where loved friends shall erect me a tomb.

Let me die when the sun sinks in glory to rest,
Amid clondlets of gold that bespangle the west;
When the curtains of night, in their stillness descend,
'Till the soft shades of twilight in harmony blend.

Let me rest by the side of a sweet gliding stream,
Whose bosom reflects the first sparkling moon-beam;
Where the winds shall sigh forth a low requiem for me,
Where in *friendship's* pure shrine I have long ceased to be.

Let them weep o'er my grave, the kind-hearted and true,
And mingle their tears with the still evening dew;
And O! I'd be laid where no rude foot has pressed,
The lone spot that is marked as the place of my rest.

South Adams.

DEAD ROSE-BUDS.

THE fragrance of dead rose-buds, —
The earliest ones of spring!
Beside the casement, many a day
They 've lingered, withering.
The wind steals through the poplar's gloom
To kiss their folded leaves,
No bursting smile — no deepening bloom
His greeting soft receives.

He sighs, — the wayward zephyr —
He chants a wailing hymn;
The zephyr loved the tender buds
That, blushing, smiled on him.
And, lo! that deep-drawn sigh restores,
The rose-bud's wasting breath;
And round the silent room there pours
A perfume drawn from death.

Ah! memory hoards dead rose-buds
Within her hidden shrine;
Rude hands the gems untimely culled,
Whose bloom had been divine.
Yet gently is their fragrance shed
Earth's desert paths among;
Love's wind revives emotions dead,
And makes the old heart young.

L. L.

July, 1849.

SCIENCE.

The Mines of Science glitter in thy Light ; come, dig for Gems.

SCIENCE thou art a gem of richest value ; as such, thou art recognized by all who have walked thy glittering paths. Thou art a sun to illumine the darkened path of the weary traveller through life's uneven course. Thou hast wreathed garlands of happiness for many a fair brow, and soothed the pillow of many a dying Philosopher, by enabling him to look with ecstasy upon some new discovery, the result of his own untiring diligence.

Thou hast caused the student, while perusing thy fair pages, to wonder and admire ; to wonder as he contemplates the vast researches of thy golden treasures ; to admire them as gems of unfading lustre. But the benefits of Science cannot be better illustrated, than by comparing the present with past ages of the world. Imagine, for a moment, the time when Science was in its infancy, when angry disputes arose among Philosophers upon subjects of little importance, and even, in some instances, were carried so far as to terminate in the unhappy death of one or both of the disputants. That was a time when men, "professing themselves to be wise, became fools."

When they would believe statements, only as they had proof from experience ; if events or phenomena were related, that occurred in foreign climes, they would point to familiar objects and affirm it could not be possible. Then the magician would read his destiny in the stars, would watch the setting sun, and think to see portrayed some future event. Then were wars and bloodshed ; nations wished to triumph over nations, and subdue all beneath their own grasp. Nations would boast of their men of wisdom, but what were they ? their minds were not lighted by the bright rays from the fields of Literature. Their philosophy was founded on base principles ; principles, which, when combated, crumbled beneath their opponents. But those were days of darkness, of sadness. In laying the foundation of any Science, men should consider well its truth ; should ask if it will stand the wreck of ages ; if, when the storms of opposition shall beat hard against it, it will remain firm and unmoved.

But those days are past ; and Science beams forth from obscurity, like a star of the first magnitude. Now is it nearer approached to the zenith of its glory, than it has ever before been. Discoveries are constantly being made in the natural and physical world. Those Sciences, which once appeared dark and incomprehensible, are disrobed of their mystery, and appear plain to all who may investigate them. The stoic does not now, as in former times, reason upon a self-evident truth, and endeavor to prove its cause, and when he sees it cannot be proved, reject it as being without foundation. The idle speculations of the old schools are abandoned. No Hume and Berkely now rear for themselves temples of fame, on sandy foundations ; and when men bring from the depths of thought some new thing, it is first investigated, then, if true,

embraced. Though persons may sometimes cunningly attempt to devise means by which to establish false principles, yet their attempts are vain and futile; the wise, the good, flee from them; they consider them as not meriting even their notice.

Thus "the desert has been made to rejoice and blossom as the rose." The mines of Science sparkle with a far brighter lustre than the diamond of Golconda. All admire and love this day; yes, even the Philosophers of Greece and Rome, noble and wise as they were, might gaze at the present rapid advance of Science.

This is indeed a happy period. The object of Science is to expand and elevate the mind, thus giving true pleasure to its possessor. Who is happier than he, who has made some great, some valuable discovery; who, after toiling many a weary hour over the midnight lamp, and directing all his energies to the acquisition of one branch of knowledge, has reached, at last, the object of his pursuit.

And are there not, in the mines of Science, rich gems for us? Are her treasures all exhausted? Are there not great discoveries yet awaiting him, who toils with close study and patient thought? And has not Fortune lavished her bounties on us, as well as on others? Has she not poured, from her overflowing bowl, sweets which all may taste? Yes, she has invited all to come and search for hidden gems. Many branches of Science have recently been discovered, and understood, which were subjects of much thought and dispute among Philosophers in former ages, and many new discoveries are yet to be made, and who shall make them? Shall it be the man of business? Shall it be he whose mind is entirely absorbed in the pursuit of wealth? Shall it be the vain votary of pleasure, who roams through halls of festivity and mirth, and neglects the cultivation of the immortal mind?

No, it is he only who sacrifices pleasure and the wild pursuits of the imagination; he who stands aloof from the bubble floating in the breeze, which is crushed in the grasp. How important, then, that we be guided by right motives; that we cultivate those faculties which will the better fit us for the acquisition of all useful knowledge; that we cultivate habits of attention, and close application to the object in view: that we be not turned to every elusive phantom that flitters by; that we select, from the large class of Sciences, those which will be the most useful to ourselves and through us to the world.

Though we may not, with Milton, strike the mighty lyre, or, with Newton, explore the starry heavens; yet we can do something for the good of mankind, and time only will reveal the tale of our discoveries.

Therefore we should never weary in obtaining gems from the mines of Science, but continue our researches till life shall become extinct; that those who shall live in future ages, shall affix to our names a high encomium.

A.

Lowell.

EXTRACTS FROM A JOURNAL.

TUESDAY EVE.

My second day's experience of mill life is over, and I am "sick and sorry." The noise makes my head ache, and I feel almost deaf. I can hear the humming of the mill in my ears when I am here in my room. Betsey says "this is but the beginning of sorrows;" but Hannah tells me that all this home-sickness, and weariness, and discontent, will soon wear away. I feel very sad to-night, and as I do not wish to trouble you with sorrows, I will go to my bed and, if possible, will sleep.

WEDNESDAY EVE.

The day passed as usual in the mill; only I am more interested in the work, and the time does not lag so heavily. One of the girls has given me a slip of a monthly rose; another, one of cactus, and others have promised me slips of rare plants, when I have bought pots for them. I shall love the flowers very much, and the care of them will help to make the time pass more agreeably.

I went immediately to my room when I had eaten my supper. — There I found all the girls talking very busily. I lay down and listened to them, but at last they all left but Mary. She had never spoken to me, but when we were left alone together, I asked her about the girls who had left us, and will tell you what she said, as nearly as I can recollect, in her own words. You will see that she has been very frank with me, and this, I observed at first, was a characteristic of hers.

You ask whether Betsey or Hannah has given you a true account of Lowell. Neither; for it is not at all as they describe it. There are many dangers, sorrows, and temptations here, which Hannah's happy heart takes no note of, and indeed they do not exist for her. Betsey sees all. She has told you nothing but the truth; but she has erred in ascribing the trials and evils, which exist for some, to the whole. If she knows that the factory has ruined the health of one girl, she thinks that every body is sick, only they do not know it, or will not acknowledge it. If she hears of one girl who has fallen before temptation, she asserts that all will be tempted, and many will be the victims. If she hears of one cross Overseer, she speaks of his failings as common to the whole tribe of Overseers. If she hears of an injury happening to any one, a smashed finger, or a shattle bruise on the head, why we are straightway sent to our graves by some mis-stroke of the machinery, or carelessness of our own. If, at the table, she, once in a quarter, finds sour bread, immediately all bread and every thing else sours to her. She sees all the faults in the characters of her associates, but never their good qualities. Yet, she is herself honest, economical, industrious, and very considerate with regard to other peoples rights; supposing, though, that they have no right to expect to be happy. She is a skilful nurse in sickness; gives a contribution monthly to the Missionary Society, and has paid off a heavy mortgage which encumbered her father's homestead.

Hannah is not so good a calculator, and does not work so hard; but, besides supporting herself, she clothes a younger sister, who attends

the Normal School, at Newton. She has never been afflicted with any great sorrow, and has never borrowed any trouble.

Fanny is not in the right place here. She should be, at this time of her life, in a quiet village, where she would feel that every impropriety was noticed and censured, and where she would not be so liable to forget herself in excitement. A careful mother might make an excellent, as well as a beautiful woman of her, but I cannot tell what may become of her here. Lowell has temptations for one so young, beautiful, and thoughtless; but, as there are so many of us to watch her, she may pass on in some degree of safety. But she complains of her lot, for she finds the confinement almost unendurable. I do not think *that* is to her disadvantage here.

Emily is not very much beloved among us, because she associates so little with those about her. But she cannot do it; if she were rich, she would be called exclusive and aristocratic, but she would not be thought haughty or vain. She reads a great deal, and writes in a commonplace book which no one ever sees. She is exceedingly devout and conscientious, and gives much for charitable purposes. I do not think she is ever happy here, but she never complains; and, indeed, seldom speaks of herself or her own affairs in any manner. The girls here have always told a story about her being disappointed in a love affair, but I do not know that it is true. The Operatives account in some such way for all that they do not understand in their companions.

As for one, I am nothing here, and I should n't be much anywhere. I am not handsome nor witty, so that I am not troubled with admirers. I have good health, and mill labor agrees with me. I do not earn much, and I do not wish to spend much. If I am ever too old or too feeble to work, I have relatives who will gladly take care of me.

"But," said I, "do none of you ever expect to be married?"

"I do not," she replied, "and indeed I do not wish it. I have been so long accustomed to the easy, irresponsible life that I lead here, that I would not willingly exchange it for one of more care and anxiety. I would marry if I could select my husband, but have no idea that I shall ever be selected.

Fanny will have beaux enough, but more beaux than real lovers.

Hannah would soon be taken off in any place but this. She appears to be perfectly contented, and to think nothing at all about it.

Betsey would not find a husband anywhere; and Emily would not be easily suited in any place or situation.

There, now, I have told you all about us; and if you hav 'nt a home among the White Hills, I would advise you to go back there again, before you are thirty years old, unless you have a particular desire to be an old maid!

Dear Parents, now you have descriptions of my room-mates. I do not know what they think of me, but, when I was coming out of the mill, to-night. I heard some one say, that I was "as green as a pumpkin." I wanted to tell her that she appeared to be a little too ripe; but I thought it would be rather too verdant to make any reply to her.

Good night I,—I shall soon be dreaming of you.

THURSDAY EVE.

To-day has passed as usual in the mill. Indeed it must be monotonous until I have work of my own, and then I shall be thinking of the number of pieces I shall weave in a week, and calculating what I shall do with my wages, and every "breakout," and "pickout," and change of beam, will be interesting events to me.

They tell me that I learn fast, and that I can soon work alone. My plants I think will live, and I shall enjoy myself watching them. I have become acquainted with a very pretty sociable girl in the mill, who comes and screams in my ear to tell me funny things, but I cannot understand her half the time.

Esther has just been in my room to tell me that she has found a boarding-place where we can room together, and be by ourselves. How nice it will be.

This house is always full and crowded. The reason is, the woman, who keeps it, is not only an excellent manager, but has an easy, careless, happy way with her, (as if a calculation never came into her head) which is quite *taking* with the girls. She keeps an excellent table for the price we pay for our board. We have plenty of meat, good bread and butter, nice tea and coffee, for those who drink it, and the cold water girls sit at a table together, where each has a little mug of her own, different in color and pattern from the others. We have puddings or pies for a second course at noon, and pie or cake at night, all well made, though of course not the richest. Occasionally we have a dessert of the fruits in season, and Thanksgiving Day and other great days we have "a treat," as, for instance, to-morrow is *Independent* day, and they are preparing, in the kitchen, green peas and stuffed pig for the dinner. The girls here appear to feel as though this was a home, and call our landlady "mother." But there are so many of them, and they have so much liberty, that it seems sometimes like a Babel.

I have been with Esther to see our new boarding-place. It is but a few doors from here, and we tarried but a few moments. The woman appeared staid, sedate, and decidedly "old-maidish." Every thing is neat as wax-work, but she keeps a notoriously poor table. Not that it is scantily furnished, or carelessly attended to, but she does not have so much pie, and cake, and puddings, as many do, and buys tough meat, and the cheapest materials which are wholesome. So, as the girls think a great deal of their fare, she is never full of boarders, and those who are there stay because they are so well accommodated with room. They are mostly elderly females, who like a quieter boarding-house than they usually find.

We can never find all pleasant things combined, in one household, here. The wonder is, that with so low a price for board, they do so well by us; and are able to get along so well themselves as the excellent managers do. But all their gains are the fruits of a thrift which ought to meet with a just reward; and I am confident there is more want of justice than excess of generosity in the payments here.

I have been thus particular because I know my mother will be pleas-

ed with it, and think you both will. We go to the new boarding-place to-morrow, which is a leisure day with all.

FRIDAY EVE.

To-day is the glorious FOURTH. You will wish to know how I have spent it.

Early in the morning I was stirring with Esther, and by eight o'clock we were in our new boarding-place, though not quite settled down. Then we dressed in our very best, and went out upon the street to see all the people. O, there were more than we see on Sunday; and they looked so happy. I saw companies out with bands of music; and there were men with frocks on, riding on fine horses; and then there was the great Temperance Celebration, which collected thousands of people, and they all went in one grand procession to a fine grove, where there were addresses by very good speakers. I saw it all, though I took no part in it; but, on that very account, I had a better view.

When the speeches were over, I saw the procession march back, with its banners and music, to a great room fitted up in a new mill, which would accommodate thirty-five hundred persons. The hall was well prepared for them. The posts, which support the ceiling, were covered with green, and the two long tables, which extended through the hall, were covered with white cloth, and spread with fruits, meats, cake, and pastry, interspersed with bouquets of flowers. I heard all about it, though I did not see it; but I saw *Tom Thumb*, the little dwarf, (not the General,) and a cunning little man he is.

I saw, also, the constantly shifting crowd, and, though there was so much activity and bustle, I heard of no accident; I saw no drunkenness, and heard no profanity.

This day I have enjoyed very much; and I begin to think I may be more than contented here. You know I never formed any extravagant idea of the pleasures here, and I know that I am to stay here but a limited time. I find my companions like those with whom I have hitherto associated; there are those, from whom I shall endeavor to keep aloof, and those from whom I may learn much good. There is nothing here that can, necessarily, be injurious, unless it is the labor; and if I find that does not agree with me, I shall come home to you again.

My first week in Lowell is now completed. Though I have had sad hours here, I have not had a sad week; and should think I was becoming like Betsy, if I spoke of my mill-life, as many often do. When I find here evils, which I must endure, I will bear them without a murmur. When I find those, which I ought not to endure, I will protest against them by leaving the mill, and engaging in some other occupation. At present, I am as well satisfied as I could expect to be, and hope to be able to inform you, when I write again, that I am as happy as the Hannah of whom I have written.

I shall come home to see you at Thanksgiving time, and will bring home with me a journal of all that is of interest, which I meet with here. It is well that Uncle Sam is more reasonable in his charges for postage, or I might not send you all this. But, once more, good bye.

DIRGE.

WHY hast thou lain her down to sleep,
 So calm and low?
 And why from eyes unused to weep,
 Do sad tears flow?

Is she not lovely yet, and pure,
 The stainless one?
 Methinks her gentle voyage here
 Was but begun.

We loved so well her gentle form, —
 There came a fear,
 That o'er her young head some sad storm,
 There might be near.

Too well we loved; a lurking cloud
 Hath passed her by;
 All calmly she her young head bowed,
 Nor *feared to die*.

Upon her loved lips resteth now, —
 That smile so sweet;
 And nought but peace on her fair brow,
 The *grave will meet*.

Ay! though she was so loved and blest,
 Cease thou to weep;
 Angels around her place of rest,
 Sweet vigils keep.

Lebanon, N. H.

"VALIERE."

ODE TO THE DEPARTED.

BY L. E. LEAVITT.

COME back, my weary spirit sighs,
 And cheer again our home;
 Come back, the whispering breeze replies,
 As onward it doth roam.

Come back, for sad are all our hearts,
 That were so glad and free;
 The tear-drop from each eye now starts
 When we do think on thee.

Come back, — the flowers that thou didst tend,
 And carefully didst keep;
 In silent sorrow seem to bend,
 As if they, too, would weep.

Come back, for when I sadly stray,
 Where we were wont to roam;
 Each object round me seems to say,
 Why hast thou come alone?

If but one hour, come stay with me,
 From every other riven;
 I'd know, though earth is not for thee,
 Thou 'st joined the loved in heaven.

Salmon Falls.

SPEAK GENTLY OF THE DEAD.

AN! speak kindly and gently of the sleeping dead! They have passed them away from this care bedewed earth, and are quietly reposing beneath the sod. There let them rest. They are under a higher, a holier, power than thine, and it is not meet that thou shouldst censure them now. Faults, from which thou thyself perhaps art not exempt in life, went before thee; their sins are now blotted out, and buried with them in the silent earth. And, when kind Heaven hath forgiven them, thou thyself mayst not withhold thy weaker power. Ay, "thou that art without sin, may first cast the stone." They have but stumbled in the path thou hast in weakness trod. When this hand shall be cold and this heart stilled, oh, methinks a lifetime of toil were not too much to offer, if, but gently and kindly, they might, with no unkind word, no reproach or remembered stain, be borne and placed within the welcome earth.

Lighter would lie the green turf on the spot,
E'en though by each loved one I'd be forgot.

And who would pass away, and feel, and know, that their absence was welcomed? None, ah! none. We are brothers and sisters, *all*; not a heart beats on this sin-stained earth, but has its living dower of love and kindness. Then gently bethink thee of the sleeping dead; light be thy footsteps near their calm place of rest; and never, never let a thoughtless foot on their sleeping place stray, for, though ever so lightly, it is a pressure upon the spot that contains a sacred charge.

Remember the trust, to the green earth given,
The sleeper still ling'ring, — the spirit in heaven.

Lebanon, N. H.

M. F. F.

THE DEPARTED.

BY CAROLINE M. WHITNEY.

TREAD lightly, tread lightly, the departed lie here,
The earth where they slumber, is sacred and dear;
Let the foot-fall press gently the turf that entombs,
And crush not the frail rose that o'er their grave blooms.

Both the young and the aged are slumbering here,
Fond memory drops o'er their grave the sad tear;
That they passed from the earth like a vision of night,
Which fades with the first rays of morn's rosy light.

The Autumn's low winds sigh in sad measures of grief,
That trembles and vibrates on each falling leaf;
And the sad spirit catches the echo of gloom,
That mournfully swells round an idol one's tomb.

But we know that the soul shall not live in the grave,
That God has the mercy and power to save;
These beautiful thoughts bid the spirit be still,
And bow at the mandate of Heaven's high will.

South Adams, Mass.

THE UNCOMMITTED SIN.

BY H. FARLEY.

THE angel of Justice and the angel of Charity were one day walking along the Empyrean; but there was a shade of sternness on the countenance of the younger angel, a frown upon his brow, which might better have befitted his brother. But the angel of Justice wore a calm, placid, almost gentle expression, as though for the moment he had exchanged a portion of his own characteristic for the gentleness of Charity.

At length he asked, "Why is that gloom upon thy face, my brother, and why is there sadness in thy voice?" And Charity said, "I am almost weary of my journeyings upon earth — of finding man continually at variance with his brother man, and of hearing his slight excuses for harshness, injustice, envy, malice and injury; slight excuses as they are in my eyes, yet ample always in his own sight to vindicate from all sin. I see man indignant at his brother for the commission of sins of which he is himself guiltless, because he has never been tempted. His position, his circumstances, his temperament were all adverse to that crime, yet he commits one as vile, as injurious, and seems to think himself sinless. The mote in his brother's eye he magnifies. Of the beam in his own he is unconscious. But most am I grieved when I see one man revile another for the fault or crime he would himself have committed under the like circumstances. To see him, heedless of the monitor within, scourge and persecute one who fell where he would himself have fallen. To hear him say, 'I am holier than thou,' when the same sin lies hidden in his own heart. To see him veil his own depravity by loud anathemas against the guilty.

"I am wearied with those who will not know that they are or have been thus sinful — who close their eyes upon memory, and will not look back within themselves. O that I might reveal to their own eyes *the uncommitted sin*! That which was mighty within them, but they fell not, for the temptation without was not met by that within, or the temptation within corresponded not to that without — the sin which died abortive in the breast, but which had lived there, and sent its thrill through the whole being."

And the angel of Justice replied, "Thy wish is granted, my brother," and he gave him the mirror which would reflect *the uncommitted sin*. Perhaps it was made of vitrified tears — the tears which angels shed over man's injustice to man.

And when Charity had folded it within his wings he smiled again, and his countenance was serene once more. He descended upon earth, and wandered into a hall of justice, where a sovereign prince was holding trial upon a murderer. He had just sentenced him to death, when the wife of the wretched man threw herself upon her knees before him, and urged the claims of mercy; telling him again how the deed was done, with no malice before, and upon great immediate provocation, and that he had not known until he saw the corpse before him that murder was in his blow.

"But how," said the judge, "can I pardon when angry men are about us every day? Shall they strike and kill, and then say, It was done in a moment of passion? Shall I be mer——?" But at that moment the angel of Charity had glided before him, and all unseen had placed before his eyes that mirror.

The stern judge stopped — a deep flush overspread his countenance — his chest heaved — his head drooped, and then he was lost in thought, while a hush pervaded the great assembly. Then raising himself he stretched out his arms towards the multitude, and granted free pardon to the culprit. But in the most impressive manner, in tones of the deepest pathos, he warned them all, and bade them of this man take heed, and curb well their angry passions.

Again the angel wandered, and he strayed into a house where a rich man lay at the point of death. He was making a will, which was to disinherit his own but erring son. The mother was pleading for her child. She spoke of the impulses, of the thoughtlessness of youth — of the temptations to which this severity might expose their child — of the better feelings which might be born of a dying father's forgiveness and bounty. But the stern man was still unmoved. It seemed as though the rigidity of death was in his heart. Then the angel of Charity held before his face that mirror. A more ghastly paleness blanched his cheek — another perspiration burst forth from his brow — a tremor agitated his whole frame, and then he lay a few moments still, as though the last change had come. Slowly he recovered himself, and called for his son. The penitent came and knelt before his dying parent, and Charity went forth upon his wanderings.

It was night, and silence weightened his footsteps as he passed along the streets. He saw a man walk hurriedly before him, who stopped suddenly as he espied a packet of rich merchandise apparently unguarded in the portal of a warehouse. He took it in his hand and sped on. But the owner had only stepped back a moment for something forgotten, and the shadow of the thief had intercepted the moonbeams. He came forth just in time to prevent the escape of the trespasser. The man acknowledged his guilt, but prayed for mercy. This was his first crime. It should also be his last. He had been overcome by the temptation of the moment. He was in want. His children were starving. He had no employer and no friend. His accuser could go with him to his home and see that his words were not false. But the merchant heeded him not — he would not listen to his words, and, regardless of his agony, he threw him to the ground. Just as he was about to shout for help that he might secure him, the angel of Charity stepped forward and placed before his eyes that mirror. The man was himself arrested — he trembled — his grasp loosened, and in tones of penitence he exclaimed, "Go, my brother! Go and sin no more!"

Again the angel went forth upon his wanderings, and he entered the porch of a great cathedral. A high dignitary of the church was passing anathema upon a culprit. But ere the malediction fell from his tongue, the angel placed before his eyes that mirror. The proud man paused. He who could strike deep awe into the hearts of others was

overawed himself, and by himself. He veiled his face within his rich robe, while he prayed that He who knoweth the secret sin of the heart would forgive him as he would forgive the culprit before him, and like the expostulations of a tender parent were his words to his people. And so went Charity onward with his mirror, which seemed as with a voice from heaven to say, "Thou art the man!"

Once he met a mob who were about to execute summary vengeance upon some criminal. With the swiftness of thought he darted about among those savage beings, with his mirror now glancing before this man and now before that, and they were stilled as though a voice from the skies had commanded silence.

Again the angel went forth, revealing the uncommitted sin to many a haughty man, and leaving always behind the penitent and the reformed. Once he went into a meeting of *Reformers*, and though there were many there whom he could have taken to his heart and called his brethren, yet there were also those who needed the revelations of that mirror. Here were men calling, "Come out, come out from a world where ye cannot remain and be guiltless!" But the mirror would picture themselves as waiting; one, until a legacy had befallen him; another, until his friends had fixed a pension for his subsistence; another, until a salary was for many years secured; another, until his farm was bought and in his own possession; for they had not ventured to leave the world until they were independent of it. The mirror of Charity was needed to reform these Reformers, and again he went forth upon his wanderings.

Nor did he forget that sex which loves so oft to look upon a mirror, but which gazed with sad dismay upon that which he now held before them. Scandal was hushed in many a village group and city coterie as the angel joined their meetings; and many a proud woman turned back kindly to raise the fallen one whose very loveliness had been her own undoing. There was a queenly one who stood at the head of a noble group, and whisperings came to her ear which caused the banishment of one of her loveliest flowers. And Charity heard of it as he wandered to the home of royalty, and entering boldly the private chamber of the stately dame, he held before her eyes that mirror. The jewelled head dropped upon the heaving breast, the heart swelled, the eyes filled with tears, and for a few moments she was abandoned to penitence and grief. But ere she could retrieve her wrong, they came and told her that the exiled floweret had drooped and died.

And Charity was sad, then and often after that time; but in all his sadness and his wanderings he blessed the brother angel, who had given him that mirror which could reflect the *uncommitted sin*.

"*Stone House,*" *Lonsell.*

TO EMILY.

SWEET be thy sleep, dearly beloved one,
 Where the lingering rays of the setting sun
 Glance softly through the opening leaves,
 And on thy grave a golden tissue weaves;
 Where the fragrant violet springs,
 And the wild-wood moss to the green turf clings;
 Where fairest birds, with folded wing,
 At evening tide their plaintive vespers sing;
 Where sky and earth are softly mild,
 We laid thee to sleep, our beautiful child.
 Our bleeding hearts are lone and riven!
 And O, we miss thy lisping voice at even;
 Yet sweetly sleep — we would not break
 Thy rest, nor back to earth thy spirit take.
 We know, though dark the clouds of night,
 Beyond, the stars are shining still and bright;
 We know, though lost forever here,
 Thy glad pæans of praise are sounding clear,
 Where earthly ties tho' rudely riven,
 Shall be bound together, and knit in heaven.
 Then, dearest, rest, — we lonely feel —
 Yet God the weary wounded heart will heal,
 And draw us, by his ceaseless love,
 To meet thee, beloved, in realms above.

Lowell.

J. L. B

THE BROKEN ICICLE.

BY L. LARCOM.

A MASSIVE icicle hung one evening over the window of my friend's chamber. She beckoned me to see it. "We will break it off," she said, "and show it to our friends who are in the adjoining room. It will surprise them."

So we opened the window and looked at it, as it hung glittering like a broad spar of crystal in the moonlight. Then clasping our hands firmly around it, we tried to remove it from its clinging place. But no sooner was it detached from the roof, than the larger portion fell off, and was scattered in a thousand fragments on the pavement below. — And so we lost our icicle.

And I thought, — just so we sometimes try to bring out from our minds the creations of our fancy, which, in our eyes, certainly glitter with wonderful splendor. We think our friends, too, will admire them, and be astonished at our powers. But we cannot handle our thoughts: they are too great even for ourselves. Grasping at them too carelessly, lo! the shining mass separates, leaving us full of confused glimpses of ideas, and with only a *fragment* to show for our pains.

But supposing we could have produced a whole magnificent icicle. would it not soon have melted?

REFLECT !

**"A soul without reflection, like a pile
Without inhabitant, to ruin runs."**

THE mind of man is always active, either in creating its own ideas and fancies, building castles that a breath may demolish, flitting like the butterfly from place to place, in perpetual unrest, or if rightly attuned by habits of reflection, dwelling on more substantial pleasures, calling up from the rich storehouses of the past, rare and priceless treasures, that have been accumulating for centuries. He who never takes time to reflect upon what he reads or what is passing in the world around him, is like a ship afloat on the broad ocean, destitute of either sails or rudder, with no destined haven in view, the sport of every passing gale. It may stand for a time, but soon becomes a mere wreck, and sinks to rise no more. So, on the waves of life, without the light of reflection to guide his way, man soon loses his own identity, and is swallowed up in the vortex of fashion and popular opinion. How often do we see persons possessing the same natural abilities, with the same means at their command for gratifying every aspiration of the human mind, whose progress in intellectual attainment is yet widely different. This may often be attributed to a want of those habits of reflection, that fix permanently upon our minds the knowledge we have gained.

It is to men of thought and reflection, that we may look for the foundation of the great moral reforms of the day. The great temperance reformation, that has been the means of bringing comfort and plenty to many a desolate home, that has restored to society those who, from being its brightest ornaments, had become a curse to themselves and all with whom they were connected, was projected by men who had thought long and seriously upon the evils of intemperance. It was not a superficial observer of human nature, or of the world in general, that discovered the power of gravity; or the countless useful purposes to which steam is made subservient, bearing us, with almost the speed of the wind, from town to city, and from state to state. The same is true with regard to all the other discoveries made since the world began. It is only by training our minds to habits of reflection, that we can profit by the experience of others and of our own past lives. Our jails and prison-houses are filled with men, who, had they stopt to reflect upon the crime they were about to commit, and the consequences that would result therefrom, might still be holding an honorable rank among men, living a useful and a happy life.

Wentworth, N. H.

MARIA.

LINES TO MARY D. P***.

BY "MYRTIS MILWOOD."

MARY, the thought is o'er me stealing,
That you and I must shortly part, —
Must cease this interchange of feeling,
Which floweth now from heart to heart.

Yet deem not that I will forget,
Though towering mountains rise
Or ocean's vast between us roll,
And life be spent 'neath foreign skies.

No, Mary! such hath never been
My *high regard* for thee;
I've loved thee as my dearest friend,
And dear thou still shalt be.

Though we, perchance, may never meet,
And wide our paths be spread;
Yet thoughts of thee will o'er my path,
A constant halo shed.

And wilt thou grant this prayer of mine?
I ask but this of thee —
When fortune's sun doth round thee shine,
"Will thou remember me?"

Laurence Corporation, Lowell, Mass.

THE FLOWN BIRDS.

THE air is full of music. A shower of blackbirds has rained down upon the poplar trees before the door. The bare branches look as though they had suddenly put forth a thick foliage of ebony. There they sit and warble out a wild tangle of melody, which so winds and twists itself into every sense and feeling, that it is hard to tell whether the ear or the heart is listening. — O! they are gone! It was but "look, sister!" — and away they flew. They have paused on the adjacent hazle-bushes just long enough to chirp a farewell, and again, with a breezy flutter, they are on the wing. And now they are only a dotted cloud on the far blue horizon. *Somewhere* their melody is still heard; but they sing to *us* no more.

Pretty birds! they were like the innocent and musical thoughts which come swarming to us in the earliest spring-time of youth. — Hovering on the borders of infancy, that land of perennial flowers, they weave us a twisted carol of dew-fresh memories, blossoming joys, and sun-shiny hopes. But one word too roughly spoken, — one cold blast of reality, — and they leave us to lonely silence. We watch the waving of their wings as they lessen in the sunny distance, and think that happier ones may yet be listening to their songs. But before the threshold of *our* hearts they sing no longer!

EDITOR'S TABLE.

WITH the issue of this number we conclude the second volume of the New England Offering, and the seventh of the whole series of the Mill-girl's Magazine. With the "Offering," as many of our readers are aware, we have been connected from the commencement; for two years as a constant contributor, for one year as its editor, for two years as sole editor, but joint proprietor with another of our own sex; then, after a discontinuance of two years, as editor again, and joint proprietor with one of *the nobler sex*, who was its publisher; and now, for the last nine months, we have combined the duties of sole editor, proprietor, publisher, travelling agent, &c., &c.

In our editorial management we have aimed at several objects.

Firstly, to present to our operatives a cheerful, healthful, useful, and attractive magazine; one whose sympathetic tone should win their hearts, and whose intellectual merits should gratify and improve their tastes. For this reason we have, in these last volumes, admitted the writings of ex-operatives — those who have been mill-girls — but who are now occupied in other stations of usefulness. And this class is not to be passed by as devoid of interest. It is composed of many of the most energetic, persevering, and refined of our New England girls. The knowledge of what they are, and of what they are doing, should be an incentive and stimulant to those now actively employed in the mills.

Secondly, we have wished to furnish a medium through which the one, who is now a mill-girl, and novice in the walks of literature, might send forth some token of her capacities and aspirations. To our distant subscribers this feature of the work is its greatest attraction; and, though their contributions may not be always so finished or so attractive, we would not willingly dispense with their favors. Their stories and poems are viewed by the gifted with delight, not as literary treasures, but as literary novelties; and, in time, these writers may take their places with some of their predecessors in other than a mill-girl's magazine.

Thirdly, it has been our wish, in this little one-sheet periodical, to lay upon the altar of our country's literature an "offering" worthy of that shrine; one that should reflect honor upon our sex, our class, and those institutions of whose blessings we have been the happy recipients.

To harmonize these different aims, to furnish a periodical, in which, through its miscellany, mature and immature, playful and grave, didactic and imaginative, there should be some unity of design and concord of tone, has been our wish. This likeness, through much variation, is, perhaps, only to be found in the uniform charity of spirit, and devotion to rectitude of principle, visible in all their contributions. "Milk-and-water" editorials, and "meek-eyed" affairs, have been some of the epithets bestowed by our enemies upon our own efforts; and as meekness, according to holy writ, is not always inconsistent with power, we have been content with the characteristic described. And, as milk and water are the only stimulants we use to enliven our brain, it is not to be supposed that we can equal in vigor those who have recourse to stronger liquors, and those who derive assistance from snuff, ether, and opium.

But, though we cannot fight, we can stand ; and are not to be frightened into a parasitical subservience to one clique by the false charge of being the tools of another, nor to be driven from any position until convinced that we are wrong. A friend and contributor of ours has said, " You have endeavored to be just, and to be just is not the way to be popular."

The consideration suggests itself to us, whether, in endeavoring to do nothing wrong, we have done all of right that we might have done. A need, it has seemed to us, of reformation, and that department in which we could exert ourselves most hopefully, is in the moral and social condition of the operatives. Questions, intimately connected with political economy, and conflicting with the habits and opinions of the multitude, could not be discussed, as they should be, in these pages ; and, to commence such discussions, would be to close our book to the majority of those to whom it might be pleasing and useful, and leave them with no substitute. Those who will read it thoroughly, will see that all true reforms and reformers have received their passing tribute of appreciation and respect, and in no case have we quarrelled with those who take higher ground or a more active part. The charges of " corporation tool," and like epithets, must have already been refuted by the difficulty, visible to all who are willing to see, of even maintaining our existence. And this difficulty has not been creditable to the corporations. Not that we ask or wish gratuitous assistance from them ; but that we would have been grateful for a more general and active interest in the support of the magazine. What we desire, we are willing to request openly and publicly ; and it is this, that through the agents, and the overseers, the operatives may receive their copies, and transmit their subscriptions. In all such cases we are willing to allow a liberal discount, and thus they are assisting, not us only, but the subscribers, who are accordingly supplied with a magazine far cheaper than any other work in the country. For favors of this kind we are already indebted to some agents, and some overseers. We gratefully acknowledge our indebtedness, and assure them that their confidence in us shall not be abused.

We have alluded to difficulties, and, in justice to ourself, must do more than allude to them. In April last the magazine was abandoned by its publisher, and left with a heavy debt and ruined credit. In opposition to the advice of all our friends we undertook what no one else would attempt, and went forward, alone, to meet the responsibilities before us. Sixty dollars in money, and several hundreds of dollars in magazines due to subscribers, have already been paid, and, at the close of our financial year (in April next,) we shall have cancelled the whole of the large debt due to subscribers. With the issue of this number we feel that the worst is over ; and if, as a publisher, we have gone on with a slow and uncertain step, it will be excused, we trust, when it is known that so heavy a burden has been upon us. Free from past liabilities, and far richer in experience, we think we can bid our friends hope with us for a better future.

We cannot close without confessing our great obligations to our principal contributors, whose sympathy and constancy have been so fairly tested and fully proved. We have had no golden baits to offer to their respective muses, but from them all we have received assurances of undeviating friendship and unabating assistance. For the volume now before us, we have the promise of contributions from one quite well known in the list of periodical writers, though she has never before devoted her powers to the cause of operative literature. As early as any of us was she a worker among the spindles ; and, though during the years when we were first exerting ourselves to convince the community that intellect was not incompatible with any labor, she was enjoying the charms of a southern home, yet she has not been slow to recognize the claims of her successors in the mills to a place with the band of which she had intellectually and socially become a member ; and we will venture to hope more than one of us has found a place in her heart.

To our writers, we will say that, in future, when at a loss for a theme for your pens, do as our new contributor from "Ellicott's Mills" has done—describe your place of residence, your town, corporation or mill; or read the history of some great and good man, or woman, and then give, in your own words, an account of their lives. We would not discourage poetical genius, but *to rhyme*, we fear, is becoming sometimes a substitute for *to think*. And, so long as we have a magazine of our own, let it be characterized by good feeling, right principles, and elevated views.

BOOK NOTICES.

GREENWOOD LEAVES. We have received a copy of this beautifully prepared winter bouquet, from the publishers, who have done well their part. The popularity of the writer was a guarantee that their investment would be a good one, and we doubt not but they have already been well repaid. The press has been almost unanimous in praise; and, with the exception of the wag who declared that there was more *greenwood* than *grace* in it, the author has but little reason to find fault with her critics. To her any thing like severe judgment must come like dew to the parched leaf; and therefore we will do what perhaps no man would do, look for the spots on the leaves, the worms at the fibres. It is but a few years since *Grace Greenwood* came forward, under the auspices of Willis, as a candidate for public favor; and the place of her *debut*, the alliterative *nomme de plume*, the ready greeting she received, were all suggestive of comparisons with her predecessor *Fanny Forrester*. Why, these ladies, with others, selected Willis as their literary godfather, we could never divine; nor why they came forward like new-born babes, claiming notice for wonderful precocity, when, for years, they had been racing in their natural way over Parnassus, helping themselves to green leaves, and flowers, and wreathing with laurel their own unchristened brows. But the *ruse* has been successful, and under the auspices of the poet-priest, they attained a readier celebrity than they could otherwise have acquired. And now the question comes up, which these pages will answer, "What is popularity?" The writings are principally distinguished for luxuriance of phraseology, piquancy of expression, and that smartness which is often recognized as wit. The writer is fearless and independent, and she possesses a very happy way of saying common-place things. So far so good. Her ideal of a heroine is too often of one who can perform some remarkable physical feat; and her ideal of a hero seems sometimes coarsely Epicurean. Her cure for love is to canter it away, throw it off the horse's heels, or to send it down into the waters, on the end of a fish-line; and good sooth, this is better than to send one's self down to the fishes. Intellectually, we think Grace equal to Fanny Forrester, if not her superior; but in moral sentiment far her inferior—yes, in all that which is to intellect what the aroma is to the rose, or light to the gem. Egotism it visible throughout. It is *me* and *my* friend, *my* cousin, *my* school-mate, *my* fishing, *my* hunting, or shooting; *me* and *my* daguerreotype, and *my* dog and his daguerreotype. The author has recently been noted as somewhat of a martyr in the cause of anti-slavery; but we think her efforts in this department need cause no great alarm. To us they seem but that sentimentalism which loves to mourn over a distant evil, and overlooks an object of sympathy nearer home. We have yet to be convinced that Grace would extend any unusual courtesy or sympathy to a factory operative, or household menial. However, the book, though it contains no wonderful wit, imagery or philosophy, is, as a whole, indicative of a remarkable woman. We had marked a dozen passages for notice and extract, but have no room for one.

From the publishers, JAMES MUNN & Co., Boston, we have received a copy of their American edition of *FRIENDS IN COUNCIL*; one of the most interesting books, upon the subject, of which it treats, that we have read. Three characters, Ellesmere, Milverton, and Dunsford, bring forward their arguments and objections upon these subjects—Truth, Conformity, Despair, Recreation, Greatness, Fiction, The Art of Living with others, Education, Unreasonable Claims in Social Affections and Relations, Public Improvements, History. Many of the ideas are distinguished for originality, and all are worthy of attention; as, for instance, in classifying Truth, his second head is "Truth to mankind in general. This is a matter which, as I read it, concerns only the higher natures. Suffice it to say, that the withholding large truths from the world may be a betrayal of the greatest trust." "We lament over a man's sorrows, struggles, disasters, and short-comings; yet they were possessions too. We mostly speak of sufferings and trials as good, perhaps, in their results; but we hardly admit that they may be good in themselves. Yet they are knowledge—how else to be acquired, unless by making men as gods, enabling them to understand without experience." Greatness he defines as being—not success, energy, perseverance, cleverness, nor even a nice balance of powers, qualities, and purposes; but as *courage, and openness of mind and soul*. By this openness we understand him to mean that ready sympathy with man and nature, which presents on every side a broad assimilating surface, and thus is constantly absorbing new life and vigor.

"Add courage," he says, "to this openness, and you have a man who can own himself in the wrong, can forgive, can trust, can adventure, can, in short, use all the means that insight and sympathy endow him with." The bigot, the misanthrope, the sensualist, according to this definition, cannot be great.

Of fiction he says, "Its greatest merit is that it creates and nourishes sympathy. It extends this sympathy, too, in directions where otherwise we hardly see whence it would have come. On the other hand, there is danger of too much converse with fiction leading us into dream-land or rather into lubber-land."

We would be glad to give the whole of his chapter upon Recreation, an indirect advantage of which he thinks is that they (the various modes) "provide opportunities of excelling in something, to boys and men who are dull in things which form the staple of education." "There are no details about recreation in this essay. The object here being mainly to show the worth of recreation, and to defend it against objections from the over-busy and the over-strict." The chapter upon the Education of Women is full of good thoughts and generous sentiments. Sometime we may refer to it again.

In a prefatory notice we are glad to see that the publisher has made an arrangement with the author, similar to what he should with an American author, and has thus secured his rights and profits. We rejoice that this justice is more common than it has been, and hope it will be universal.

We take this opportunity to acknowledge courtesies from the Middlesex Mechanics' Association, and the proprietor of the Lowell Museum. We cannot recall any other favors of this nature.



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